

## if you run fast enough

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15830358) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15830358>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017)</a> , <a href="#">Deadpool (Movieverse)</a> , <a href="#">Spider-Man - All Media Types</a> , <a href="#">Deadpool - All Media Types</a> , <a href="#">Marvel Cinematic Universe</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Peter Parker/Wade Wilson</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Wade Wilson</a> , <a href="#">Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Mysterio</a> , <a href="#">May Parker (Spider-Man)</a> , <a href="#">Michelle Jones</a> , <a href="#">Ned Leeds</a> , <a href="#">Yukio (Deadpool Movies)</a> , <a href="#">Ellie Phimister</a> , <a href="#">Tony Stark</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics</a> , <a href="#">Alpha Wade Wilson</a> , <a href="#">Omega Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Threats of Rape/Non-Con</a> , <a href="#">Attempted Rape/Non-Con</a> , <a href="#">Peter's 18</a> , <a href="#">Peter Parker Needs a Hug</a> , <a href="#">Wade Wilson's a good guy</a> , <a href="#">and also kind of confused</a> , <a href="#">Mysterio's a dick</a> , <a href="#">he'll pop up in this a little later though</a> , <a href="#">the plot doesn't really start till chapter four</a> , <a href="#">if you can call it a plot</a> , <a href="#">it's mostly these two dorks falling in love</a> , <a href="#">peter needs to sleep more</a> , <a href="#">peter's super stressed and needs to take a break</a> , <a href="#">but he doesn't because he's spider-man and has a guilt complex the size of russia</a> , <a href="#">wade is concerned</a> , <a href="#">featuring Peter's size kink</a> , <a href="#">soft!Dom Wade</a> , <a href="#">sleepy precious Petey</a> , <a href="#">OC warning - but only some baddies</a> , <a href="#">the smallest amount of daddy kink</a> , <a href="#">low-key sugar daddy wade</a> , <a href="#">Kidnapping</a> , <a href="#">really not slow burn</a> , <a href="#">haha - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Mentions of Suicide</a> , <a href="#">Mating Cycles/In Heat</a> , <a href="#">Mating Bites</a> , <a href="#">Multiple Orgasms</a> , <a href="#">Knotting</a> , <a href="#">demanding peter</a> , <a href="#">a whole lotta sexing</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">SpideyPool*</a> , <a href="#">SpideyPool: Baby Boy Wants The DP</a> , <a href="#">Marvel</a> , <a href="#">stories that touched me</a> , <a href="#">Loved ones</a> , <a href="#">Marvel</a> , <a href="#">A/B/O faves</a> , <a href="#">S.T.I.L.L. a707</a> , <a href="#">Marvel cinematic universe</a> , <a href="#">Best of A/B/O</a> , <a href="#">Film</a> , <a href="#">(Re-reading Material!)</a> , <a href="#">Marvel Masterlist</a> , <a href="#">Fics that give me life</a>
Stats:	Published: 2018-08-28 Completed: 2019-05-11 Chapters: 12/12 Words: 60615

## if you run fast enough

by [silvyri](#)

### Summary

Peter probably shouldn't be falling asleep on Deadpool, but after the Merc with a Mouth saves him from being abducted by two dick Alphas, he doesn't try as hard as he should to not.

### Notes

Hi friends! I've just recently gotten into the Spideypool fandom, and this is my first foray

into fanfic for this pairing. My Peter and Wade are based off the movie verses, since I haven't really read the comics, so Wade's boxes don't make an appearance, and I've aged Peter up to 18. Also, Infinity War isn't a thing. :')

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# One

Peter hasn't had a full night of sleep in what seems like a month. Two fifty percent essays, a dude with a fish bowl for a head calling himself Mysterio wreaking hallucinogenic havoc on his city, an impending heat and an overly enthusiastic best friend overly enthused about his new computer rig tended to do that to a person.

He's beyond tired and the frankly worrying amount of energy drinks he's drank in the last week are having a detrimental effect on his physical and mental abilities, and honestly it's kind of a miracle that Peter's still standing at this point. The fact is, he isn't running on even half of his normal cylinders when he finally realises that this isn't the way to the subway from Ned's place, and it's past midnight on a Friday night and he's kind of really lost.

"Shit," he mutters and searches his pockets for his phone, swiping it open and squinting down at the cracked bright screen showing Stark Maps. He can't make heads or tails of the streets around where the GPS shows he is, and he's really fucking glad that he decided that tonight New York could fend for itself and spent most of the night getting his butt kicked on League at Ned's, because he's definitely in no state to be swinging more than one hundred feet up above the street if he can't read a simple map.

A small tingle sparks down his spine and he looks up from his phone just in time to see a big guy in a black jacket stepping up next to him. Peter just stops himself from jumping up onto the wall of the building next to him in fright, but the split second he takes to consciously stop himself let's the guy swing up an arm around his shoulders.

Peter frowns and tries to shrug away from the arm, wrinkling his nose at the pungent Alpha smell that wafts off of the guy, hugging his phone to his chest. "Uh, dude, what are you doing?"

The guy tightens his hold and smiles at Peter with yellow teeth. "Hey, I was just being a good citizen and all that, seeing a pretty Omega like you looking all lost and alone on a dark street, figured I'll help you find your way."

Gritting his teeth, Peter yanks himself away, "I'm not lost," he snaps.

"Uh huh," the guy says condescendingly, "and Trump's not the President. Come on baby, let me help you."

“No way,” Peter’s not stupid, he’s not one of those empty headed Omega’s who’ll trust any Alpha on the street to treat him well and keep him safe, he’s seen the statistics on how many Omegas get sexually assaulted by Alphas every year. Spidey’s even stopped a couple attacks himself, and there’s absolutely no way that this guy with a nose that’s been broken a couple times means him well.

“I’m meeting a friend soon, anyway,” he tries, hoping the guy will leave him alone.

Crooked-nose guy makes a show of looking around the street, and Peter glances around as well, cursing internally when he doesn’t see anybody else around. He could just Spider-Man his way out of this, he’s undoubtedly stronger than this bull headed egotistical Alpha by miles, but he’s kind of leery doing anything super when he’s Peter and not Spidey, and to tell the truth he’s not sure if he’s got the capacity at the moment to curb his strength and not accidentally crush this dude’s skull.

“Well I don’t see nobody, come on, don’t lie baby, don’t you want some help?” The guy goes to wrap an arm around him again.

Peter takes another step back, baring his teeth. “No, leave me alone.”

“Aw, don’t be like that,” and Peter can tell that big, tall and ugly is getting angry by the scowl on his face, so he turns on his heel and makes a break for it. He can easily outrun the guy without looking suspiciously super.

His Spidey senses are seriously malfunctioning from lack of sleep because he doesn’t even get a tingle until he’s basically whacking into another guy stepping out of the alley in front of him, and he yelps and tries to backpedal, phone clattering to the ground as he staggers back. A sharp warning zaps down his spine but *too late*, there’s a hand gripping back of his neck and Peter can only whimper “*no*,” as his limbs go limp as a newborn kitten.

“I tried to be nice,” Crooked-nose breathes into ear as he drags Peter’s body into the alley, and Peter would be usually rolling his eyes at this point at how cliché this is, but honestly he’s far too terrified at the moment to do so because the guy isn’t letting go of the pressure points at the back of his neck where only his *mate* should grip, and he really wants to vomit at the violation and also punch something preferably squishy but he *can’t* because as long as that grip is in place, he’s not going to be moving at all, let alone fighting his way out of this.

The other guy follows them in and grabs Peter’s chin, yanking his face up to inspect. Peter’s Spidey-senses at this point are going insane, jangling up and down his spine at record speeds and making him whine helplessly in the back of his throat. Oh god, he really should’ve just stayed the

night at Ned's.

"We've found ourselves a pretty one." Peter's panicking brain dubs him as Cabbage-breath, because wow, and Cabbage-breath leans in to give Peter a proper sniff. "And a virgin to boot."

"Damn," Crooked-nose groans, and Peter can only close his eyes in despair as the Alpha pulls him closer to his body and grinds what definitely isn't a phone into his lower back. "Can't we just have a little taste? They're not going to know if we don't fuck him."

"Don't be an idiot. He's worth more untouched. And I'm not going to miss out on the big bucks because you can't keep your knot in your pants," Cabbage-breath hisses, jabbing his finger over Peter's shoulder.

"Fuck off," the hand on the back of his neck tightens even more, and Peter whimpers at the shock of renewed numbness that spreads through his useless limbs. He can't even move his toes, and honestly the fact that it doesn't seem that Cabbage-breath is on board with the whole rape thing doesn't help the fact that it looks like they're going to be selling him or something fucking insane like that and this is a complete shitshow and Peter just wants to *go home*.

To his complete horror tears start slipping down his cheeks as Cabbage-breath and Crooked-nose bicker over him. If it's even possible his heart rate jumps almost double when Cabbage-breath pulls out a mean looking syringe and sticks the needle into a bottle of god knows what. And seriously, is this how Spider-Man goes, jumped by two goons on a Friday night because he was *tired* and grabbed by the back of his neck because he's a stupid *Omega* and jabbed with drugs and sold off to some Alpha to be bred or something even worse for the rest of his life? Peter kind of wants to laugh, but he knows if he could he would probably be sobbing instead.

Cabbage-breath is grabbing his arm and just roughly yanking up Peter's hoodie sleeve when a ridiculously cheery voice echoes down the alleyway.

"Woohoo, a shady drug party down a shady alley on a Friday night! I'm honestly *so* offended that you guys didn't invite little old me!"

Cabbage-breath curses and fumbles with the needle. "What the fuck man, who the fuck is that!?" He spins around, scanning the alleyway with the syringe held out in front of him like a sad mockery of a sword.

Peter has never been so fucking happy to hear Deadpool in his life.

“Come on, don’t pretend you don’t know me! Honestly, you guys are really hurting my feelings, and when my feelings get hurt, *people get hurt*,” Deadpool steps out into the weak light, drawing one of his infamous katanas out from its sheath on his back. “And wow, I hope that needle’s clean, safety first kiddies, don’t want to be go getting HIV or SARS or cancer, lemme tell you, that shit *sucks* .”

“Oh shit, that’s Spider-man, *fuck*, ” and the hand on the back of Peter’s neck is blissfully *gone* and Peter lets out a sob as he stumbles and hits the ground, limbs still stubbornly uncooperative, and he can’t even muster up offence over the fact that these two idiots think that Deadpool is him.

The two Alphas back away, hands up, “hey man, we were just having some fun, no harm done,” Crooked-nose tries.

“Uh-huh,” Deadpool sings, “doesn’t look like little Omega here is having much fun, does he? I smell a liar, liar, pants on fire!” And then he’s moving forward past Peter and the guys are backing further and further backwards. But none of their pleading stops Deadpool from lifting his katana and skewering Crooked-nose through the shoulder, pinning him to the alley wall with absolutely no effort at all and of course cackling the entire time.

Cabbage-breath pisses his pants as his friend screams. He pleads gibberish and tries to make a break for it.

Deadpool sighs and pulls out one of his knives as Peter finally manages to get wobbly on to his knees. “Honestly, they make things so easy these days. Not even zig-zagging, come on, has Rickon Stark not taught you anything?!”

But before Deadpool can let loose his knife, Cabbage-breath gets close enough for Peter to swing back his fist and nail him right in the dick.

Cabbage-breath goes down with a grunt as Deadpool cheers, and Peter finds himself sobbing as he collapses back onto his butt. He kicks at the groaning body with a shaking leg, just wanting the guy to fucking *stop* . The screaming from Crooked-nose down the alleyway isn’t really helping his frame of mind at the moment either, making his poor sleep deprived brain protest at all the noise.

A gentle hand drops down on Peter’s shoulder, and Peter jolts lightly, but the scent of the Alpha

next to him is achingly *familiar* and *safe* . Peter somehow manages to take his first proper deep breath of air.

“Uh, not that I’m all for you kicking the shit out of this cuntbag, but honestly I think you might regret it if you end up caving in his skull, and I know I’m not the best person to tell you not to but like a really nice guy in some bea-u-ti-fully tight spandex has been teaching me some stuff about being a better person yada yada yada and maybe you should like, stop?”

Peter sobs out a laugh, because Deadpool’s talking about *him* teaching *Deadpool* , like, what the actual fuck, they’ve hardly ever spoken other than in a couple fights when Spider-Man wasn’t even completely sure if Deadpool was even on the side of good, but honestly he’s just so fucking *tired* right now and the adrenaline is wearing off that Peter finally stops kicking the now silent body and collapses sideways into Deadpool’s arms.

Deadpool goes rigid and then awkwardly pats Peter on his head. “Um, there, there, little bird, you’re all safe now, these two guys aren’t going to hurt you anymore,” and Peter absently notices that Crooked-nose has finally stopped that god-awful screaming and is passed out where he’s pinned, sagging like some sad, bloodied specimen by Deadpool’s sword against the wall.

“I’m not a bird,” Peter mumbles into Deadpool’s chest. “I’m-” *a spider*, “-Peter,” he says.

Deadpool makes a small, happy noise. “Hi, Peter! The police, bless their little blue hearts, are going to be here soon to take these two goons away and take you home, so, if you could just let go of me now, that would be real swell, cos me and the po-po, we don’t get on so well. Ha, that rhymed! I’m a poet, and now I definitely know it!”

Peter tightens his hold on Deadpool’s suit, “no, no police,” he mumbles, because that would be a shitshow and a half. Aunt May would probably have a fit, and oh jeez what if Mr. Stark hears about this? He doesn’t have the energy to even think about that stuff right now. “Wanna stay with you.”

Deadpool makes a weird noise. “What?” He squeaks.

Peter might be insane from fatigue, but Deadpool smells safe and familiar, if a little ripe, and Peter knows that Deadpool isn’t in the business of harming helpless civilians, especially Omegas, and his Spidey-senses, if he can even rely on them at the moment, aren’t tingling with a warning, and Deadpool is really *warm* and kind of comfy and Peter thinks that it’s a great idea to stay with Deadpool right at the moment, because he feels like he could finally *sleep* .

“‘M so tired,” Peter whispers, “and you smell nice, I’m going to sleep right now, goodnight.”

“Nononono, I *kill* people, you cannot fall asleep on me,” Deadpool squeaks and tries to uncurl Peter’s fingers from his chest, but Peter just makes an angry noise and curls tighter into him. He’s so done right now, Deadpool, come on, just let him sleep.

“Wow, you’re really really strong for such a little thing,” Deadpool gives up tugging at his fingers and sighs. “Come on, at least give me an address so I can take you home?”

Peter’s beyond words now, give him a break, he hasn’t slept in forever and he just got attacked by two Alphas and maybe almost got sold and or raped, and maybe this isn’t the most logical reaction to that but damn it, he’s going to fucking get some sleep *right now* .

“Fuck, okay, what even is going on, how the hell is this thing happening right now,” Deadpool mumbles to himself for a few seconds, and then arms are coming up around Peter and lifting him up and Peter makes an approving sound, snuggling up into Deadpool’s neck and breathing in that wonderful scent that’s lulling him to sleep.

“Um,” Deadpool says, and the sound rumbles through his chest and makes Peter purr, and if Peter was in charge of all his facilities he would be so embarrassed right now, “you’re super light, what do you even eat, air? Kids these days, wanting to be all Olsen twin-ny, you need to actually *eat* to do stuff, you know?

He keeps up a steady stream of chatter that follows Peter into a light doze. He manages to blearily open his eyes a few times, enough to realise that Deadpool’s scooped up his phone from the street outside, and to know that Deadpool is carrying him through some backstreets. He catches a glimpse of going through a doorway into a messy living room, and then another glimpse of a bedroom as Deadpool lowers him gently onto a mattress.

Peter only lets go of Deadpool because the sheets surrounding him smell like him as well, and he keens happily in the back of his throat as he curls up and snuggles into a pillow. *Finally, a bed.*

“Insane little birdy,” Deadpool whispers, and Peter finally falls asleep as a gloved hand softly strokes down his cheek.



The smell of fast food greets Peter as he blearily blinks his eyes open.

Stomach growling, he sits up and stretches his arms upwards, yawning and rubbing at his eyes. Wow, he feels *fucking amazing*, if a little parched and hungry.

And speaking of hunger, Peter immediately hones in on the pile of tacos on a plate sitting next to the mattress he's currently sitting on. They're still steaming and emitting the most enticing smell. And there's a little post-it note sitting on the rim of the bright pink plate, reading *EAT-ME!!!*

Peter doesn't need to read it twice. He scoffs down three soft shell tacos in record time, making indecent sounds at the melt in your mouth pork and bright, spicy sauce. He's just started on the slow cooked beef and red onion ones and slurping on the chocolate milkshake found next to the plate when he finally wakes up enough to take in his surroundings.

He's currently in a very sparse bedroom consisting of only the mattress he's on, a pile of what seems like fast food wrappers and containers haphazardly pushed into a corner, a dresser missing a couple of drawers covered in dirty magazines and bizarrely a pretty extensive collection of Troll dolls. Articles of clothing litter the bare concrete floor and hang off the back of one lone, rickety chair, and the only source of light seems to be coming from a high window, because the lamp sitting next to the mattress with the most hideous lamp shade Peter has ever seen houses a very broken lightbulb.

But Peter's Spidey-senses aren't tingling, and he feels well rested enough for them to hopefully not be malfunctioning like last night, so he feels relatively safe. But then the reminder of what happened last night makes his stomach cramp in anxiety and he suddenly is very not hungry anymore, and he drops the remains of his taco onto what has been revealed as a Dora Explorer plate.

All of a sudden, Peter is shivering, and he rubs at his arms. "Oh my god," he whispers, "I was almost *kidnapped*. Oh shit, *Deadpool!*" He springs off of the mattress, but there's no sign of the Merc with a Mouth anywhere. He stands, indecisive for a few seconds in the middle of the bare, cold room, before biting his lip. He eyes the closed door to the left and pads over to it, eyebrows lifting as he grabs a hoodie hanging off of the door knob. It's black and huge, with what seems to be a rather endearing cartoon Deadpool hand stitched messily to the front. Peter can't help but smile a little at it and gives it a curious sniff.

It smells pretty strongly of Alpha and Deadpool, and Peter doesn't even think before pulling it over his head, bundling himself in the safe smelling material and bunching up the too long sleeves in his palms. It's huge, coming down to his thighs and sagging around his lean shoulders, and super

warm. Peter finds it soothes his frazzled nerves a little, making him feel secure and small. He tries not to think too hard about why.

The hallway is as equally bare as the bedroom and devoid of any carpet. It smells rather damp and musty as well, and Peter wrinkles his nose. Something crinkles under his foot as he steps out.

It's another post-it note. This one just contains two arrows labelled BATHROOM and then WAY OUT and a little scribble of what seems like a stick figure riding a unicorn. Peter bends over and scoops it up, running his fingers over the pink sharpie. There's even glitter glued to the horn on the unicorn.

Peter looks up. "Deadpool?" He calls out. Those tacos had definitely not been left out long, because they had still been warm, and the milkshake had still been fairly cold. Deadpool couldn't be too far away.

But the big red and black leather clad Alpha doesn't appear. Peter isn't quite sure if he wants him to, to be honest. Last night had been kind of embarrassing. But Deadpool had been really kind to him, saving him from those arsehole Alphas, carrying him here and letting him sleep in his own bed, buying him food and leaving him alone. The least Peter could do is thank him. And possibly Spider-Man might be rethinking his opinion of the guy.

Peter ends up turning towards the bathroom, because he needs to pee, and finds a long trail of brightly coloured post-it notes on the way, each one telling him which way the bathroom and the way out was, along with a cute little cartoon drawing that ends up being a little story about the stick figure saving a prince from two scary dragons with a magic wand. He collects them as he goes, lips twisting up in a little smile at each one, and stuffs them all into the pocket of his borrowed hoodie.

The entirety of the bathroom ends up labelled as well, and Peter raises his eyebrow at the post-it note on the toilet. "I know what a toilet is, Deadpool," he grumbles, but leaves all of the notes alone. The bathroom is kind of gross, and he doesn't want to touch more than he has to. Peter ends up feeling kind of sorry for the guy, if this is where he lives.

After washing his hands and he makes his way out to the front door, peeking his head around other doorways and just seeing bare, cold rooms. "Huh," he mutters.

The hallway leading to the front door is meticulously arrowed out with post it notes as well, and contains a story of the prince, stick figure and unicorn going on an adventure to Disneyland and defeating a candy floss monster. Peter smiles at each drawing, even at some of the gory ones that

shows the inside of the candy floss monster being full of glittery flesh and the stick figure being dropped into a vat of hot butter for popcorn. It's a pretty creative venture.

Peter gets outside the shitty apartment without spotting hide nor hair of Deadpool. He stands outside on the sidewalk, chewing at the inside of his mouth. Interacting with Deadpool as Peter Parker kind of terrifies him, because it's *him* and not Spidey, and even if Deadpool acts like a childish asshole most of the time he's not exactly an idiot, and what if he finds out Peter's Spider-Man? But really, there shouldn't be too high of a chance of that happening; Peter's suit masks both his face and his scent well, thanks Mr Stark, and it's not like he goes swinging around New York without it. He could just leave without thanking Deadpool properly, but that kind of doesn't sit very well with him. Deadpool did a good deed, and he should be thanked for it.

Decision made, Peter digs up a bent pen from the pocket of his jeans and writes his number and a little message on the back of one of the post-it notes. He slips it under Deadpool's door and then steps back, sighing when he doesn't recognise the street he's standing on.

He's still got his phone though, which somehow has stayed in his pocket through him sleeping, and it still has a little battery left as well. It hasn't even cracked much more from him dropping it on the sidewalk. That's at least some luck. He winces though when he sees the amount of missed messages and calls from his Aunt May and Ned, and the fact that it's like three in the afternoon. They must've been worried sick when he didn't turn up home last night or this morning.

He sighs, flicks a text off to Ned and calls Aunt May, lifting his phone to his ear and flinching back as she picks up immediately and starts screaming at him.

"I'm okay, Aunt May, I promise, please, *please*, stop screaming-"

-

The pretty little Omega disappears down the street, phone to his ear, and Wade steps out from where he'd been hiding in a very convenient bush.

"Bye bye, Petey-pie," he sings a little sadly under his breath and steps up to his shitty safe house. When he opens his door he blinks down at the post-it note on the floor.

It has a number, along with *thank you so much for last night, you really saved me. :) And sorry about falling asleep on you. I have to leave, my family is super worried. But call me, so I can thank*

*you properly. -Peter*

*p.s. I have your hoodie, sorry, so if you want it back you better message me. :P*

*p.p.s. Thanks for the tacos. They were awesome! Call me!*

Wade looks down at the note, eyebrows trying to escape off his face, which is kind of fair because if he was his eyebrows he would totally be trying to escape off of the disaster that's his face as well.

“Well, fuck me sideways with a chainsaw,” he mutters.

## Two

### Chapter Notes

Wow! Thanks to everybody who commented and left a kudos! I didn't expect so many people to enjoy this. You guys are amazing! :)

(Also, sorry if you managed to read this chapter when I only uploaded half of it by mistake at first haha. I was trying to include emojis but I couldn't figure it out and ended up just messing the chapter up completely. If anybody knows how to, I would love some help!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The good thing is, is that Aunt May is more relieved that Peter is not lying dead in a ditch somewhere off the interstate than angry.

The bad thing is, is that she manages to wrangle the entire story out of Peter, and now she wants to thank Deadpool for saving her little nephew's life. Personally. As in, in person, face to face, in the flesh, real time. Not over the phone, or email, or like skype or facetime, hell, Peter would've taken sending a stupid *letter* to Deadpool over an actual meeting.

He's not sure whether to be glad or unhappy that Deadpool hasn't called or messaged him in the last few days.

See, he could go back to Deadpool's shitty safehouse and just hang around until the mercenary showed up, but he's a bit leery of walking around that part of town as Peter Parker, helpless five foot six Omega, and he can't exactly just show up as Spider-Man, because Spider-Man doesn't know where Deadpool lives. And then there would be the whole issue of Spider-Man knowing Peter Parker and telling Deadpool to go call the guy and get thanked already, jeez, and really, Peter does not want *any* connection between him and Spidey at *all* . Zip. Nada.

So all this brings Peter to one of his favourite rooftops on Thursday night, swinging his legs out over the traffic eleven stories down, chin in hand and elbow braced on his knee, expression morose under his mask. Crime is woefully, uh, thankfully, quiet tonight, no sign of Mysterio, and he's only stopped two muggings and helped an old lady across the street with her grocery bags. He'd ended up walking her home and chatting about her new cat that her lovely granddaughter had bought her a week ago because she'd been rather lonely. And the tabby had been rather lovely, Peter thought. All friendly and purry and not all clawy and hissy like MJ's cat.

And honestly Peter wants to be out helping people, keeping himself busy, because otherwise he has

way too much time to think about things. He needs some serious distraction from the fact that he's been sleeping everynight in Deadpool's hoodie, and trying to sleep without it is like five year old him trying to sleep without his duckie blankie, which means *not at all* . It's really weird, but Deadpool's scent makes him all relaxed and content and unable to have any bad freakouts about the memory of that *hand* on the back of his neck or being pinned under that building and not being able to get himself free and slowly dying all alone in the suffocating dark.

Speaking of Deadpool's scent, Peter's nose twitches and he perks up as a light breeze swooshes up over the building on the rooftop, carrying the familiar scent of gun oil, Alpha musk and something unique that Peter hasn't been able to name yet. A second later he hears grunting and muttering, and then a red clad hand slaps it's way over the edge of the building.

Deadpool follows the hand, and is thankfully still fully attached to it, heaving himself up and tumbling forward with an all mighty ooph. "Baby boy!" He greets breathlessly, rolling onto his back and waving a limp arm towards a stunned Peter. "Oh, my, *gawd* , you make that look waaaay easier than it actually is. I think all my limbs are jelly. I don't have any bones left. My muscles are liquid. Quick, Spidey, I need CPR, I'm gonna *die* ." He puckers his lips up under his mask.

Peter raises an eyebrow under his own mask, turning around to face the Alpha. He's so glad that his face is covered, so Deadpool can't see that his cheeks are turning stupidly red for some reason. God, it's the man's scent, it's doing weird things to him. "You're not going to die, Deadpool. You *can't* , remember?"

"But what if this time I really do die? You'd have to live with the guilt for your entire, spandexy, bootiliciousy, life! How could you *live* with yourself? Knowing that giving me the kiss of life could've prevented such sorrow?"

Peter snorts. "I think I could live quite easily, 'Pool."

Deadpool gasps, clutching at his chest. "Oh thy Spidey, how you wound me!" And then he gasps dramatically again, pretending to choke, and then goes still and silent.

Peter sighs and crosses his legs where he sits, propping his chin up in his hand again. "Come on 'Pool, stop wasting my time," he whines. "What do you want?"

Deadpool remains silent.

Peter goes to stand, “fine, I’m just gonna go then.” Even if his stupid body is yearning to stay with the Alpha, which kind of makes him a little angry, because how dare Deadpool make him feel this way after saving him like some kind of damsel in distress? Not that there’s anything wrong with being a damsel, but Peter’s kind of sensitive at the moment, being pre-heat, and with his actual heat being so stupidly late and all. And damn it, why hasn’t he called Peter yet, does he really not want to be thanked? Peter would’ve thought he would be all over that like ketchup on fries.

Stepping up to the ledge, Peter takes a deep breath, readying himself for the exhilarating leap, and then yelps in fright when a hand clasps around his ankle. What the hell are his Spidey-senses doing, vacationing?

Deadpool whines from where he’s crawled over to Peter, clutching Peter’s ankle like a life-line. “No, I’m sorry Spidey, please don’t go. I just saw you up here, looking all cool and shit, and wanted a piece of that action, you know? And a piece of dat *ass* , which is looking mighty fine from this angle, let me tell you, *mmhmm* .”

Peter’s face is absolutely flaming right at this point, and his stomach is doing weird things even if he knows Deadpool is like this with everyone.

“Oh my god, Deadpool, stop talking about my butt.” He shakes his leg out of Deadpool’s grip. And for some strange, stupid reason, he doesn’t do the logical thing, like swing off of the rooftop and get as far away from this grabby Alpha as possible, but hesitates at the ledge. Deadpool may actually be kind of a good guy, and Peter owes him one, even if Deadpool doesn’t know it. Would it really hurt to maybe stay this once, and have a little chat? It certainly wouldn’t be boring.

Peter bites his lip, and then plonks himself down next to Deadpool, who is looking really confused under his mask that Spider-Man hasn’t just leapt off the rooftop like the six other times Deadpool has managed to track him down.

“You really have an unhealthy obsession with my butt. You should probably talk to somebody about that,” Peter states.

Kudos to Deadpool, he doesn’t even miss a beat. “I do, all the time! I talk about how fine your perfect little toosh is to everybody willing to listen, and everybody else for that matter too! And to myself, mostly at night, and sometimes during the day, when I’m having my happy time, you know? About how perky and round and bouncy it is, and how it would fit in my palms, and how I would just *squeeze-* ”

“Okay, okay stop!” Peter squeaks, voice embarrassingly high. “Enough already! Please stop!” He

puts his face in his hands, but somewhere inside of him his Omega is preening a little, because Deadpool likes the way at least a part of him looks.

“Does nobody else tell you this, Spidey? Because hot damn, your butt is a gift from the Gods above to us puny little mortals, and I thank them every night before I go to bed, and when I get up in the morning. Like, up *up* , if you know what I mean-”

“Deadpool, really, stop,” Peter groans. “Honestly, why did you come and see me?”

Deadpool huffs, but thankfully doesn’t mention Peter’s butt again. “Just- I was bored, and I wanted someone to talk to who wasn’t the voices in my head. And you’re super cool, so, yeah, and hanging out of rooftops is also super cool, and I wanna be super cool, so here I am, hoping we could be super cool together up here on this super cool rooftop. Super cool.”

Peter huffs a laugh. “Okay.”

Deadpool props himself up on his elbows. “Really? I can be super cool up here with you, and you won’t like, throw me off this rooftop or web me into a human pretzel and run away?”

“I’ll only throw you off the roof if you talk about my butt again,” Peter jokes. “And I only web people into human pretzels on Tuesdays.”

“Oooh, I’ll hold you to that,” Deadpool sighs dreamily. “Sounds hot.”

“Ew,” Peter makes a face.

“Don’t kink shame me!” Deadpool shrieks, pointing a finger at Peter.

“Kink shaming is my kink.”

“Oh god, he got me with that vine reference,” Deadpool says. “Look at all these *chickens!*”

“This is why mum doesn’t *fucking* love you!”



“ *Adam!* ”

“I can’t believe you’ve done this!”

“Is there anything better than pussy?”

“Yes, a really good book!” Peter laughs along with Deadpool, and they end up chatting for a little while. Peter finds himself relaxing into Deadpool’s presence, and an hour later finds them both flat on their backs, looking up at the dark night sky, because there’s no chance between New York’s smog and light pollution that they’re going to be seeing any stars.

Peter hums and turns his head to look at Deadpool. “You know, you’re actually pretty cool. We should do this more often.” His face burns under his mask. Jeez, he’s like permanently blushing around the Alpha. He’s so thankful that the suit renders his scent completely bland, because otherwise Deadpool would be getting a noseful of interested Omega. Fuck, his heat really can’t come fast enough.

Deadpool is silent for a moment, turning his head and looking back at Peter.

Peter frowns. “Deadpool?”

“Really?” Deadpool whispers. “Like, really, really? You think I’m cool? You want to see me again? You want to eat food with me? Spidey *likes me*? ”

Peter goes even redder, if that’s possible, and sits up. “Don’t make such a big deal out of it,” he mutters. “But yeah.”

“Wow,” Deadpool sounds flabbergasted. “Am I dreaming? Hallucinating? Tripping really bad? They must be some fuck strong drugs, because you’re the second person to tolerate me this week.”

Peter tries to act super casual. “Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah,” Deadpool still sounds a little out of it. “I saved the sweetest little thing from these two big bad Alphas the other day. Then he went and fell asleep on me, because that makes sense? And so I took him home, and put him in bed, and waited for him to wake up and leave, and he left me his *number*? And told me to call him so he could thank me? And he took my Deadpool hoodie, too, the little rascal.”

“And have you?” Peter asks, fiddling with his web shooters. “Called him so he could thank you?”

Deadpool huffs. “No, duh. Why would I do that? He totally doesn’t want to see me again. Sweet thing like him shouldn’t be talking to someone like me.”

Peter frowns. “What do you mean, someone like you? Yeah, you’ve killed people, and they were bad guys, which doesn’t condone it, but I can tell you’ve been trying not to, trying to be better and all that. I mean, you could probably work on the maiming people thing as well, but you save people, Deadpool. You saved him. You’re a good guy. Is it so wrong that he just wants to thank you in person?”

Deadpool, once again, is scarily quiet.

Peter clears his throat and stands up, blushing furiously under his mask. “So, uh, I’m gonna go. See you ‘round, Pool!” And throws himself off of the building before he says something else equally embarrassing.

Karen pipes from her customary silence when he’s talking to someone up as he lands on a nearby balcony. “Peter, am I detecting a crush?”

“Ohmigod, shuddup,” he squeaks, and shoots out a web.

-

The next morning, as Peter drags himself out of bed after too little sleep, grumbling as he turns off his phone alarm and squints at the screen, huddling himself deeper into Deadpool’s hoodie, there’s a message from an unknown number waiting for him.

His heart skips a beat as he unlocks his phone.

*peteypie! its ur fave friendly neighbourhood DEADPOOL! i wld rly like my hoodie back it was 1 of a kind u no made it myself!*

Peter hesitates with his fingers over the keyboard. What does he reply with?

*Hi! Sorry for borrowing it without asking. It was super comfy, you did a good job making it! Are you free tonight at around 6? We could meet up and I can give it back. I'll buy you dinner too, to say thanks for saving me and everything.*

Before he can obsess over the text he sends it. Not expecting a reply right away, he stuffs his phone into the hoodie pocket and rolls out of bed with a groan. He doesn't even make it to the bathroom before his phone chimes with a reply.

Blinking, and for some stupid reason, heart beating faster, Peter unlocks his phone again.

*im totes free!*

*but only if its tacos tacos r the bomb*

Smiling, Peter taps out a reply. *Tacos it is.*

-

School can't end fast enough. The day drags on like Peter's swimming through molasses. Even with Ned's hyperactive company and MJ's sarcastic and sometimes just plain weird comments, Peter just can't enjoy himself.

Even in Chemistry, where he's been tinkering with his web formula under Mr Steven's nose, he can't seem to focus. It might have something to do with the fact that the walls keep pressing in on him, the many scents of a busy high school bombarding Peter's overly sensitive pre-heat nose, that fact that he could go into heat anytime now but it hasn't happened and it's overdue by more than a *week*, that Peter skipped out on his Career Counselling session last period again because he still hasn't figured out whether or not he wants to actually join the Avengers or go to college, or even do both, is that even feasible, and then that train of thought brings him to stressing out over whether or

not he has to tell Aunt May about Spidey, and that's just another whole massive tangled mess that has Peter tied in knots.

So yeah, Peter might be a little stressed. He might not be eating properly because of that, and the whole sleep deprivation thing from last week isn't really helping matters. They're all probable factors towards his heat being late, but well, Peter just kind of hopes things will work themselves out. Fingers crossed, and all that.

The only thing keeping him going is that knowledge that he's going to be seeing Deadpool after school. Even that has him feeling nervous, stomach unsettled, and he only picks at his lunch even if he needs at least three times the normal calories of a normal human being.

When the bell rings at quarter to three, Peter is out the school gates like a shot, half jogging home. He needs to put Deadpool's hoodie in the wash and get it dry before six, because giving it back with his scent all over it would be really embarrassing; it would be obvious that Peter's been half living in it, and he does not need that mortification, thank you very much.

And then it's quarter past six, and Peter's standing outside one of his favourite Mexican places they'd agreed on, wondering if Deadpool is even going to show. He's been standing here alone for fifteen minutes already.

He clutches his backpack containing Deadpool's hoodie even closer to chest, chewing his lip as he squints up at the sky. It's even starting to drizzle. Great.

Five more minutes pass, and then five more, and Peter's shoulders are sagging where he's managed to find shelter from the drizzle under an awning. He checks his phone for the seventh time in the last three minutes. Deadpool hasn't texted him saying he'll be late and Peter hesitates over texting him asking where he is, because he doesn't want Deadpool confirming that he'd never actually planned on turning up in the first place. Who would want to hang around an Omega who'd needed rescuing, and then ending up falling asleep on you? Pretty lame, if Peter says so himself.

"Oh, come on, Peter, you're *Spider-man*, you can text someone," Peter mutters and then painstakingly types out *still coming?*

There's no reply for two minutes, and Deadpool's almost half an hour late now with no word from him. Peter sighs, pocketing his phone and swinging his backpack over his shoulder. He's not going to wait around to be pitied by all the passersby, looking like a weedy little Omega stood up by his date and all sad and pathetic on the sidewalk. He can go home and mope around his bedroom just as easily.

He's only taken one step before a familiar voice yells out, "Petey-Pie!!" and Peter can't help the smile that lights up his face. He turns and waves dorkily at Deadpool, who's skipping down the sidewalk with a My Little Pony umbrella held over his head.

"You're late," Peter says when Deadpool skips up next to him, does a little spin and poses ridiculously, as if he's waiting for applause. "Am I meant to be impressed?" Peter snarks, because yeah, he's a little sore. And wow, Deadpool is really tall. And big. How has he never noticed that? And smells really nice. Which is just weird, because gunpowder and leather shouldn't smell that good.

"Sorry," Deadpool sings, "I just lost track of time at the petting zoo, because yay, llamas, and then I saw this bad boy," he waves his luridly pink umbrella around, "and well, I had to have it, but I had to fight this little girl for it at the store, and let me tell you, she was *vicious*. Almost took my nose clean off!"

"It's always the ones with the blonde pigtails," Peter says, "absolute monsters."

"She did have blonde hair and pigtails, with these big purple bows! How'd you know, pretty birdy?"

Peter smiles and shrugs, hoping that the flush he's got from the cold masks the blush spreading over his cheeks. "Just had a couple run ins with them myself. Um, should we go in?"

Deadpool spins on his heel and screams, "*TACOS!*" at the top of his lungs before opening the door. He hesitates, and then holds it open for Peter.

Peter bites his lip and mumbles thanks. They get seated pretty quickly, and it's a testament to New Yorkers and the shit they've seen that their waitress doesn't even blink at Deadpool being in full costume, just shows them to a table in the back, leaves them menus and tells them she'll be back in a bit.

Peter pulls out Deadpool's hoodie from his bag and offers it over the table. "Um, here's your hoodie. I, uh, washed it, I hope you don't mind."

Deadpool puts his hands up. "No, you keep it. You look better in it anyway!"

Peter frowns, still holding it out. “But- you said you made it. And it’s yours.”

“Keep it, Petey-Pie. Think of it as a thank you gift!”

“Thanks for what? You’re the one who saved me, remember?”

Deadpool cocks his head like a dog, “let’s say it’s a thank you for buying me dinner.”

“But I’m buying you dinner in thanks for saving me!” Peter says, exasperated. “Please, take it!”

Deadpool crossed his arms. “Nope!”

Peter keeps holding out the hoodie, mouth open, and when Deadpool still doesn’t take it he lowers it to the table. “You don’t make any sense.”

“Thanks!” Deadpool chirps, and looks down at the menu.

“I’m still not taking it,” Peter grumbles, and sets the hoodie aside on the seat next to him. “Wait, how do you know what I look like in it?”

Deadpool looks up, panda eyes wide. “Whoops. He caught me!”

“Deadpool?” Peter frowns in confusion.

Deadpool flounders for a bit, and then sighs. “I watched you leave my safehouse.”

“What? Why didn’t you come talk to me?”

Shrugging, Deadpool plays with the corner of his napkin.

“Deadpool?” Peter says again. “I- I don’t- If you don’t want to talk to me, I get it. Don’t feel obligated to, or anything. I’m sorry. You didn’t have to come tonight to see me. I’ll, I’ll just leave some money for your dinner and leave.”

He starts to stand up when Deadpool says, “No! No, I do want to talk to you! Don’t leave! I just didn’t think you’d want to talk *to me* .”

“Oh,” Peter sits back down again. “Wait, what? Why’d you think that?”

“Uh, *duh* . Look at you, look at me, then look at you and then back at me again. And then maybe one more time just to really rub it in.”

Peter looks down at himself, at this red shirt that says *this shirt is blue if you run fast enough* , and then back up at Deadpool. “I- I don’t get it?”

Deadpool throws his hands up. “You’re *gorgeous* , hello? And young, and spunky, and hip and cool and whatever, and obviously have better things to do than hang out with old, ugly, fucked-up deep fried avocado skin.”

Peter feels his cheeks going bright red again. “You’re not old, or ugly, or- avocado skin? What even? But- you think I’m gorgeous?” He squeaks.

“Have you ever looked in a mirror in your entire life?” Deadpool says, and then points at their waitress, who’s just stopped next to their table with her docket book ready to go. “You, uh, Sofía, hi, do you think Petey here is good looking?”

Their waitress, Sofía, apparently, if her name tag is to be believed, doesn’t even blink, just nods at Peter. “Yeah, you’re really pretty. Nice eyes. But you could probably do without so much product in your hair.”

“Uhm, thanks?” Peter croaks, lifting his hands to his head. Aunt May had said his hair looked good this way!

“You’re welcome,” Sofía pulls out a pen. “Now, are you ready to order?”

Deadpool rattles off a long order as Peter gains his composure back enough to be able to order as well without stammering, and before long Sofía leaves them alone again, promising to be back with their drinks.

“How old *are* you?” Peter asks, curious.

“Thirty five,” the Alpha replies, “though, I’m not really sure if I aged past twenty-nine. This whole not dying ever thing makes it hard to figure that shit out. You?”

“I just turned eighteen,” Peter mumbles, blinking when he does the math and realises that he has a stupid crush on an Alpha that’s seventeen years older than him, and jeez, isn’t he pathetic? Deadpool is way out of his league.

Deadpool blows out a breath. “God has smiled upon me. For a second there I thought I was gonna have to stab myself in the dick. And that shit sucks, don’t want to do that ever again, no sirree.”

Peter is saved from having to reply to that, mind reeling, as Sofía comes back with their drinks.

“Here we go guys, a large coke for you,” she hands Peter a huge glass with a straw, “and a frozen strawberry margarita with a cocktail umbrella for you.”

“Yummy!” Deadpool grabs his drink and beams happily at the bright pink drink. “You’re the best, Sofía!”

“Thank you,” Peter says, a lot more subdued, and smiles at her as the Beta tucks a thick black lock of hair behind her ear.

“You’re welcome,” she smiles back. “Your food shouldn’t be too long. Have fun on your date,” she winks, and walks off to Peter choking on a sip of coke.

“Aw, she thinks we’re on a date!” Deadpool sings, and Peter covers his face in his hands, wheezing as he tries to breathe around his gulp gone down the wrong pipe. By the time he’s stopped, Deadpool has managed to drink his entire drink without Peter even seeing him lifting up his mask.



The merc pushes the glass away with a loud belch. “Delicious! Now, what were you even doing out so late on a Friday night by yourself, Princess? I don’t want to sound like a cliché douchebag Alpha, but pretty little Omega like you? Probably shouldn’t be walking alone in that part of town.”

It’s Peter’s turn to shrug, a little sheepishly. “I got lost walking back from a friend’s. I was pretty tired that night too, wasn’t really paying much attention to my surroundings. And I’m really sorry for falling asleep on you, that’s so embarrassing.” He puts his face in his hands again, groaning.

“Don’t worry bout that, Petey. You were so cute! All snuggled up in my arms like a freckly, grabby teddy bear. I could eat you all up! But really, sweetums, I know it sucks and it shouldn’t be this way, but you shouldn’t go walking around by yourself. At least call someone to come get you. And falling asleep on random strangers, especially strange Alphas, definitely a no go. What do they teach in school these days?”

“I didn’t do it on purpose,” Peter mutters. “You smelt so safe and I was so tired and-” he leans over and puts his face on the table, mortified.

Deadpool is quiet, and Peter is saved again by their food arriving. Sofía places down a mountain of food off of her tray in front of them, and Peter wastes no time stuffing his face. It feels like for the first time in forever he has an appetite and he’s *ravenous*.

He’s two burritos in before he notices that Deadpool is just watching him and hasn’t even taken a bite of his food yet. Shamefaced, hoping that Deadpool isn’t grossed out by him stuffing his face, Peter swallows his mouthful. “Aren’t you going to eat?”

Deadpool flaps a hand. “Nah, brown eyes. I’m not that hungry. You look like you need a good feed. Go ahead.”

That is so a lie. Peter can tell Deadpool is eyeing up the food in front of him like a sad, starving dog on a leash that’s too short to let him reach it, and wow, how does he get his mask that expressive?

Peter clears his throat. “Uhm, do you not want to show your face?” He totally gets that, even if he’s pretty sure that Deadpool’s identity is like the world’s worst kept secret. He knows that Deadpool’s real name is Wade Wilson, Karen had filled him in on that much the first time they’d crossed paths when he was Spidey, and some basic information about how he has a wicked healing factor and can’t die and maybe is a bit of a bloodthirsty maniac for hire, but not much else.

He looks around. "I don't think anybody is looking. And, uhm, I can look away if that makes you more comfortable. I won't look, I swear." He swivels around in his chair, taking his plate with him.

Deadpool's quiet again, before he lets out a sigh that sounds so out of character for him. "A pure cinnamon bun, too good for this world, and for sure for me," he mutters and Peter goes red, knowing that Deadpool hadn't meant him to hear that. "Nah, gorgeous, you don't have to do that. Just promise you'll try not to upchuck when you see the mouldy cottage cheese that makes up my ugly mug. Happens way too often."

Peter frowns. What's under that mask can't be that bad, can it? "If you're sure?" He asks.

"Yeah, Petey-Pie, has to happen sometime. Just gotta rip it off, like a big, superglued on band-aid," he sounds kind of defeated, "well, this was nice while it lasted. At least pretty baby got some food in him first, boy's too thin," Deadpool mutters under his breath, and Peter swings back around in his chair in time to see Deadpool rolling up his mask to his nose.

*That's a lot of scars*, is what Peter can't help but think at first. There are old, snarled up white ones, and newer pink and red ones, twisting up over every inch of skin he can see. He wonders if they're painful. They're not pretty, he's not going to lie, but they aren't that bad either. To be honest, he kind of just wants to run his fingers over them, to see what they would feel like against his sensitive Spidey skin. And then he notices the strong Alpha jawline, straight nose and the lips, chapped and pushed together in resignation, but still stupidly attractive, and wow, Deadpool is kind of hot, and that does not help matters.

Peter realises he's staring when Deadpool makes a questioning noise, and he drops his eyes abruptly, "sorry, sorry," he squeaks, and stuffs a taco in his mouth before he can say something weird.

"You're not running. Or puking. Or both at the same time." Deadpool sounds disbelieving.

Peter chews, and swallows. He glances up at Deadpool again, eyes brushing over the bared half of his face, before he looks into the white panda eyes of Deadpool's mask. "I don't mind the scars," he states, and hesitates over what else he should say. He doesn't want to belittle Deadpool's obviously negative feelings over his looks, but he doesn't want to booster them either, because the Alpha shouldn't feel that way about what he looks like. Nobody should feel that self-conscious. "You have a nice jawline," he ends up blurting, and goes bright red and stuffs more food in his mouth. Jeez, he should just start shouting his stupid crush from the rooftops. He really hopes that the strong smells of food in the restaurant are masking his scent, because he's pretty sure he's putting off interested Omega pheromones, and that would be so fucking embarrassing. Like, Peter

would just have to put all his smarts into figuring out how to melt away into nothing right now.

“A nice... jawline,” Deadpool says. “Huh.”

Peter goes even more red, if that’s even possible, and concentrates on eating, eyes down on the table. Before long, Deadpool joins in, and Peter tries not to watch Deadpool’s frankly horrible table manners as he absolutely destroys most of the food in front of him.

Peter’s not able to eat as much as he usually can, and ends up sipping on his coke as Deadpool finishes up, licking hot sauce off his leather black and red gloves. He then rolls his mask back down, and Peter can’t help the small, unhappy noise he makes as that jawline disappears. Sofía comes back to take away their plates, and when they don’t want to order anything else, comes back with their bill.

The price is just under the last of his money for the month, but Peter doesn’t even hesitate leaving the rest of his money as a tip. He notices that Deadpool slips three hundred dollar bills under his water glass as well, and tries not to gawp. How much money does the guy have?

But before they can step away, Deadpool scoops up Peter’s money, and shoves it at him.

“You don’t need to pay, babydoll. I’ve got it covered.”

Peter ends up grabbing the money so Deadpool doesn’t just drop it on the ground. “No way! This was supposed to be me buying you dinner in thanks! I’m paying!”

“Nuh uh,” Deadpool shakes a fingers, “you’re a poor, broke high school student. I’m not gonna let you waste your money on admittedly really good Mexican food when you need to buy- pencils and shit? I don’t know what high school students need? Adderall?”

“What- no,” Peter clutches at his money as Deadpool propels him out of the restaurant, “no, really Deadpool, I’m paying!”

“Nope!” Deadpool sings, and then it’s too late, they’re outside in the drizzle.

Peter fumbles with his backpack, pulling out Deadpool's hoodie. "At least let me give this back!"

"Nope!" Deadpool sings, and Peter is just so *confused* as he stares at the merc, money in one hand, hoodie in the other, bag hanging off his shoulder.

Deadpool stops on the sidewalk and looks at him. "You'll catch flies like that," he says, and then stepping so close to Peter and Peter has to tip his head back to not be staring right at that huge chest. A gloved hand gently grabs his chin and closes his mouth for him.

Blinking up at the Alpha, Peter inhales Deadpool's scent and relaxes, shoulders dropping and lashes fluttering. A thumb brushes over his lips, and Peter doesn't dare to breathe.

"Peter-" Deadpool starts, and his voice, suddenly all gravel and rumble, sends pleasant tingles down into Peter's stomach, and he makes a small questioning noise in reply, but before Deadpool can continue and Peter's Spidey-senses can finally come back online and warn him for once, a pedestrian shoulders checks Peter hard.

Peter stumbles and Deadpool catches him against his chest, and all Peter can do is blink stupidly as Deadpool yells after the guy. "Hey, shitstain, watch where you're going!"

The guy flips them the finger as he walks away, "get a room!"

How had Peter forgotten that they were in public?

"You okay there, pretty birdy?"

Peter blinks and unplasters his face from Deadpool's really firm chest, and stares at his left hand, still clutching at Deadpool's hoodie, but braced against a large pectoral muscle, right next to a bulging bicep. Deadpool is *huge*. And Peter feels ridiculously small encased in his arms, but he really, *really* likes it, all enveloped in Deadpool's hold and scent, and he's pretty sure he's bright red when he looks up at Deadpool's black and red mask, looking down at him in concern.

"Uh, yeah," he squeaks.

“Hm,” Deadpool rumbles, and Peter can feel the vibration in his chest. Deadpool takes a deep breath and there is absolutely no way the Alpha can’t smell Peter getting all up and interested.

Someone else jostles them as they walk past, and Deadpool makes an angry sound and swings them into the space between the two buildings, shielding Peter from the drizzle with his big body and leaning him up against the wall.

“Lemme help you with that.” Deadpool gently manhandles Peter’s money and the hoodie out of his loose hands and stuffs them into his backpack. He drops it at Peter’s feet and reaches out.

Peter doesn’t flinch away as Deadpool runs his hand through his hair, tucks a damp curl behind his ear and palms his cheek. If anything, Peter pushes into the touch, sighing softly.

“Look at you,” Deadpool breathes, and Peter inhales shakily. He gets a good whiff of Deadpool’s unique scent, and the underlying deep musk of an Alpha interested. A soft whine makes its way out of his throat, high-pitched and wanting.

“Please,” Peter doesn’t even know what he’s asking for, but he’s desperate for *something* .

Looming over Peter, the Alpha hunches over a little to try get closer to Peter’s height. Peter whimpers and clutches at Deadpool’s upper arms, going up on his tippy toes.

“Can I kiss you?” Deadpool sounds wrecked. All Peter can do is nod jerkily, straining upwards.

But Deadpool doesn’t meet him. “Words, baby, I need words.”

“Yes, *please* ,” Peter finally manages, and Deadpool rolls his mask up hastily, and then they’re kissing.

Peter’s been kissed before, but never like this. Deadpool is all around him, scent overpowering, big body looming over him and pressing him back into the brick, and his lips are chapped and rough and scarred but so soft against Peter’s. The hand on his cheek grips carefully, and another hand holds his hip securely, a thumb brushing up under his shirt and caressing the sensitive skin over his hip bone. A sound Peter’s never heard himself make before escapes him and then Deadpool is licking into his mouth, demanding and almost forceful, but not violent, and Peter tips his head back in surrender and goes weak at the knees.

Deadpool tastes like refried beans and hot sauce and Alpha, and he manipulates Peter's head into a better angle and *owns* Peter's mouth, tangling his tongue with Peter's tentative one, drawing back but diving back in when Peter makes a mewl of disappointment. They kiss for what seems like forever, but not long enough, never long enough, and Peter's mouth feels sore and his lips swollen when Deadpool finally pulls away and licks down his chin and *bites* at Peter's neck. His other hand is inching up under Peter's shirt, palming his pec, leather rough over Peter's sensitive nipple.

Peter moans, going limp and pliant in Deadpool's arms, but the loud sound seems to jolt Deadpool back to reality.

The merc jumps back, panting, leaving Peter collapsed against the wall. "Sorry, fuck, *shit* , I'm so sorry-" and then he's gone.

Shocked still and stupid, Peter brings up a shaking hand to touch his wet and bruised lips, and then the mark Deadpool's teeth have dug into his neck. His cock is hard in his pants and his backside is damp from the slick that's started to leak from him.

"Holy shit," he whispers.

## Chapter End Notes

It's only chapter two and they've already kissed. What can I say, I'm an impatient person. :')

# Three

## Chapter Notes

This took me a little longer than normal to get out, sorry! I just couldn't stop playing the new Spider-Man game, it's so good. Is anybody else playing it? :D

Also, this is where we start earning that explicit rating friends. ;) So if that's not your thing, maybe skip the first section of the chapter until you hit the first break.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter goes into heat the day after he and Deadpool make out in the alleyway next to the Mexican restaurant.

He can't sleep the night before, tossing and turning, nose buried into Deadpool's hoodie, trying to catch any elusive scent of the Alpha. But even with his enhanced sense of smell, he can hardly pick up anything other than laundry detergent and fabric softener. His stomach cramping doesn't help with the sleeplessness either; but he doesn't think much about them. They've been happening on and off for the last few days.

He thinks he drifts off at some point, because suddenly his alarm is going off at seven, and his sheets are soaked between his legs and he's desperately, all consumingly *hot*.

"Oh fuck," he groans, forces his body upright and off the bed, staggers to the doorway. Every step is torture, and he bites his lip, tugging down Deadpool's hoodie over his erection tenting his soaked briefs, grinding the heel of his palm into his dick, trying valiantly to calm it down.

There's no chance of that now, however. He's in heat, and he's only got a few more hours, judging from the ache in his stomach and the trembling in his limbs, before he's mindless with it.

Panting, Peter manages to open his door a crack.

"May!"

There's a clang from the kitchen, and Peter winces at the sound jarring against his sensitive ears. But Aunt May appears down the hallway within seconds, her eyes wide behind her glasses as she

scents the air.

“Honey? Oh, has your heat finally come? I’ll ring your school for you, go back to bed.”

Peter doesn’t argue, just makes a small sound and nods, face red. God, being an Omega sucks big time. He’s going to miss his Spanish test because of this. And no patrolling as Spidey either. That’s completely out of the question.

Peter closes his door and limps uncomfortably back to bed. Curls up under his covers, whimpering. If only heat suppressants worked for him. Ever since The Bite, they've had no effect. Doctors have scratched their heads over it, coming up with no explanation, and the only thing that they can recommend is for him to ride them out, twice a year.

A few minutes later Aunt May comes back in with an armful of water bottles and a box of granola bars. Peter doesn’t emerge from his cocoon of blankets, too embarrassed. Yeah, she’s seen him in heat many times, but it never gets any easier for him.

She sets her armful down on his bedside table. “Here we go, Pete. The usual. Remember to drink lots of water. And call me, if things get too bad, okay?” They’re comforting words, but they both know that he’s going to be in no state to even talk in a few hours, let alone be able to work a phone.

“Okay,” Peter curls up even tighter, fists clenched into his chest, fighting the urge to grip himself between his thighs.

She pats the approximate location of his head, and then retreats back to the door after checking that his window is closed and locked, taking her spicy, comforting Omega scent with her. “See you, hon. I’m off to work.” And she closes the door behind her.

Before she leaves, Peter knows that she’ll be placing the scent blockers just inside their apartment door, to keep any unwanted attention away from his heat-scent. Peter listens to her do so, and then the sounds of her gathering up her keys and bag.

The click of the lock after she leaves is a relief.

Alone in the apartment, finally, Peter emerges from his pile of blankets, swiping a bottle of water off his bedside table and gulping it down in one go. He gasps for breath and drops it off the side of



the bed, wiping away water that's leaked from his mouth and down his chin.

His underwear is uncomfortable, damp and rough and chafing up against his sensitive bits, so he wriggles out of them, dumping them on the floor. Every movement makes the soft material of Deadpool's hoodie brush up against his nipples and over his dick, steadily leaking clear pre-cum up against it, and Peter can't help but whimper. He should take it off, but he doesn't want to, the reminder of Deadpool up against his skin not something he wants to rid himself of.

The heat is steadily building in his stomach, the skin on his limbs goosebumping with anticipation, and Peter leans back in his sheets and grips his dick in one hand, spreading his thighs and inching his other hand down and towards the wet opening between his cheeks.

A long groan escapes him as he tugs carefully at his cock and sinks a finger into the heat of his own arse. There's hardly any resistance, so he easily sinks in another finger, twisting them around and up against his slick, swollen walls. His hips arch and he mewls in pleasure as his fingers brush up against his prostate, hand now stroking over his dick roughly, wanking himself off with his own pre-cum as lube.

But his fingers aren't long enough to keep the pressure on his sweet spot and Peter groans in frustration, tossing his head back. The angle's all wrong for him to get his fingers properly in himself, and he rolls over onto his stomach and pulls himself up on his knees, butt in the air and face mashed into his pillow. It leaves his dick drooling, trapped and abandoned up against his belly, but it's not what wants the most attention at the moment anyway.

Peter reaches behind himself and sinks three fingers right into his sopping wet hole, gasping desperately into his pillow. Tears are already leaking from his eyes and he bites into the neckline of Deadpool's hoodie as he pumps his fingers harshly into himself, trying in vain to reach his prostate and bring himself off. He already feels like he's on the brink, heat getting him to the edge within scarce minutes, hips bucking and limbs spasming, and it's the thought of Deadpool behind him, pushing his thick, long leather covered fingers into Peter's hole, that makes Peter yeowl into his pillow and convulse as he comes.

Relief hits him like a truck, and Peter collapses onto his side, breathing heavily. But the reprieve hardly lasts long, and Peter brings himself off over and over again with his fingers deep inside himself, eyes closed tight, mind focused on the breadth of Deadpool's broad shoulders, the hotness of his breath against Peter's neck. His voice, low and dark, whispering '*baby boy*' in his ear.

Digging his own fingers into the mark Deadpool's teeth left on his throat surprises Peter's most intense orgasm out of him, and from that moment on his left hand is almost permanently worrying at the skin there, blunt nails turning the fading bruise deep and dark again.

Deadpool's hoodie is soaked in a mixture of spermless cum, sweat, slick and saliva from him chewing at the neckline with his teeth. The material sticks to him and chaffs, but it doesn't even occur to Peter to take it off.

Soon, his heat becomes all consuming, burning up any sane thought he might have with desperation and want, and the next three days are spent in a haze of slick and sweat and writhing and cum and ache and the name Wade on his lips.

-

The last night of his heat Peter is finally lucid enough to go out on patrol. His stomach is still tight and he's a little shaky, he feels profoundly unrested and wrung out, and he has to pad his butt with toilet paper to catch the last of his slick so it doesn't stain his suit, but he's left New York alone long enough with that weirdo Mysterio still hanging about and causing havoc. He sets his dead phone on charge, adjusts his web shooters on his skinny wrists, and heads out.

He perches on top of a tall billboard, head cocked as he looks out over a lit up night time Queens.

"Your condition is hardly optimal for you to be out tonight," Karen admonishes him.

As if to prove her point, his stomach rumbles loudly. He hasn't had anything to eat in the last few days except some granola bars when he'd been coherent enough to know that he needed to eat. Heats are always pretty hard on an Omega, especially ones without an Alpha to help them through, and they seem to be a bit harder on Peter now that he's super. He's probably dropped more weight than he should; his suit hangs a little more loose on him than he remembers it being.

"I'm fine, Karen. Just a little tired," Peter mutters, listening to police scanners with one ear. He can't take another night off; he'd already heard of one murder and one disappearance that's gone unsolved. Guilt twists his middle as he thinks of the young girl's picture, smiling bright and happy in the corner of the television screen.

"If you say so, Peter," Karen's tone sounds doubtful, but Peter doesn't have time to call her out on it before his Spidey-hearing picks up someone screaming for help.

He's swinging through the streets in seconds towards the location, Karen helpfully supplying directions in his ear, but by the time he arrives there's only a lone little boy screaming and crying on the street.

Peter swings down and lands beside him, ignoring his light stumble before he regains balance. “Hey, hey, it’s okay little man, what happened?”

The little boy only stops screaming when he grips him gently by the shoulders. Watery big blue eyes blink up at him, and the boy hiccups. “They, they took my big sis’,” he points down the street with a little finger at a grey van rapidly disappearing down the street. Peter starts to swear and remembers to sensor himself a second before he does, glancing down at the little tear and snot stained face. He looks around frantically as his Spidey-drone detaches after the van, and he spots a concerned citizen leaning out of her window a few storeys up.

“Is everything okay?” She yells down.

Peter scoops the boy up in his arms and shoots a web up beside her window, yanking himself and his precious cargo up. He hands the shocked boy to her, “call the police, his sister’s been kidnapped, I’m going after them,” and then he’s shooting out another web and swinging away after the van, “I’ll get your sister back, little guy, I promise!”

His Spidey-drone’s been following the van, and Karen efficiently directs him towards them. Peter swings around the last corner, air rushing past his ears, and spots the van down the street.

“There they are!” He bounces off of a windowsill, handsprings on a street lamp and flips onto the roof of the van as his Spidey-drone returns to his chest.

Immediately, the van starts swerving, and Peter drops to all fours, sticking to the metal with his fingers and toes. “Hey, don’t you know not to cross the white line? Stay in your lane!”

He crawls up over to the drivers side, and sticks his head down over the window. A split second later he’s jerking himself back up thanks to his Spidey-sense, yelping in surprise as he narrowly misses getting shot in the face point blank.

“Holy shit,” he gasps, and then flips over further away as the crazy guy shoots through the roof at him. The van makes a jerky turn, nearly throwing Peter off, but he crouches and sticks easily again.

Peter takes a deep breath. Well, if they’re not going to let him in through the front, he’s going in through the back.

He crawls down to the back of the van, and shouts as the glass shatters as someone shoots through the back window at him. “Watch it!”

Fucking hell, is the van just packed full of guys with happy trigger fingers, or what? Swearing, Peter leaps off the van and swings feet first towards one of the windows that he hasn’t been shot through.

He’s just about to smash through when a green and purple blur knocks into him, sending him flying towards a flower shop on the side of the street.

Twisting in the air, Peter lands on the side of the building in a crouch. “What the actual fuck, *not cool*,” he groans, as green smoke starts to fill the air. “I don’t have time for you right now, Mysterio!”

Deep, manic laughter booms from every direction, and Peter growls as Karen says, “the van’s getting away!”

“I know!” He yells, and shoots a web upwards to swing after them, trying to ignore Mysterio and his tricks for the time being.

But something twangs into his web mid-swing, and *snaps* his web. “What the hell!” Peter squeaks, and quickly flips and lands in a crouch on the street. “What was that? My web *broke!*”

“I don’t know,” Karen supplies, helpfully. She zooms in on to his snapped web, catching sight of the ragged, almost burned ends. “It looks like some kind of chemical is burning through it.”

Mysterio’s laughter rings out again, “you shouldn’t go leaving webs lazily around the city, Spider-man! You’re practically *begging* someone with at least passable intelligence such as I to figure out their weakness!”

Peter looks frantically through the thickening green smoke, his hearing picking up faint sirens in the distance. He spots a cloaked figure high up on a rooftop and throws himself towards it, jumping off of a car roof and onto the side of the building, scaling it in leaps and bounds, but when he arrives there’s nobody there.

“The van!” Karen says into his ear, and Peter whines helplessly, panicking as he tries to spot it through the ridiculous green smoke, but he can’t. “Oh no,” he whimpers, and leaps off the building in the general direction that he’d last seen it going.

But Mysterio is having none of that. The green smoke is doing something to Peter’s head and Spidey-senses, and he doesn’t even sense the long purple whip until it’s snapped around his ankle and yanking him out of the air.

His body bows and he screams in pain as he’s electrocuted, and unable to control his fall he whacks painfully into the side of the building, tumbling down onto a balcony ledge, bouncing off the rail and onto wood, shattering pottery. The whip falls from him and Peter scrambles up through destroyed plants and scattered dirt and onto the balcony rail, ready to leap, but his Spidey-senses don’t even warn him before a huge, terrifying hulking figure with wings is swooping down on him. Yelping, Peter throws himself to the side, but the shadowed figure with a demented split grin and glowing green eyes comes after him, and he’s panicking as he swoops through the green mist because he can’t shake it, it’s going to catch him and eat him and he’s *scared* .

“What are you doing, Peter?” Karen is yelling in his ear, and Peter’s trying to leap up a building so he can escape the monster, and he can’t reply because he can’t draw in enough air past his panicked breathing. “You’re running from nothing!” She says.

“What?” Peter manages to wheeze.

“There’s hallucinogens in the green smoke,” she explains as he heaves himself over the top of the building, and thankfully up here is free of the smoke, and sure enough, the winged monster doesn’t come after him. But he isn’t safe yet, Mysterio is waiting for him, all ridiculous green scales and purple cape and fishbowl, street lights glinting off the opaque glass as he poses against the New York skyline.

Peter fights to get back onto his feet, ignoring his aching ribs, and drops into a fighting stance. He hopes Mysterio doesn’t notice that his limbs are shaking, and once again, he thanks Mr Stark for putting scent blockers in his Spidey suit, because otherwise the big Alpha over there putting out an insane amount of Alpha pheromones that Peter’s pretty sure he’s supplementing would be getting a big whiff of post-heat weakened Omega.

“The amazing Spider-man,” Mysterio booms, “who would have thought that you would be so easy to scare!”

“It’s really just your terrible fashion sense that’s giving me the heebie jeebies,” Peter quips, and

throws out a web towards Mysterio, but the Alpha holds up his forearm and the web dissolves away with a hiss.

And Peter's Spidey-senses have been quietly buzzing with faint alarm the entire time he's been up here, but now they're practically screaming up and down his spine and making his hairs on his arm stand on end, and he whips his head around, trying to figure out what's going on, but it's Karen that clues him in. "Run, Peter, there's some kind of gas in the air, it's getting to dangerous levels now!"

Peter doesn't need telling twice. He throws himself off the building and into the now fading green smoke, and Mysterio's stupid laughter follows after him, "it's too late, Spider-man! You've inhaled too much! Have a fun night, and I hope to see you again so we can continue the show!"

"No, no, no," Peter's panicking, because his vision is going all lopsided and his limbs feel all weak, and Karen's trying to figure out exactly what he's breathed in, and as he swoops through the streets he's clumsy and slips multiple times and whams into a couple buildings and narrowly misses getting hit by a car or two. By the time he stumbles in through his bedroom window, whacking his elbow on the windowsill, strange figures have appeared in his vision, weaving and twirling around in dark circles, and he can't hear Karen through the laughter ringing in his ears.

The suit is too constricting, and Peter is sobbing as he rips everything off and retreats to his still heat mused bed. He curls up around Deadpool's hoodie and squeezes his eyes shut as the room swims around him and the laughter grows louder, and all he wants is Deadpool's arms around him and his calming scent but all he gets is terrifying hallucinations and a splitting headache and bruised ribs that scream at him as he curls tighter into a ball.

Peter doesn't get any sleep that night.

-

The early morning arrives and Peter greets it with vomiting into the toilet.

Not much comes up except stomach acid and water and Peter moans as he rests his head against the cool porcelain. At least the hallucinations have left him alone, but everything else *sucks*.

"Oh, honey," Aunt May rushes into the bathroom, hair mussed and still in her pajamas. "Was your heat that bad?"

The only answer she gets is a pitiful moan.

Sighing, she kneels down next to him and brushes a soft hand over his forehead. “You’re still so warm. You’re not going to school today either, Peter.”

Peter wants to object, because he’s already missed so many classes, and he’s the only Omega who does because the stupid suppressants don’t work, and he’s going to get teased so much, and Ned’s going to worry and MJ’s going to get that look in her eye again, that horrible pity and then stubborn glint and she’ll go on and on about the horrors of the American health system. But all he does is curl up further on the bathroom mat and whimper.

“Not going to vomit again?” Aunt May asks, and Peter nods carefully. “Okay, I’m going to get the shower going, and you’re going to get in it and wash all this gross sweat away, and I’ll make you some soup for breakfast. Just wait and see, you’ll feel good as new.”

Aunt May hands him some mouthwash and Peter gargles some weakly as she turns on the shower for him. Peter spits into the toilet as she leaves, flushes it, then struggles out of his sweatpants and long sleeved shirt, hissing in pain when he lifts his arms above his head.

But he’s glad that he’s managed to put some clothes on before he left his bedroom, because looking in the mirror at the mottled bruising discolouring his ribs, left hip and thigh, if he hadn’t, Aunt May would probably have a heart attack. He looks like someone hit him with a truck.

The shower is just the right temperature, and Peter ignores the sting of water against the burn mark around his ankle. The warmth helps soothe the ache of his bruises and wash away the stale sweat and tacky slick from his heat, but doesn’t help the shame building in his stomach.

He hadn’t been able to save that boy’s sister.

He’d been beaten, easily, by an out of the blue powered up Mysterio.

He’d run away like a coward.

Peter had failed. *Spider-Man* had failed.

Mechanically, Peter goes about his normal shower routine, washing his hair with difficulty and scrubbing at his skin, and he doesn't even notice that he's crying until he can't see the soap in his hands through his tears.

"Fuck," he whines, and drops into a crouch, trying to keep his cry of pain soft as his ribs protest. He doesn't want Aunt May hearing him. She's worried enough about him.

His shoulder heave as stuffs his hand in his mouth, breathing harshly through his nose. The water beats down on him, steaming, but he feels cold inside.

He bets Mr Stark has never cried in the shower like a baby. Captain America doesn't snuffle like a stereotypical Omega when something goes wrong. Even Deadpool gets back up again after a headshot, unfailingly cheerful. But here Peter is, crying like the failure that he is.

He doesn't know how long he stays under the spray, forcing back his tears, but the water turns slowly cold and forces him out. Shivering, he clumsily towels himself dry, and then wipes away the condensation on the mirror.

A drowned, miserable rat looks back at him. Those bags under muddy brown eyes look almost painted on, they're so dark, and his eyes are all red and swollen.

Peter looks away, pulling the large fluffy towel closer around his shoulders. He wipes the wet strands of hair out of his face, takes as big a breath as his ribs will allow him, and limps carefully back to his bedroom to dress.

Aunt May has to leave for work, but she gives Peter a bowl of chicken soup before she does, kissing him on the forehead where he's curled up on the couch, covered in blankets.

"I don't want you leaving this couch for anything other than food and the toilet," Aunt May orders, "you hear me?"

"Yes, May," Peter smiles, and May smiles back, but her eyes look worried. Yeah, Peter's aware that he looks like shit, thank you very much.

"I mean it, mister." She taps him carefully on his nose, gathers up her things and leaves through the front door, waving goodbye over her shoulder.



“Bye,” Peter feebly farewells her, and then tentatively sniffs at the bowl of soup. It’s definitely from a can, and Peter only manages a couple spoonfuls before he’s setting it down on the coffee table. Way too salty. And he’s not hungry, anyway.

The news on the telly is showing blurry, green mist covered photos of Spider-Man and Myserio’s fight from the night before. Peter wrinkles his nose and switches channel.

“The nineteen year old unmated Omega was with her younger brother when she was abducted-”

She’s young, and pretty, with big blue eyes and freckles. Peter stares at her photo until they stop showing it. The small amount of soup that he’s managed to consume sits heavily in his stomach.

“This is the second disappearance of an Omega this week, and yet Police Commissioner Stacy has no comment on whether these two cases are connected-”

A part of Peter’s mind not occupied with guilt sits up and pays attention.

“Sandy Pence, fifteen, went missing on her way back from Youth Club just this Monday night-” And they show a picture of the girl alongside the mother. They’re both pretty, with bright smiles and kind eyes.

Peter thinks back to that night Deadpool saved him in that alleyway. And those words, that he’s never going to forget.

*He’s worth more untouched .*

Peter’s blood runs cold.

-

Peter thinks of Mr Stark first.

His thumb hesitates over Tony's personal number. Lingers for a second, then moves away. He doesn't have hard evidence. Just a sneaking suspicion. It could be nothing. It could be something. It could be all in his head. And Mr Stark is a very busy, important person. And someone who also keeps pushing MIT onto him, and Peter's very aware of Mr Stark's kind generosity and the fact that paying for him would be less than pennies for the man, but Peter still can't help but be uncomfortable with the charity. Mr Stark's already done so much for him.

Instead, Peter's thumb selects the contact *deathtaco* .

*I need to talk to you* . He types out, and then bites his lip, deletes it. Four days have gone by without talking to Deadpool after the kiss, when the merc had said sorry and ran away, and Peter's still kind of confused about that.

*Hi! I had a really good time last time, why did you run away? By the way, Omega's are going missing off the streets, and I've got this suspicion that they're been sold on the blackmarket, and since you're a mercenary for hire, I feel like you've got a handy foot in the door in that department. I need your help? Also, I totally got through my heat thinking of you pinning me down with your big Alpha hands and doing nasty things to me.*

Peter groans and flips himself off his desk chair and onto his bed. How is this going to work?

He settles with *Hi! Uh, I know it's been a while, but could we meet up again?*

The text has hardly sent before Peter gets a reply. He blinks in surprise as his phone dings and dings and dings.

*peteypie*

*i didnt think u would want 2 talk 2 me again*

*im sorry about the other day*

*plz don't hate me*

*but like, if u hate me, feel free 2 do tht as well, i wont tell you how ur supposed 2 feel, duh, thats not cool*

*i wont do it again*

*i swear*

Peter is sending a message his before his brain catches up with what he's typed.

*I won't mind if you do it again. If it's the kissing that you're talking about. And I don't hate you.*

Oh shit. Peter's pulse skyrockets. "No, no, no, I didn't want to send that! Take it back! Unsend!"

But it's too late, Deadpool's seen it.

*okay* is the reply. And before Peter can wrinkle his nose up at that lackluster reply, another message comes through.

*so i can kiss u again????*

Peter's pulse is high now from something else entirely.

*Yeah.*

*It was nice. I liked it .*

Deadpool takes less than five seconds to reply.

*kjhkjqd*

yess!!!!

now?

Peter's smiling. *It's almost 5 in the morning. Maybe later? We could meet up for coffee?*

*O yea. y r u up so early?* is then followed quickly by *starbucks??*

*Can't sleep*, Peter replies. *Starbucks sounds good. The one on 21st? 10 okay?* Tomorrow, well, today, is Saturday. He doesn't have school.

*thats no gud pretty. y not?*

*10 is great!!!!*

Peter just replies *just can't* because he can't exactly burden Deadpool with everything. *See you at 10 then?*

*its a date try 2 get sum sleep boo*

It's good Deadpool can't see him through his phone screen, because Peter's gone bright red, but his smile hasn't left. He doesn't want to examine why he's chosen to contact Deadpool as Peter Parker about this, and not the more logical crime fighting vigilante hero Spider-Man, so he just rolls off his bed and goes back to improvising a gas mask from the miscellaneous bits and pieces that he's scrounged up from various dumpsters over the years on his desk.

He can sleep some other time.

## Chapter End Notes

All knowledge of Mysterio I have gotten from Wikipedia and some other comic book sites, so I'm super sorry if he isn't anything like what he's like in the comics lol.

There isn't much Deadpool in this chapter, but next chapter will make up for it, I promise!

All mistakes are mine! And I'm not American, so if some spelling is a bit screwy, or I use a weird term, it's because I'm Kiwi and spell like a Brit.

## Four

### Chapter Notes

Guys, you are all so sweet! All these comments and kudos are amazing, thank you so much! You've really motivated me to bang this out!

This is a pretty long chapter, sorry, but I couldn't really find a good spot to stop so I just kept going. Get ready for some fluff, a light sprinkling of smut and sleepy Peter. :)

“Babydoll, no offence, but you look terrible. Beautiful, but terrible.”

Peter blinks blearily up at Deadpool in full costume. “Thanks, ‘Pool, that really does wonders for my self esteem,” he mutters, and musters up a smile. He kind of feels like the only reason he’s still awake are the coffee fumes that he’s been inhaling inside the stuffy Starbucks. He checks his watch, Deadpool is actually five minutes early this time, instead of over half an hour late. Well, would you look at that.

“Ooh, he’s snarky in the morning!” Deadpool lingers on his feet, like he’s uncomfortable or not really sure where to put himself.

Peter pulls out the chair next to him at the table he’d managed to snatch at the back of the bustling coffee shop and flaps his hand at it. “You can sit, you know.”

“I know that,” Deadpool scoffs, and plops his considerable bulk down onto the flimsy wooden chairs. Even sitting down, Deadpool towers over Peter’s small stature, an imposing Alpha figure in red and black leather that does nothing to conceal his muscle mass. At least he’s forgone his signature katanas on his back; the sheaths are present but empty, and there are no other weapons obviously in sight, but Peter’s not dumb, he knows Deadpool’s got at least five and a half weapons stashed somewhere. Still, people are staring. Peter doesn’t care.

“So, um, what do you want? And I’m buying this time, Deadpool, you can’t stop me,” Peter stands and knocks his already bruised hip against the table. He can’t hold back the whimper of pain and hunches slightly over, bracing himself on the back of his chair.

Deadpool makes a distressed sound. “Are you okay?”

Peter tries to wave him off, but it's too late, those big hands are gently lifting his shirt to see, and Deadpool goes deathly still when he sees the massive bruise spanning Peter's hipbone, up under his shirt and down under his pants. It's well on its way to healing now, yellow and green and vaguely black, but it still looks pretty terrible.

Peter yelps and tugs his shirt down. "Um, I can explain--"

"Who did this," Deadpool interrupts, and Peter's eyes go wide. He's never heard Deadpool sound like this. Flat, deep, voice with no inflection. And yet Peter isn't afraid.

Deadpool stands, and his posture is so different from before. His shoulders are up and braced, and somehow he's even taller. Peter tips his head back to look at him, and is struck by the realisation that Deadpool has been purposely making himself smaller around him. Even then, he was big. Now, he's positively towers over Peter, all big broad angles and bulging Alpha muscle.

"Tell me who hurt you, and I'll make them wish they'd never laid their fucking worthless, rat shit eyes on you." His fists are clenched by his sides, muscles twitching in his arms, like he's struggling to hold himself back.

"Oh--" Peter forces out a small, awkward laugh. "Nobody- uh, well, it was me, really. I tripped and fell down some stairs at school. It's not that bad, honest."

"Peter," Deadpool lifts his hand, but hesitates, close enough for Peter to feel the heat of his palm against his cheek. It's so easy to lean into it, to move that extra inch and feel warm leather up against his skin.

Peter lets out a soft breath and smiles. "Really, it's nothing." And really, it isn't. He's had an entire building dropped on him. This is just a couple of bruises and some sore ribs. They'll heal within mere days.

Deadpool looks at him for a second, and Peter can tell that he doesn't believe him. But then he deflates. "Okay," he says, "sure. But really, anytime, you can call me, about anything, and I'll pick up. Pinky promise. Cross my heart, hope to die. Well, I'll probably come back to life, but you get the general idea."

Deadpool slips his hand from Peter's face and offers him a pinky. Smiling, Peter hooks his around Deadpool's, and they shake on it.

Somehow, Peter doesn't even end up buying them both coffee. Deadpool refuses to let him have any more caffeine, citing the terrible bags under his eyes (babydoll, you could fit another entire *person* in those babies, you need some sleep, Daddy Deadpool is vetoing any caffeine ingestion, even if pretty baby birds make those eyes *stop it goddamn you're like a sad, kicked, manipulative, coffee addicted puppy* ) and bullies him into a green tea and grabs a horrible monstrosity of an overly creamed, sweet, venti six shot caramel mocha frap for himself.

Peter doesn't have the heart to tell him that green tea contains caffeine as well, just not as much as coffee.

And Peter really means to talk to Deadpool about the disappearances, but the warmth of the coffee shop and the tea in his stomach and Deadpool's scent in his nose lulls him into a muffled state of contentment, and he ends up resting his chin on his arm and listening to Deadpool's idle chatter and the drone of the customers in the background.

"-and then BOOM, I fall through the roof, and there he is, sitting in a fuzzy pink bean bag, barbeque sauce on his titties, and- Princess?"

Peter makes a small sound of acknowledgement from where he's fighting to stay awake in the crook of his elbow.

"Are you falling asleep on me again?" Deadpool's voice is incredulous, but soft.

"No," Peter mutters, whining a little, but then he closes his eyes and nods, because, yeah, sleep sounds so good right about now, even if he's hunched over uncomfortably in a wooden Starbucks chair with a mercenary to his right.

A hand sinks into Peter's hair and smooths over his cheek, a thumb brushing up against his eyelashes. The touch settles Peter even more, and he can't help the soft purr that escapes him.

"Oh, baby," Deadpool sounds confused, worried, disbelieving and tentatively hopeful all at once. "You need to take better care of yourself."

All Peter can do is hum happily as Deadpool shuffles closer and keeps running his hand over Peter's head, and before Peter knows it he's dozing off to Deadpool's voice as he speaks quietly into his bedazzled flip phone.



And then Deadpool is carefully shaking him awake, and Peter lifts his head muzzily from where it's resting on his arm. "Whazzit?"

"I'm going to take you home so you can sleep, sweetums, you're exhausted, look at you," Deadpool helps Peter to his feet, grip soft on his elbow and so, so careful around his waist.

Deadpool, as always, is radiating so much heat off his massive body, and Peter can't help but sway closer. "No, wanna stay with you," he pouts, eyes lazily blinking as he leans into Deadpool's hold.

"You don't even know what you're saying," Deadpool sounds strangled as he leads Peter out into the cold New York morning, and Peter shivers and tries to move closer to Deadpool's warmth, burrowing into his side.

"Do so," he grumbles. "Don't wanna go home. Want to stay with you. You smell nice and you're warm and I like your kisses and I like you."

Another choked off noise, but Deadpool doesn't reply and opens up the door of a taxi that pulls up. Deadpool helps him in, and when Peter refuses to let go of the death grip he's got on his arm, follows him into the backseat.

Making a contented noise, Peter snuggles up to Deadpool's side, burrowing under his arm and resting his head on his shoulder. "Sleep now," he yawns.

"Right," Deadpool says, resting his arm carefully around Peter's slim shoulders and pulling him closer. "Okay, this is happening. Cool. Uh, Dopinder, make tracks to the Rad Pad, pretty please."

"Right away, Mr Pool," the driver says. "And may I ask, if it's not too much of an imposition, who is your sleepy friend here?"

"This is Peter," Deadpool says, and his voice sounds like he's not really sure that he's not dreaming. "He's- well, he's employed me as a rather big, pointy, leather covered pillow, right at this moment. Best job I've ever had. The pay is great!"

"I didn't know you worked as a pillow. I must say, you're doing an excellent job, Mr Pool."

Dopinder pulls away from the curb. Peter doesn't even notice; he's fast asleep on Deadpool's shoulder.

-

A jolt wakes Peter up momentarily.

"Shit, fuck, where in the seventh fucking level of hell did that come from?" Deadpool is swearing, and Peter blinks down from where he's being carried in Deadpool's arms like some swooning Omega. He doesn't even mind; he's warm, safe, comfy, and Deadpool's scent is luring him back into slumber.

The merc seems to have tripped over a massive gun case, but managed to not drop Peter or fall comically over onto his face.

"Guns are bad," Peter says, helpfully.

"Petey-pie! You're awake, how are you feeling?"

Peter tips his head back and smiles dopily up at Deadpool. "Tired. Going back to sleep."

Deadpool smiles back at him from under his mask, and Peter really wants him to roll it up so he can see his lips but all Peter manages to do is to flop his hand up somewhere near the vicinity of Deadpool's neck.

"Is it okay if I put you in my bed? My couch is pretty comfy, but not as good as my limited edition My Little Pony sheets!"

Peter wrinkles his nose. "You're not a brony, are you?"

"Ew, no! I'm up for pretty much anything, but weird pony udder tittie cartoon porn is so not my cup of maple syrup. The sheets are just super fucking comfy."

And they really are. They're soft and warm and flannelette and smell like Deadpool and Peter doesn't even care that they're bright pink. He's practically purring as he rubs his cheek against them, curled up and already mostly asleep.

"I'll just be outside-" Deadpool tries to pull away, and honestly, he shouldn't even be surprised that Peter refuses to let go of him again.

"You know, you're really fucking strong for someone who doesn't even weigh 130 pounds soaking wet," Deadpool mutters, "maybe you are a little bird, all hollow bones and cute little chirps."

"Not a bird," Peter grumbles, and yanks Deadpool down next to him as the merc yelps. "'M a spider," he slurs into Deadpool's shoulder.

"What?" Deadpool says, and Peter huffs as the word vibrates through Deadpool's chest. "Shh, sleep now," he grumbles, and Deadpool hesitates before wrapping a massive arm around him and drawing him closer.

"Odin's hairy balls, you're going to actually kill me dead," Deadpool whispers as Peter nuzzles into his neck, licks his dry lips and accidentally brushes his tongue up against Deadpool's skin, where his mask has hiked up a little from where it should be joined to his suit.

Deadpool freezes, and Peter hums, enjoying the taste of Alpha, and does it again. Deadpool's scars, old and knotted up today, feel pleasant against the sensitive flesh of his tongue.

"Baby, you've gotta stop that," Deadpool rumbles, his scent deepening, and Peter would be so up and all in on that if only he wasn't so damn exhausted.

"Sorry," he whispers, "please don't leave me," and then he's asleep.

-

Wade doesn't really know what he'd done in a past life to deserve this, but it must've been simultaneously the best and the worst thing to happen in the history of the universe ever.

Peter's curled up under his arm, head of messy curls resting on his chest and breathing softly though his frankly disgustingly stupidly cute freckled nose. Honestly, Wade is personally affronted by how *adorable* Peter looks even while he's drooling.

And Wade is going a little nuts, well, a little more nuts. Because he has a gorgeous, lithe Omega in his bed, smelling *pleased* and *content* of all things, and Wade doesn't even remember the last time that anybody had willingly gotten into his bed and climbed up on top of him without the lure of a fuck load of money, and even then they hadn't been exactly *eager*, but Peter has been asleep for like six hours now, not exactly able to consent to anything, and like, a quarter of his age, or something. Math isn't exactly Wade's strong suit.

He shifts a little, his suit uncomfortably sweaty against his skin, and Peter grumbles, tightening his death grip on one of the straps of his costume. Seriously, is this kid on some kind of steroids or something? He's ridiculously strong.

"Somebody help me," Wade whimpers, because he feels like he's going to both internally and externally explode, he's so confused and horny and concerned, because although Peter smells of content, happy Omega, bright green tea and sweet raspberry liquorice, his scent is soured by exhaustion, stress, and post Omega heat fatigue. And Wade will never take advantage of someone. Ever.

He shifts again, and manages to wiggle out his phone from one of his handy dandy pouches. Lifting the phone to his ear, he speed dials and listens to the dial tone.

"What?"

Wade brightens. "Teenage mutant ninja warhead! I need your help," he whispers.

"*Fuck off- hey!*" Wade listens as there's a scuffle over the line, and then a bright chirpy voice takes over.

"Hi Wade!"

"Hi Yukio!" Oh em gee, Wade absolutely *adores* Yukio, she is the sun and the stars, and definitely the better half of the dynamic Omega duo.

*“What’s the matter? Need some help kicking bad guy butt?”*

“Not today, unfortunately. I have another pressing matter on my sticky hands, and I don’t know what to do, help me, oh wise, beautiful, Japanese goddess.”

She giggles over the phone, and Wade thinks he’s never heard such a noise sound like sunshine in his life, and he doesn’t even know if sunshine has a sound. But if it does, it would definitely sound like Yukio’s laugh.

*“I’ll do my best! ”*

Wade clears his throat quietly, glancing down at Peter slumbering blissfully away on his chest. “Soo... For some strange, inexplicable reason, Lady Fate smiled upon me today and I ended up with an absolutely *bangin’* hot, gorgeous piece of arse Omega in my bed, I’m talking at least 89.57 out of 10 here-”

An excited squeal leaves Yukio’s mouth.

“I know, right!? But he fell asleep on me, and I don’t know how to take it, like, am I just really brain numbingly shit boring to him-”

*“It means he feels safe enough with you to let his guard down, silly! ”*

Wade pauses in running his fingers through Peter’s soft hair. The boy hasn’t bothered with any product today, and it’s curled up and messy and disgustingly endearing. Wade almost wants to take his gloves off so he can really feel the silk against his fingers.

“...Really?” Wade hopes that she doesn’t pick up on the wobble in his voice.

*“Wade, you don’t exactly look like cuddle material, you come off as a big, bad Alpha, even though I know that inside you’re the softest, gooiest marshmallow to ever exist. If he’s actually falling asleep on your not exactly comfortable but totally awesome suit, he knows that, he’s seen past all the pointy knives and big guns to you. And he feels safe, you big doofus. Omegas don’t just fall asleep on Alphas willy nilly. Don’t be scared.”*

A knot catches between Wade's fingers, and he meticulously starts to pick it gently apart, careful not to pull at Peter's scalp as he processes her words. "Yukio, you are the best feelings sensei ever, and don't ever let anybody ever tell you differently, or I'll personally remove their liver through their belly button, pulverize it, add a light sprinkling of salt, and then force them to drink it," he says softly.

*"Oh Wade, you're so sweet!"*

The knot comes finally apart, and Wade runs his fingers through it one more time to see if he's untangled it completely.

"Thank you, Yukio. And tell your girlfriend she should take some lessons from you."

*"Oh, I play sensei sometimes with her, she loves it."*

"Rightio, TMI, I did not need to envision more angry Sinead O'Conner naked, I'm out, see you 'round, Yukio-sensei- oh god, yuck--"

She giggles, *"Bye Wade. And you better introduce him to us, or I'll sic Ellie-pants on you!"* And then she hangs up.

Feeling lighter from Yukio's frankly awesome pep talk, Wade lowers his phone and almost jumps out of his suit to see big brown eyes blinking sleepily up at him.

Wade resists the urge to shriek at how adorable Peter looks. "Sorry sweet cheeks, did I wake you?"

Peter makes a quiet, confused noise, and rubs at one of his eyes.

"Hey now, don't do that," Wade gently pulls his hand away, and Peter wrinkles his cute little button nose up.

"Pool?" He mutters. "Where are we?"

Bleary brown eyes gaze around his loft, and Wade hasn't felt happier that he's invested in an actually nice place. "Welcome to Deadpool's Rad Pad! You're the first person to be invited in, aren't you a lucky thing!"

But really, Wade's the lucky one here. There ain't no contesting that, nuh uh.

"S nice. A lot better than the last place." Yawning, Peter carefully stretches his little, supple body all along Wade's side, and Wade has never fought harder to not get a boner in his sorry life. Thankfully, Peter sits up, still looking like he hasn't gathered all his marbles yet, and climbs clumsily to the side of the bed.

Wade dives after him, yelping, and just manages to catch the Omega before he goes tumbling onto the floor.

"Oops," Peter mutters, then manages to twist gracefully in Wade's arms and wrap his arms around Wade's neck. "Thanks." He plants a quick kiss on Wade's mask covered cheek.

Mentally reeling, Wade sets Peter on his feet, just in time for Peter's stomach to rumble. The boy blinks down at it, offended.

"Hungry?" He mutters, like he can't believe his stomach has done this to him.

Recovering from his shock, but still internally screaming, Wade says, "no wonder, little bird. You're all skin, bones, deliciously toned muscle and surprisingly juicy butt, yum. How about I make you some famous Deadpool chocolate chip pancakes, with authentic Canadian maple syrup, because I'll be damned if I bring in some fake imposter corn syrup infested imitation maple flavoured *farce* into this household!"

Peter blinks hopefully. "Pancakes?"

Wade throws out a thumbs up. "You betcha! Best pancakes in the Northern Hemisphere, with a money back guarantee! But not really because you won't be returning them, and that right there is the real guarantee!" And with that, Wade scoops Peter up in his arms, and yeah, he wasn't kidding when he said that the Omega weighed almost nothing. Definitely a bird.

Instead of protesting, Peter snuggles closer in, wrapping his legs around Wade's waist and his arms

around his neck, like a little octopus, and his scent never changes from sleepy and content. “Warm,” he mumbles happily.

His nose brushes up against Wade’s neck as Wade walks them over to the open plan kitchen, reluctantly depositing his precious armful onto the kitchen counter.

Even if Peter makes a small, angry kittenish noise when Wade pulls away to pull on his favourite pink frilly *kiss the cook* apron, he stays where he’s put, leaning back against the wall and watching Wade with a curious, bleary gaze. But Wade doesn’t feel any pressure, if anything, Peter’s soft, sleepy watching makes him more comfortable, and he embellishes his pancake flips more than he usually does.

He only nearly misses catching a pancake once, but it’s not his fault, it’s all on Peter, who at the very moment the pancake leaves the skillet wriggles his cute butt on the counter to get more comfortable, and spreads his legs open. The stretch of his worn, soft blue jeans over his lean thighs easily distracts Wade from his expert flip, and it’s only his dope reflexes that saves the floor from becoming a messy, but rather tasty, pancake disaster.

Peter’s first mouthful of pancake results in a sound Wade will hear in his dreams forever.

It takes another pancake and a half for Peter to finally fully join Wade in the world of the living.

The Omega finishes his mouthful and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. “Wow, these are amazing!” He has the audacity to sound surprised.

Wade swallows his mouthful and scoffs. “Of course they are, Princess. They’re a Deadpool special!” He fights the urge to roll his mask down over his mouth now that Peter’s fully aware of his surroundings.

But Peter doesn’t stare, or make a big deal out of it. He just resumes scoffing down Wade’s pancakes at a record pace, only pausing to pour more maple syrup over them, or gulp down some fresh orange juice that Wade had squeezed while he was waiting for the pancake batter to rest. For once Wade doesn’t do his best to choke himself on his food either, he just watches Peter stuff himself full and lets himself feel typical Alpha smugness over an Omega enjoying food that he’s provided personally.

And when Peter runs out of pancakes and eyes up Wade’s remaining stack like a starving puppy,



Wade doesn't hesitate and forks over some of his own pancakes, watching with ever widening eyes as Peter manages to eat what seems like his weight in scrumptious breakfast food. For such a small Omega, the kid can really pack away the nosh.

After finishing his last bite, Peter leans back in his seat at the table Wade had to carry him to, and breathes out a satisfied breath. Pats his stomach and lets out the most adorable burp Wade has heard ever.

"Sorry," he squeaks, covering his mouth.

Wade drags his fork through his maple syrup and grins. "Petey-pie, that was the cutest thing my wicked ears have ever been graced with, don't you dare apologise."

Peter huffs, blushing, and averts his eyes. "Well, I'm sorry for falling asleep on you again." And then he's got his red face in his hands. "Man, I'm so pathetic, I'm so sorry, it was so rude of me, *fuck*, what is wrong with you, Parker, you *idiot* ." All of a sudden, he sounds dangerously close to tears.

"Hey, hey, no, baby," Wade shuffles closer, and it feels so natural for him to wrap an arm around Peter's shoulders and pull him close.

Those lithe shoulders shake, and Wade feels his heart sink. He makes soft cooing sounds as Peter struggles not to cry, and the Omega smells so miserable that Wade wants to go and shoot something that will scream loudly and bleed copiously.

"Sorry, sorry," Peter is gasping against his chest. All Wade can do is pull him carefully into his lap and tuck his head under his chin securely, soothing his hands down his back, mindful of those bruises he'd gotten a sneak peak at earlier. When he finds the motherfucker who'd caused those, and these tears, he's going to spread their insides over New York, carve out their eyes with teaspoons and piss on their corpse.

Peter sniffs. "I don't even know why I'm crying."

The wavering, strained words make Wade's chest constrict painfully. "Honeybunch, you're clearly exhausted, and judging from how much you just ate, probably haven't been eating. I could smell the stress on you from *miles* away, baby, not to mention those bags under your pretty brown eyes. It's fine if you need to cry, it's natural, let it out."

One last shaky inhale, and Peter finally lets out a quiet sob. He weeps quietly, face tucked into Wade's chest, tears soaking into the leather of his costume. It's honestly heartrending, listening to his hitching breathes and feeling his small body shake with the power of his misery, and Wade wonders what has taught Peter to cry almost silently.

Wade can only make soft sympathetic sounds and rub his back, and when Peter pulls back and wipes at his cheeks, hiccupping, he scrounges around in one of his pouches and produces a packet of tissues.

"Um, thank you," Blinking, Peter takes the offering and blows his nose. Another tissue goes into wiping his face dry, and he clears his throat.

"Thanks, Deadpool," he mutters, and he can't even look Wade in the eyes, gaze centered on his chest and eyelashes low, dark and clumped together. "I'm sorry for crying all over you like a baby."

A finger goes under Peter's chin, lifts up his face so those pretty brown eyes will actually look at Wade.

"Do you feel better?"

Teeth bite into Peter's lower lip and he nods slowly. "Yeah, I guess I do."

"Then no more apologies, snookums, or I'll be forced into taking a drastic measure."

Peter raises an eyebrow, but he's finally smiling. "And what would that be?"

"TICKLE FIGHT!" Wade yells and attacks Peter's sides, mindful of his bruised ribs. Peter shrieks and vaults off Wade's lap, laughing as Wade comes after him, arms extended like a tickle zombie, and the chase is on.

They end up on Deadpool's couch, breathless with laughter.

"No fair, you're so little and fast, you zoom around like a cute little devil mouse who's snacked on meth laced cheese!" Deadpool whines, and Peter snickers.

"Who laces cheese with meth?" He asks.

"People who want little high mice zooming around, so like, everybody, duh," Deadpool wraps his arm around Peter's shoulders, pulling him closer, and Peter realises that he's managed to perch himself between Deadpool's thighs on the couch cushions, one of his hands braced on one of those wide shoulders.

His face flames bright red, and Deadpool smiles at him gently.

"Can I kiss you again, babydoll?"

Peter's heart skips a beat, and he nods shyly. Then remembers that Deadpool had wanted him to use his words last time, and says, "um, yeah. Please?"

Deadpool leans in, his mask still rolled up. "Your wish is my command," he breathes against Peter's lips, and then kisses him.

At first, he's gentle, like he's not sure if Peter is going to spook or not. Peter himself isn't sure if he is, because he's almost shaking with nerves, but Deadpool's slick warm tongue in his mouth and the taste of maple syrup sweet pancakes and Alpha quickly soothes him into a state of pliancy.

But then his hand tangles in Peter's hair and gently tugs his head back into a better angle. Tingles run pleasantly down Peter's spine and he moans, fingers digging into Deadpool's shoulders. The kiss intensifies, Deadpool licking almost aggressively into his mouth and inspecting what seems like every nook and cranny, biting at his lips until they're sore and swollen. He only leaves Peter's mouth to lick down his neck, sucking and nibbling at the sensitive skin of Peter's throat and collarbones.

When Wade pulls away, Peter clambers eagerly into his lap, legs wrapping around his hips, and makes a small sound of surprise as he discovers the hardness between Deadpool's legs, tenting up against the fabric of his suit. Experimentally, he rolls his hips.

Big hands grab him and forces him still. “I can’t believe I’m saying this, but woah, slow down there, cowboy,” Deadpool gasps.

“Pool,” Peter whines, mouth chasing Deadpool’s.

A hand over his mouth stops him, and Peter blinks, confused.

“Wade,” Deadpool says. “Call me Wade.”

Muffled behind Deadpool- *Wade’s* palm, Peter says “okay,” and when the hand doesn’t move, he huffs and licks at the warm leather.

Yelping, Wade yanks his hand away. “Baby, you do *not* want to be doing that, this suit’s been in places you don’t even want to *think* about.”

“Then take it off,” Peter says without thinking, and then slaps his own hand over his mouth, mortified.

But Wade only chuckles. “You don’t want that either, trust me, snookums.”

“But I do,” he mumbles, embarrassed. “I like you. I want-” He cuts himself off, blushing bright. “But I don’t- I don’t want to push you into something you’re not comfortable doing.”

“I think that’s my line,” Wade says.

“I’m not uncomfortable with you, Deadpool- *Wade* .”

The merc sighs, and brushes a thumb over Peter’s swollen lips. Carefully, Peter catches the digit between his teeth.

“Yeah, I think I’m getting that,” the Alpha breathes, and he sounds almost like he can’t believe his

own words.

Gaze innocent underneath lowered lashes, Peter licks the thumb delicately in his mouth, savouring the taste of gunpowder and leather. With a growl Wade tips him backward and Peter lands with a yelp on his back, gasping as Wade looms up over him and hitches his legs up around his thick waist.

“Last chance, little bird, tell me to stop,” Wade’s voice is a dark husk.

“Come at me, big boy,” Peter smirks, and before he has a chance to be embarrassed at his own words he’s reaching up towards Wade and drawing him down into a kiss.

Wade grips his chin in his hand as he devours his mouth, and his hand is so big that it covers most of Peter’s neck as well. It’s pure instinct that makes Peter whimper and tip his head back in surrender, pulse thumping against the hot brand of Wade’s hold on him.

“Fuck,” Wade groans against his mouth, biting at Peter’s top lip. His hand sneaks up underneath Peter’s top and Peter can’t help but arch into the touch, at the feel of smooth, warm leather sliding his shirt up to bunch under his armpits.

Wade pulls back. Whining, Peter reaches for him again, but Wade grabs his wrists and pins them next to his head, tutting.

“Nuh uh, baby. Let me look at you. Don’t you paint a pretty picture, all wrecked and desperate for me.”

Biting his swollen bottom lip, Peter squirms against the couch cushions. He could easily break Wade’s hold on him, but he finds that he doesn’t want to. He likes this feeling, of being small and cherished and admired, trapped and vulnerable in Wade’s care. He’s already beginning to leak, slick dripping between his cheeks, and his dick is hard in his jeans.

And Wade’s is obviously hard too, huge and filling out the front of his suit. Peter feels his mouth go dry. Wade’s cock looks entirely in proportion to the rest of his body, which is massive, and he shivers at the thought of that inside of him. Could it even fit? Would he even be able to take Wade’s knot?

But Wade doesn't look very interested in using his dick at the moment. He relinquishes his hold on Peter's wrists and runs both hands up over Peter's hips, resting them carefully over his bruised ribs. His grip easily spans Peter entire torso. Peter loves it.

"Wade?" Peter tries tentatively, but doesn't reach out again. His hands stay next to his head in a submissive posture, fingers loosely curled into his palms.

Even behind his mask, Peter can tell that Wade's gaze is dark as he looks down over Peter's bruises. But the mercenary doesn't say anything, just leans down and captures one of Peter's nipples in his mouth.

"*Oh .*" Wade's mouth is unbearably wet and warm, and his rough tongue laves over his sensitive flesh. Peter throws his head back and moans, then yelps as Wade sucks hard. But Wade's hands don't let him arch up, Peter can only spread his legs wider and whine desperately.

"Yeah baby, make all the noise you want," Wade rumbles, then blows cold air over Peter's abused nipple. He switches over to the other one and Peter cries out as he *bites* .

"Wade, please , *please* ," Peter begs, hips bucking, and Wade pulls back *again* , keeping him pinned down with only one hand now, the other sliding up and tweaking at his nipple.

"What do you want, gorgeous, tell Daddy Deadpool now, he'll take care of you."

"I don't, I don't *know* , anything, please," and then he yelps at Deadpool pinches his nipple between leather clad fingers, tugging. The pain makes his dick jump and more slick leak from his hole. Peter can smell himself, a cloying sweetness of an aroused Omega, and his face flushes hotter. He's aware he's kind of acting like a knot desperate slut, but he wants Wade so bad that he aches.

Wade hums, and grips Peter's chin and throat in his big hand again, thumb squishing Peter's lower lip.

"What do you want, Peter?"

"You, I want you," Peter gasps, and Wade rewards him with grinding down between his spread thighs.

“Good boy,” Wade rumbles, and he keeps his grip on Peter’s neck, holding him in place as Peter squirms and gasps, slim hips bucking up wantonly. “Do you like this? Do you want me to keep doing this?”

Peter nods as best as he can with Wade’s hand around his neck, licking his lips. His fingers curl into fists next to his head and his thighs tremble as Wade grinds down again, rubbing their erections together.

“Tell me, sweetheart, did you get through your heat thinking of me? Thinking of me doing bad things to you, just like this?” Wade grabs his pec, thumbs harshly over his swollen, wet nipple. “Did you imagine me spreading your legs, and eating your tight little hole out?”

“Oh god,” Peter whimpers, tossing his head back into the couch. He does his best to grind back, but the sheer amount of pleasure makes his hips jump and twitch out of rhythm. Wade’s scent is strong and deep and spicy in his nose and it’s driving him insane.

“Or did you get wet thinking about getting your hot little mouth around my big Alpha dick and sucking me off like a good little whore?” The dirty words send a hot rush of pure arousal down into Peter’s stomach, and he whines, feeling Wade grab at his inner thigh. Wade pushes his leg up towards Peter’s torso, swearing under his breath as Peter easily bends his thigh up against his own body and hooks his ankle over Wade’s shoulder.

“Fuck,” he pants, and his own hips stutter against Peter’s, “you’re so fucking *bendy*, Jesus Christ on a pogo stick, I can’t wait to get you naked and fuck you in every position I can think of. You’d take my knot so sweetly, wouldn’t you baby?”

“*Please*,” Peter would be embarrassed about how high and reedy his voice has gone, but he’s so *close*. And then Wade his pushing his thigh down more and forcing his hips up, and Wade’s dick, still encased in the leather of his costume, rubs up against the soaked seat of Peter’s pants, pushing against his sensitive perineum and up against his drenched, clenching hole.

Peter comes so hard he sees stars.

The hand around his neck tightens and Wade follows him over the edge, his voice a low growl under Peter’s high, breathy gasps as he spills into his costume.

When Peter comes back down to earth, Wade's managed to flip them around, and he's lying on Wade's chest. There are fingers running through his hair, and quiet words of praise are being whispered in his ear. He pushes up, dazed, and makes a face at the feeling of the cooling mess in his pants.

"Um-" he starts, and Wade's chest underneath him rumbles with his chuckle.

"You okay there, little bird? I didn't hurt you, did I? You're so small that I worry."

Peter flushes. "No, you did the exact opposite. But I think my underwear is a lost cause." Both from cum and slick. "And I don't have any spare clothes."

"You can just borrow some of mine," Wade says, and Peter would be a liar, liar, pants on fire if he said he wasn't excited to get his hands on more of Wade's clothing.

-

"Um, before I go, there's something I would like to talk to you about."

"Oh," Wade pauses the episode of Adventure Time they're watching and turns to face Peter on the couch. Takes a deep breath, and straightens his shoulders. "You don't need to do the whole shebang, pumpkin, just do it quick and dirty. I'm a big boy, I can handle rejection with the best of them. Go on, hit me with it. Just do me a solid and don't say 'it's not you, it's me' because that's just bullshit. We both know it's about the bowl of mouldy oatmeal I've got instead of a face."

"What?" Peter frowns, tearing his eyes away from where Wade's thighs stretch the material of his sweatpants out obscenely. He hadn't been the only one to make a mess of his clothes and need to change, and the civvies suit Deadpool, even if he's still got his mask on. "No, I'm not- why would you think that? I don't wanna *leave*, leave you, Wade, you big dummy." He sits up on his knees and puts his hand on Wade's chest. "I *like* you. And your face. It really doesn't bother me."

"...Right," Wade doesn't really seem like he believes him, and Peter doesn't really know what else to do to convince him. He leans up, balancing with his hands on Wade's thighs, and kisses him passionately. Wade makes a quiet sound as he licks into his mouth.

"Do you really think that I'd leave you because of what you look like?" Peter draws back, eyes



beseeking. “Do you think that’s all that matters to me is how you look? Even if I didn’t think that you’re like, really hot, it doesn’t change the fact that I think you’re pretty cool, Wade.”

Wade’s silent for a moment, and then he says, “okay,” like the word could shatter something between them. But it doesn’t, and Peter smiles and brushes the lightest of kisses against the ruin of the Alpha’s cheek.

“So, uh, about this thing- wait, lemme show you.” Peter pulls out his phone and brings up the files that he’d, uh, definitely not done anything illegal to get. He passes it over to Wade, who flicks through them.

“What is this?”

“These are the twenty two Omegas that have gone missing under suspicious circumstances over the last three months,” Peter explains. “They’re all young, unmated, and pretty good looking. None of them have been found.”

Wade frowns. “...Why are you coming to me and not the police about this, hot stuff? Don’t get me wrong, dismembering some sick fuckers is my ideal Friday night, but investigating disappearances isn’t really my shtick. I’m more about being pointed in a general direction and going apeshit with some sharp implements and even sharper wit.”

“Because I think the police are in on it too,” Peter blurts out. “It’s just- there have been so many disappearances and outright *kidnappings*, did you see the news about that Omega that Spider-Man failed to save the other day, and there has been hardly any talk about it. You would think there would be a major investigation underway and the media would be all over it, but there’s *nothing* - or I could be majorly overthinking this.”

“It can’t be a coincidink, that’s some shady shit,” Wade says. “How did you even find out about all of this?”

“Well,” Peter draws up his knees and perches on his toes close next to Wade on the couch. Whenever he gets excited about something, he seems to always want to move around and get his body higher for some strange reason. If Wade actually knew who he was, he would be on the ceiling at the moment. “You remember when you saved me from those two dick Alpha’s in that alleyway?”

“I remember,” Wade growls, and his fingers twitch on Peter’s phone, like he wants to reach for his gun.

“They said something- about me being worth more being a, er, a virgin,” Peter flushes bright red, “I think they were going to *sell* me-”

“What,” Wade grates out.

Peter winces. “Yeah, so, uh, I thought, in order to sell me, they have to have somebody willing to *buy* me, and there must be some kind of market for Omegas, which I thought went out of fashion like two centuries ago, but I guess not, there are always going to be sick fucks out there, and then I got curious, I do that a lot, and poked around in some police databases and missing person reports and found a butt tonne of them but hardly any investigation happening, and honestly I could be overthinking this and making links where there isn’t any but doesn’t this seem so *suspicious* and those two Alphas that you left for the police? There’s no record of them anywhere in the police system either.” He finishes his spiel with a deep breath, feeling lighter already. It’s like confessing all of this has lifted this big weight on his shoulders, knowing that somebody else knows now.

Wade hands Peter’s phone back to him before he can crush it in his hands. “I should’ve pulled their insides out through their dick holes while I had the chance.”

Peter winces at the mental image that statement brings. “Wow. Um, that’s a big harsh, don’t you think? Not that I’m saying that they don’t deserve something pretty horrible for what they’re doing, but, like, yikes.”

“How did you even get these police reports?”

“Would you believe me if I said I was trying to reset my password for Pottermore and my fingers slipped on the keyboard and I suddenly found myself in on the local police server?” Peter tries, the side of his mouth tilting up.

Wade manages to huff a laugh, even though his shoulders are still tense and his posture is vaguely threatening. Peter is constantly surprised at how big and scary Wade can make himself look, and how it hardly affects him at all. “Okay, baby, you don’t need to tell me. But wow, beauty *and* brains? There’s gotta be *something* wrong with you, you’re making me feel inadequate here.”

“Yeah, I’ve got a crippling clown porn addiction,” Peter deadpans.

“Ha, you’re too cute,” Wade smiles, and his smile shows too much teeth. “Send me those files, little bird, and I’ll do some digging around. Daddy’s got some pent up frustration to take out.”

## Five

### Chapter Notes

I don't really feel that good about this chapter tbh, but there's only so much I can rewrite before I go nuts. I also kind of wanted to include a little bit of Ned and MJ and May, since I feel like I've been neglecting them a little. But don't worry, Wade appears as well! Some fluff and smut before shit goes down. :)

“Peter Benjamin Parker, is that a hickey I see?”

Peter, just inside the kitchen door, slaps his hand over his neck, horrified. “No, no, no, definitely not, just a bug bite, wow uh, I suddenly really need to go pee, be right back!”

He escapes, leaving Aunt May looking bemused as she stirs pasta for their dinner at the oven. But the mirror in the bathroom shows not only just one love bite, but three, and when Peter tugs down his shirt there's a smattering of bruises and teeth marks over his collarbones.

There's something inside of him that quivers happily at seeing Wade's marks on him, but there's also a part of him that's mortified. “Wade, you *dick!*”

“Wade, huh?”

Peter almost jumps onto the ceiling, but manages to curb the impulse and instead clutches at his heart, spinning around to see May leaning up against the bathroom door.

She looks at him over her glasses. “Am I going to be meeting this Wade?”

Spluttering, Peter tugs up his neckline to his chin. “Who, what, Wade? Oh, no, nah, he's just a friend, um, nothing serious or anything.”

May raises an eyebrow. “Ooooh, not serious or anything. Uh huh. Yep.”

Melting into the floor and disappearing for eternity sounds pretty good right at this moment. Face flaming, Peter smiles weakly. “Uh, no, I meant, I’m not really sure if, you know, we’re up to that part in a relationship yet, you know?”

“Mmhm.” That eyebrow stays high. “Well, I hope you and this Wade are using protection.”

“Ohmigawd, May, *no*,” Peter groans, “please, god, anybody, save me from this talk. We’ve only kissed, I swear.”

If possible, that eyebrow gets even higher. “That doesn’t look like just kissing to me, Mr Parker. And those don’t look like your sweatpants either.”

Peter looks down at Wade’s sweatpants, tugged tight around his hips and rolled up a ridiculous amount of times so they would actually fit him. The only option he has is to put his face in his hands in shame. “Oh man, I can’t believe we’re having this conversation.”

“Well, it’s about time that we did. You promise me you’ll be safe. And this Wade, he’s nice? Not one of those stereotypical Alpha males that only think with their knot? He’s not pressuring you, is he?”

“He’s great, May, honestly, he’s the nicest Alpha I’ve ever met, he would never do anything like that.” He peaks through his fingers at her.

She has a lopsided smile on her face. “Well, okay. But I expect to meet him soon, even if it’s *‘not serious or anything’*. You’re eighteen now, Peter, so please be responsible.” She puts her palm to her cheek, sighing. “Oh, you’ve grown up so fast!”

“May, stop it, *please*.” This can’t get any more embarrassing.

“Sure, fine, stop your poor old Aunt from being in a bit of a shock about how only just yesterday you were running around with your underpants on your head pretending to be a pirate, and now you’re having sex with Alphas!”

“I’m not having sex!” Peter squeaks, and May rolls her eyes.

“Of course you’re not, tiger. Now come on, dinner’s ready.”

-

“So, how did you meet Wade?”

Groaning, Peter puts his fork down. “May, please, *drop it*. I’ll tell you when I’m ready.”

“Mmhm, first you won’t even let me meet Deadpool, who *saved* you from a mugging, and now you won’t let me meet your boyfriend? Am I not cool anymore? I thought I was a hip Aunty.”

“Please don’t say hip, you sound like Hillary Clinton” Peter mutters and reaches for another handful of cheese to put over his spaghetti bolognese.

May huffs and pulls the packet out of his reach.

“Hey!”

“No cheese for you. Only nephews who tell their Aunts relevant news about their lives get cheese.”

Grumbling, Peter twirls his fork resignly into his sadly under-cheesed pasta.

-

That weekend’s patrol only results in Peter rescuing a cat out of a tree, helping someone change their tyre by lifting up their car because they didn’t have a car jack, and giving some lost tourists directions back to their hotel. There isn’t even any petty thefts for him to stop, or even some kids spray painting where they shouldn’t be. It’s a pretty tame for the weekend, since the weather is pretty shit, and there aren’t even that many drunkards around.

And he'd been so ready to go hunting down the people who were responsible for all the Omega disappearances, but there's not even a whiff of something like that going down. Which is a good thing, unless Spider-Man just isn't in the area for it, and somebody is getting kidnapped right at this moment.

Bored, and trying to distract himself from that particular thought, Peter performs some aerial acrobatics as he flies through the streets, enjoying the stretch in his muscles and the wind flying past his ears. His ribs are still sore, but the ache is ignorable now, and he's had two entire meals today, as well as actual sleep from the day before with Wade. He feels better than ever.

He lets go of a strand of webbing and flips once, twice, three times in the air, uncurling and twisting his body around in a twirl before lightly landing in a crouch on top of a street lamp. His breath mists in the cold night air as he swings upside down, idly rocking back and forth as he checks his phone.

Clapping and cheering from below makes him look down in surprise, and he starts when he realises who it is.

"Oh, um, hi Wa- Deadpool."

Deadpool, illuminated by the flickering streetlight and in full costume along with his full arsenal, practically has hearts in his eyes. "Wow, baby boy, you're so *cool*. Can you teach me how to do that? I wanna look like a beautiful ballerina floating through the air in tight red and blue spandex!"

"Um, I don't think I can really teach it to you. I don't even know how I do it. I guess it just comes with the whole super power thing."

Deadpool pouts, crossing his arms. "You just don't want me showing you up."

Laughing, Peter backflips off the light, and then uses Wade's wide shoulder as a brace for a one handed handspring before landing silently on the pavement.

"Eeekk, Spider-Man actually touched me! I'm never washing this suit again!"

Peter rolls his eyes, but he's smiling under his mask. This is the second time he's seen Wade this weekend, and the big Alpha never fails to make him feel happy and relaxed. His spicy, deep scent makes Peter want to kiss him, but he's currently Spider-Man, not Peter Parker, and he can't.

He clears his throat. "Uh, what brings you out tonight, 'Pool?"

"Just checking out something a pretty little birdy whispered in my ear."

"Oh?" Peter sidles up closer. "Anything that I can help with?"

And to his complete surprise, Wade takes a step back away from him. Peter stops in his tracks, confused.

"Er," Deadpool scratches his head awkwardly. "If I find something, I'll totes let you know!"

"..Okay," Peter tries stepping closer again, and once again, Deadpool dances out of his reach. Which makes no sense, because whenever Spider-Man and Deadpool were anywhere near each other, Deadpool was all over Spider-Man like sprinkles on ice cream.

"Are you okay, 'Pool?"

"Yep, never been better, Spidey, I'm in tippy top form, completely in my element, top of my game, you couldn't get higher even if you snorted a kilo of cocaine, the world is my oyster- uh, oh my *gawd*, look, is that an eight-legged pony stealing that old ladies groceries?"

Peter whips his head around to where Deadpool is pointing. "What the- hey!" He looks back around again, but Deadpool is hauling arse down the street as fast as his legs can take him.

"That was rather unexpected," Karen comments.

Hurt, Peter doesn't try to go after him.



-

“Hey, hey, Peter, are you even paying attention to me?”

Peter blinks and focuses on Ned’s annoyed face right up in his. He takes his chin out of his hand and coughs. “Uh, yeah, totally. Um, what were we talking about?”

The Beta rolls his eyes and leans back in his seat. “The new Han Solo film! The one that you said you would come with me to see, but you totally ditched without a word! Come on, Peter, you’ve been really out of it lately.”

Wincing, Peter makes an effort to actually focus. His brain is on the fritz again; between trying to figure out any connections between the missing Omega’s, patrolling the streets religiously in case there are any other abductions, recovering from his heat, keeping up with school work and tinkering with the gas mask, Peter hasn’t really had a lot of time to sleep or even take a second for himself.

“Sorry, Ned, I’ve just kind of been busy lately.” Shamefaced, he looks down at the unappetizing school lunch in front of him.

“Too busy for your best friend? Is it- is it Spider-Man business?” Ned’s voice drops, and he leans further into Peter’s space.

Peter leans away, wrinkling his nose. “I told you not to bring that up at school,” he hisses back.

An arm drops around his shoulders and Peter looks up to see MJ standing above them, smirking her trademark smirk. Peter’s heart skips a beat, thinking that she may have heard them, but her face shows no suspicion, only her familiar smirk that she somehow makes look both friendly, sarcastic and condescending.

“Hey, nerds. What are you whispering about like fifth graders?”

“Just about how Peter keeps abandoning me,” Ned whines, and MJ swings around to straddle

the bench to the side of Peter.

“That’s because Peter’s got an *Alpha*,” MJ snickers, and Peter goes bright red.

“What- no I haven’t!”

“Peter’s got *what*? ” Ned splutters.

“An Alpha, and a toothy one at that,” MJ sing songs, pointing to Peter’s neck.

Peter squeaks and covers his neck with his hand as Ned basically tries to touch his throat with his eyeballs.

“I don’t see anything!”

“That’s because there isn’t anything to see,” Peter yelps, pushing Ned away.

But MJ remains high and mighty. “I can tell a bad concealer job when I see one, Parker. There’s no fooling me!”

*Fuck*, Peter thinks. Aunt May had tried to teach him how cover up Wade’s marks on him with makeup, but he’d been getting sloppy with it lately. But they’d basically faded with his healing factor already, how the hell had she spotted them?

His guilty silence basically digs his grave and showers roses down on his coffin. MJ crows in triumph at his red cheeks, and Ned groans loudly.

“Peter, why didn’t you tell me? Is this why you’ve been so tired and distant? You’ve been getting it and you didn’t even have the grace to tell your best friend! We made a pact to tell each other about any action we get at the start of middle school!”

MJ starts whacking the lunch table in mirth, laughing at how losery they are. Other students are beginning to stare.

Peter slams his head down on table, narrowly missing face planting in stodgy gravy. He bangs his forehead, once, twice. He's too tired for this shit.

-

Sitting at his desk snuggled up in Wade's hoodie at five in the morning, Peter finally finishes his makeshift, specially made gas mask.

No more hallucinogenic smoke for Spider-Man. That shit was seriously not fun, and if Peter was actually getting sleep he's pretty sure he would still be getting nightmares about that dark silhouette swooping through green mist and that laughter ringing in his ears from where he'd been almost delirious that night.

It fits perfectly over his face and Spider-Man mask when he tries it on, and he gives himself a double thumbs up. He's a genius. Well, he hasn't actually tried it out yet, but he has the utmost faith that it'll work. Hopefully. Karen had said it would work, and she's like the smartest AI ever.

His phone buzzes somewhere under the piles of paper and junk and discarded failed experiments, and Peter has to dig around in the mess on his desk for at least a minute before he triumphantly finds his phone under a book open to a chapter detailing airborne chemical warfare.

*nthng yet bb*

*unless u count foiling an illegal avocado smuggling ring as something*

*i do evry ltle thing counts ND I WNT LET U TAKE IT FROM ME*

*I would never, Peter replies. But not the avocado smuggling ring! They sold the only affordable avo on toast. How will I ever afford to buy a house now?*

His phone dings. *if u need a house bb i can hook u rite up*

*got a cupple of mill just hnging round doing shit all wot lazi \$\$ those dolla bills gotta earn their keep*

*hw does soho sound*

Peter smiles, putting his chin in his hand. *Go hard or go home Wade, buy me an island.*

*sure thng hun bun, somewhere tropical??? mediterranean??? i ducking luv dat paella shit they do dere*

The text is followed by a link to some different islands for sale.

Holy shit, you can actually buy islands? Eyebrows almost crawling off his face, Peter scrolls through them, blood pressure almost going through the roof at the ridiculous price tags on them. He wonders if Mr Stark owns any. He wonders if Mr Stark will let him visit one one, you know, for prosperity. Ticking off his bucket list and all that.

*ud look fcking fantastic all oiled up nd tanned nd strtched out nakie on da beach sipping a pina colada*

*fck me dats a gr8 mntal image rite there*

*ill b in mi bunk*

*meet up soon 2 discuss mking this hppn?*

Peter needs to patrol after school, but surely taking a short break won't mean New York falling into complete chaos. And the weather is still cold; no criminals in their right mind would be out there in this kind of weather. It looks like it's about to snow. And he misses Wade even though it's hardly been a week.

*I can meet you at 4? Outside starbucks?*

*b dere or b square petey pie*

-

It's not quite snowing yet, but Peter's bundled up in his warmest clothes when he meets Wade outside of Starbucks.

He almost doesn't recognise Wade outside of his Deadpool costume, but the breadth of his shoulders under the dark green hoodie and the sheer size of the Alpha gives him away in the crowd.

"Wade, hi!"

The merc looks up from his phone and Peter almost misses a step. Wade's not wearing his Deadpool mask; the only things covering his face are his drawn up hood and a hello kitty surgical mask. His skin looks the same as the lower half of his face, twisted and pockmarked and pink, with no eyebrows, but Peter doesn't care. The only thing he can see are those warm brown eyes. They're beautiful.

"Hey, little bird," those eyes light up when they spot him, and then they drop down to his chest and widen.

Blushing, Peter stops next to him, fiddling with the strings of Wade's hoodie that he'd refused to take back. "Um, I hope you don't mind. It's the warmest thing I have at the moment."

Wade's voice is raw when he replies. "Nope, don't mind it at all. Nada. This is me, definitely not minding you wearing my clothes around me, I also totally didn't just realise I have a new kink, fuck, I want to wrap you up in the all the nicest things I own and keep you forever."

"Forever's a long time," is all Peter can say, red in the face and hoping the flush from the cold covers it. He holds out his hand. "I don't think anybody could stand my terrible sense of humour for that long. Uh, want to come back to mine? I'm freezing out here. And I make a mean hot chocolate."

“I love hot chocolate!” Wade looks down at Peter’s hand like he’s hallucinating and he probably shouldn’t trust it, but he takes it in his anyway, and Peter snuggles up to Wade’s side in an instant. He’s not sure if Wade’s powers include him being a human furnace, but he’s always putting out massive amounts of heat, and Peter currently doesn’t have a lot of natural padding at the moment to keep himself warm. He wonders if Wade finds his thinness unattractive; curvy Omega’s dominate popular advertising and magazine spreads at the moment. But then he shakes the doubt away as Wade’s gloved thumb draws circles on his palm- he’s pretty sure Wade likes him the way he is, impossibly.

He wonders if Wade would still like him if he knew about Spider-Man.

They walk back to Peter’s idly chatting, and make it into his apartment building just as it begins to sleet.

“My Aunt isn’t home, she’s got the late shift tonight,” Peter explains as he heats up milk on the stove, stirring in cocoa and sugar.

Wade’s currently poking through their living room, picking up every little trinket and photo, examining it, and then carefully putting it back.

“Are these your parents?”

Placing two steaming mugs on the counter, Peter peers up at the photo Wade’s currently holding up. “Um, yeah. They died when I was just a baby. I don’t really remember them.”

“Shit, I’m sorry babe,” Wade puts the frame down on the shelf.

It happened a long time ago, and Peter’s as over it as he will probably ever be. He shrugs, smiling crookedly. “Don’t be. It’s cool. What about your parents?”

Wade comes to lean against the counter next to him. He picks up his mug, eyes brightening as he peers into the chocolatey depths. “You gave me all pink marshmallows! Babydoll, I could just marry the *shit* out of you. Uh, my sperm donor was an abusive fuck knuckle who ran my birther out of the house when I was pretty young.”

Horried, Peter almost chokes on a mouthful of hot chocolate. “Wade- I, I’m so sorry-”

But Wade only shrugs a shoulder. “Eh, that stuff’s all in the past, I don’t really think about the sorry shitstain of my childhood anymore. Water under the bridge, and all that bull.”

After a moment of hesitation, he pulls down his surgical mask and hurriedly takes a sip from his mug, almost like he’s trying to hide behind it.

Some of his face is still obscured from his hood still being drawn up, but it’s the most Peter’s ever seen, and Peter’s so fucking happy that Wade’s comfortable enough with him to bare even that. And yeah, under all those scars that never seem to stay the same, he’s ridiculously attractive. Those cheekbones should be illegal.

Peter tries not to stare at that jawline he loves so much, because he doesn’t want to make Wade uncomfortable, but it’s really hard. He ends up staring at the bulge of Wade’s bicep stretching his clothes out from gripping his mug, then the wideness of his shoulders and thighs, flitting his eyes away every now and then as they sip at their drinks.

But Wade’s not an oblivious idiot, and Peter’s never been very good at being subtle.

“You can touch, you know, sweetcheeks.” Wade flexes his arm comically and Peter blushes red.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to stare-”

“I’m used to it, but I like the way you do it better than everybody else. Less vitriol, and more drool. You like that I’m bigger than you, huh, babydoll?”

Embarrassed, Peter tries to take a step back, but Wade gets all up in his space, pinning him to the counter and towering over him. Peter can’t help the frissure of heat that sinks into his stomach. “Wade-”

A gloved hand comes up and touches his flushed cheek. “You’re all flushed, Petey-pie, but you’re shivering. Let me warm you up.”

And Peter can’t help but stretch upwards and offer his mouth, face burning. “Please,” he says,

“please, Wade- warm me up?”

“Fuck, I can’t say no when you ask so prettily,” and then Wade is lifting him up onto the counter and kissing him.

Peter whimpers into Wade’s hot mouth, and he gently touches Wade’s jawline with his fingers, brushing up against the warm scar tissue for the first time. It’s Wade’s turn to make a noise, freezing under Peter’s touch, but he slowly relaxes when Peter wraps his legs around his hips and squeezes eagerly.

Wade tears his mouth away. “You really don’t mind what I look like, do you?”

“Nope,” Peter pops the p, and pulls Wade back down to kiss him again.

It’s like the word unleashes something inside the Alpha. Growling low in his throat, he picks Peter up off the counter with one arm like he weighs nothing, grabbing a handful of his arse with one hand and a handful of brown curls with the other, tugging Peter’s head back.

“Bed, where’s your bedroom?” His voice is raw against Peter’s neck as he marks him up with teeth and tongue, and all Peter can do is cling to him, breathless, and point down the hallway.

Wade manages to not knock into the doorframe in the way in, and he kicks the door shut behind them with a loud bang. His hood had fallen away somewhere down the hall, and Peter’s hands are busy feeling the map of bumps and ridges of his scarred, bald head as they kiss.

They don’t quite make it to the bed. Peter’s desk is closer to the door, and Wade lays him out across messy school work and hopefully obscured suit modification plans and pushes up his many layers to attack his nipples with his mouth.

Peter arches and his fingers scrabble for purchase, knocking over his lamp and pen cup in his haste to find something to grip, and Wade ends up collecting his wrists in one broad palm and holding them up above his head.

“Keep them there,” he grates out, and Peter nods desperately.



“Yes, I’ll be good, I promise.” He cries out, arching again as Wade lets go of his wrists to pinch his nipple between a gloved thumb and forefinger, rolling the sensitive nub around.

“You’re fucking perfect,” Wade kisses down Peter’s squirming torso, leaving a trail of saliva and teeth marks. He sucks a deep, angry mark over Peter’s hip bone as the Omega writhes, thighs falling apart to let the Alpha between them.

Wade’s fingers hover over his zipper. “Can I get my mouth on you?” He asks.

Peter’s head thunks back against his desk. “Holy shit yes please,” he begs. He’s never really heard of an Alpha giving head to a male Omega before, but Peter should’ve known that Wade was a whole different kind of Alpha.

Wade strips him of his jeans and boxers within seconds, and before Peter can get embarrassed about being naked from the waist down and leaking both precum and slick everywhere, he’s kneeling between Peter’s legs and gripping his dick in his hands.

It’s not even his mouth and Peter feels like he’s halfway to coming already. Wade’s gloves are soft against him as he strokes Peter’s cock and Peter whimpers and whines, hips jerking into Wade’s hold.

“Easy, easy there baby, I’ve got you,” and then Wade is grabbing his butt and yanking him down so his hips hang over the edge of his desk, and then there’s an unbearable wet warmth on his cock. Peter looks down and groans when he realises that Wade has wrapped his lips around him.

There’s no way that Peter’s going to last. Wade’s mouth is searing hot around him, velvet and soft, devastatingly tight as he sucks. He makes obscene sounds as he bobs up and down and Peter wishes that he could get his hands on Wade and touch him, but Wade had told him to keep his hands above his head and Peter wants so desperately to be good for the Alpha.

“Wade, Wade, *please*,” he begs. Tears are gathering in his eyes and his hips are bucking, he feels like he’s going to burst, but Wade doesn’t let up on his relentless sucking, fingers digging into his hips, and it’s Wade’s tongue digging into his slit that makes Peter come undone.

He can't even get a word of warning out, but Wade takes it in stride, swallowing Peter's weak Omega cum as Peter arches against his desk, mouth open in a soundless cry. His orgasm feels like it lasts forever, wringing every last little bit of pleasure out of him that he possibly can feel, and when he collapses back he's stunned.

Wade pulling off his dick makes him whimper, but he weakly offers his mouth when the Alpha looms back up over him and kisses him deeply, sharing the taste of his cum with him.

Peter feels boneless, but Wade still smells intensely aroused, his dick pressing up against Peter's hip, hot and heavy and unable to be ignored.

When he regains use of his arms, Peter tentatively reaches down to palm Wade's erection.

Wade pulls back and braces himself with a forearm above Peter's head. His expression is almost pained, and Peter drinks in every minute detail of it, greedy for anything that he can get of Wade.

Wade's massive from what Peter can feel through denim, and honestly his erection must be so fucking painful from how it's straining valiantly against the zipper.

"Honeybutt, you don't have to," Wade pants above him, and Peter nips playfully at his lower lip.

"I want to," he whispers.

"Well I'm not gonna ask twice, sweetums." Wade is suddenly lifting him up and sitting down on his desk chair, depositing Peter in his lap. It almost makes Peter hard again, knowing that Wade can manhandle him around like that. The chair makes a worrying sound, holding both Wade's not unsubstantial bulk and Peter's distinctively lighter weight, but holds.

Peter flushes red hot when his slicked back side makes contact with Wade's jeans, and he tugs Wade's hoodie down to cover himself. "I'm going to get your jeans wet."

"That's so fucking hot," Wade groans, "I can smell it. You're soaked for me, aren't you honey? Getting all slick and open for me," he fumbles with his zipper, and Peter has to help him yank open his jeans and pull out his cock.

The skin over Wade's erection is just as scarred as his face, stretched thin over hot, rigid flesh, pulsing in Peter's hold. And just like the rest of him, he has no hair as the base of his cock. Fascinated, Peter runs his fingers over him, tracing the thick vein on the underside to the faint bulge that, with the right stimulation, will form his knot. He tries to get his fingers to wrap completely around Wade's girth, but they don't even come close to doing so. When Wade finally gets around to mounting him, Peter's going to get absolutely destroyed. Honestly, Peter's kind of looking forward to it.

"Baby," Wade pleads, his fingers digging into Peter's shoulders, "you're killing me here."

"Sorry, sorry," Peter mutters and wriggles off of Wade's lap, kneeling between his thighs and staring down Wade's dick. Okay, Peter might have to unhinge his jaw to do this, but he's never been a quitter.

Leaning forward, he steadies Wade's cock with one hand on the base and tentatively licks the head. The taste of bitter precum and Wade's natural musk explodes on his tongue, and as Peter muses over whether or not he likes it Wade groans out a pained noise, hunching over a little.

"Fuck, baby." He sounds almost like he's dying. Taking pity, Peter musters up the courage to fit his mouth over the top of Wade's cock and suck.

"*Shit*," Wade grits out and places a gentle hand on Peter's head. He doesn't press down, just rests it there, a steady presence heavy on top of Peter's hair.

So far so good. Breathing heavy through his nose, Peter inches slowly down the length and gags a little as the head hits the back of his throat. Tears burn in his eyes and his jaw aches already, but Peter just swallows and works through it.

"Easy, babydoll, don't hurt yourself-"

Peter makes a quiet noise and a deep sound is punched out of Wade's chest as the vibrations stimulate his cock in Peter's mouth. If he could smile, Peter would, but he just gets busy drawing back up and letting his head sink down again, sucking with everything that he's worth. He does his best to fit all of Wade into his mouth, but it's just impossible unless he figures out how to get Wade into his throat, but Peter isn't quite up to that just yet. Instead he fists the rest of Wade's cock in his hand and strokes in time with the bobbing of his head.

Embarrassing sounds fill his bedroom, and Peter's face burns red at the obscene wet sucking and choking noises that his mouth makes. The hand on his head starts grasping at his hair desperately, making him moan from the small pain on his scalp. But no matter how much Wade's hips twitch or his hand quivers on Peter's head, Wade doesn't force him down or thrust into his mouth, he just lets Peter do what he wants.

Peter's never given a blowjob before, and he keeps gagging on Wade's cock to the point that tears start streaming down his cheeks, and there might be a hint of teeth when he slips up, but Wade doesn't seem like he minds at all. In fact, he seems to be enjoying it immensely, no matter Peter's inexperience, so Peter perseveres through his aching jaw and tears and does his best to bring Wade to orgasm as fast as possible.

Soon enough, Wade is panting loudly and leaking precum steadily into Peter's mouth, making the wet mess dripping down Peter's chin even worse. His cock is hot and heavy on Peter's tongue, pulsing steadily, and Peter desperately runs his tongue over the head as he draws back again to take a deep breath.

"Fuck me, Petey, look at me with those pretty eyes of yours," Wade gasps out, tugging a little harder on Peter's hair.

Obeying, Peter peers up at Wade through his wet lashes, sinking back down a bit too fast and choking. Wade looks destroyed, his scarred face sweaty and red, his eyes glued on Peter's stretched out mouth around his dick. Peter makes an embarrassed keening, fingers tightening around Wade's dick, and gives a valiant suck. He doesn't know if he can keep going, his jaw *aches* so bad, but he wants Wade to come, he wants to make Wade feel good because of him.

Desperate, he makes eye contact with Wade, begging with his wide teary eyes. Wade swears loudly and yanks Peter off his dick by his hair just as he begins to cum.

Panting, Peter closes his eyes as Wade's release hits his cheek and the side of his swollen red lips, dripping down his face. It feels like he comes for hours, spilling copious amounts of semen onto Peter's skin, but it's over within seconds, and he goes limp in Peter's desk chair. His knot doesn't swell; that requires Omegan heat pheromones or specific stimulation, but Peter absently wonders what it would be like to have his mouth stuffed full of Wade's knot, forced to swallow copious amounts of cum.

"Holy fucking shit bricks," Wade gasps, "baby, look at you, Odin's hairy balls, you're the sexiest thing I've seen in my life." He grabs Peter's chin and tilts his face up, smearing cum

and saliva over Peter's face with his thumb.

Face flaming, Peter makes another embarrassed noise, unable to look Wade in the face. But inside he feels strangely satisfied, knowing that Wade had marked him in such a primal way. He licks his lips and makes a surprised sound as he tastes Wade's release, thick and heavy with the scent of Alpha.

Wade just keeps staring, but Peter's knees start protesting, and Peter shifts on the carpet. He's uncomfortably sticky and wet from his slick between his legs, and his face is a mess. He feels like Wade's ruined him, but it's good. So good.

"Oops, sorry cupcake, your knees must be killing you," Wade pulls him up so he's standing, and through all the saliva and semen kisses Peter deeply anyway.

"I feel like you've sucked my soul out through my dick," Wade grins, "it's never felt this good to be soulless. Fuck me, that was the best blowjob of my life."

"You're welcome," Peter smiles shyly, and wipes at his cheek. Wade's cum is starting to dry, and it's making his skin uncomfortable.

Sighing, Wade stands up, and Peter's proud when he wobbles a little on his feet. "Come on baby, no matter how damn pretty you look covered in my baby batter, I don't think your Aunt will appreciate it. Let's get you cleaned up."

-

Wade's fingers running over his scalp is Peter's new favourite thing in the world. The Omega is practically purring into Wade's neck as they snuggle together under Peter's sheets to escape the cold.

The snow is falling heavily outside Peter's window, the dim light illuminating his room. Everything is muted and quiet, but Wade's heartbeat is strong in his ear.

"I'm starting to sense a pattern here," Wade rumbles.

Shifting slightly on the Alpha's chest, Peter sleepily murmurs. "Huh?"

"You just want me around to fall asleep on, not because of my dashing good looks or my wonderful personality."

"You got me, I took one look at you in the alleyway and was like *mm, yeah, I really want to take a nap on those pecs.*"

Wade huffs a laugh and scratches a particularly good spot behind Peter's ear. The touch sends a pleasant tingle down Peter's spine, and he goes even more pliant on top of the Alpha, melting into him. Wade has a hand so close to Peter's vulnerable spot underneath his hairline, but Peter doesn't tense up. If anything, he wouldn't mind if Wade grabbed him there, held him still as he mounted him. Wade wouldn't even have to, Peter would submit willingly to probably anything Wade wanted.

"Why are you so tired all the time, doe eyes? It can't just be these mighty manly mounds of mine that lull you to sleep constantly."

"Just stressed about school," Peter yawns and nuzzles further into Wade's warmth and heady scent. He wants to stay here forever.

The chest underneath his ear heaves with a sigh. "It's cool if you don't wanna tell me I guess, I just- I'm worried about you, baby bird. Sometimes I wonder if you're going to break in my hands. I'm here, okay? I wanna be there for you, for everything. You can trust me. You can tell me *anything.*"

Peter doesn't want to do this. He feels terrible lying to Wade; he doesn't want the Alpha to worry about him, but he can't exactly say that he hardly gets any sleep at night because he's out patrolling New York as the friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man.

"Honestly, I'm fine Wade. It's just my final year and I have to apply for colleges and all that and my hormones have been kinda all over the place- my last heat was really late, and I'm kinda worried about all those Omegas disappearing so sleep's kind of hard. But really, everything is fine. Please don't worry about me."

Wade doesn't seem to believe him, but he doesn't push further, and Peter doesn't say anything else in explanation. If Wade seems distant afterwards, Peter is too busy beating himself up

about not being able to just confess already to notice.

-

Wade ends up leaving before Aunt May comes home. It's not that Peter's ashamed of him, or scared of Aunt May's reaction to the admittedly scary looking Alpha, Aunt May's not like that, it's just not sure if he's ready for them to meet yet.

He heads out for patrol pretty soon afterwards, and it doesn't take long for him to find Mysterio.

Well, really, Mysterio finds him.

Peter's currently hating the cold and the snow and himself a little bit, for refusing to skip a night when it's snowing, and he's too busy trying to keep his fingers from freezing off to notice the green mist creeping in.

"Peter, something's happening," Karen warns him just as his Spidey-sense tingles down his limbs, and Peter looks up from his perch on a high billboard just in time for him to activate his gas mask and not inhale that horrible gas.

"Spider-Man! What a lovely night for us to meet once again!"

Mysterio is waving at him from across the street, and Peter groans. "Just great," he mutters.

"What do you want, Mysterio?"

"Just your undivided attention," Mysterio waves a hand, and there's suddenly a big purple gun in his grip. He fires at Peter in the next second, and Peter vaults off the billboard towards him to escape the bullets, but he doesn't realise that they're not normal bullets until he notices that they're changing course.

They're heat seeking, and make worrying beeping noises as they fly after him.

“What the-, where does he get all this stuff!?” Peter swings through the air, rapidly changing directions to avoid the nasty bullets, shooting webs at them to make them explode before they hit him.

But he’s forgotten about Mysterio’s web dissolving gadget, and the web he’s currently swinging on snaps. Peter yelps and manages to twist and land in the snow in a crouch, jumping at the last second to avoid a bullet that makes a small hole in the pavement as it explodes.

“Hey, fish for brains, watch where you’re shooting those things!”

But Mysterio isn’t where Peter last saw him, and the green smoke is obscuring his vision, even if it isn’t giving him horrible hallucinations this time. Muttering angrily under his breath, Peter flings himself upwards, not using his webs to propel himself but jumping up onto a streetlight and then up onto a building, trying to escape the green smoke.

He’s almost out of it when his Spidey-senses warn him again, and he has just a second to try twist out of the way as Mysterio comes barrelling towards him through the air and smashes them through a window.

Glass shatters around them and Peter gets his feet under Mysterio’s body, throwing the green scaled villan over his head and into a wall of the seemingly abandoned apartment building.

“If you wanted to get out of the cold, we could’ve just gone through the door like normal people!” He flips up onto his feet and goes for the crumpled body on the floor, but when he grabs that stupid purple cape there’s no Mysterio under it, just a bulky mannequin.

“Oh for-”

“Peter, behind you!” Karen shouts in his ear.

A punch narrowly misses his head as Peter senses the blow and ducks out the way. Twisting around, he kicks up at Mysterio’s chest, and they end up trading blows. Mysterio is a big Alpha, and surprisingly quick and skilled with his fists, but he’s not as strong and fast as Spider-Man, and Peter ends up throwing him backwards onto the floor and kneeling on his chest to keep him down.



The stupid fishbowl makes a hollow sound when Peter raps his knuckles against it. “Knock knock! Anybody home? You’ve got my undivided attention now, so you can tell me your stupid reason why you’re going around New York scaring the daylights out of everyone with your bad fashion sense.”

But Mysterio just laughs. “You haven’t even noticed, have you?” He swings up an arm, and Peter yelps and tumbles backwards as he sprays something into Peter’s face.

“Ew!” Peter sputters, wiping at his mask.

Mysterio’s still laughing. “You’re silly little gas mask isn’t going to help you with that, Spider-Man. You didn’t think I had other tricks up my sleeve?”

Something is serious wrong. Peter feels dizzy, and his legs are giving up underneath him.

“What- what was that?” He gasps, and trips backwards over a broken chair. The concrete floor is unforgiving as he falls, unable to move his limbs fast enough to catch himself.

“A magician never reveals his secrets,” Mysterio is looming over him, the dim street lights coming in through the broken window bouncing off his ridiculous fish bowl head. Peter can’t move; he’s paralysed.

Even though he’s terrified, he manages to spit- “are you going to kill me now? Become famous for killing New York’s most notorious hero?”

“Admittedly, that does sound nice, getting the recognition I deserve for once. Not so long ago, I would have jumped at the chance, but I’m a different person now, Spider-Man, with different priorities. Why would I kill my main source of revenue?”

He punctuates his sentence with a sharp kick to Peter’s side before Peter can ask him what the hell he’s talking about, and Peter goes rolling across the floor through the shards of glass and melting snowflakes, limp even as his side blossoms in pain. Mysterio kicks him again, this time in the side of the head, and Peter whimpers as his vision whites out for a second.

“Only- only a coward kicks people who can’t fight back,” he spits out around a mouthful of his own blood. He’s pretty sure his lip is split, and he’s going to have a magnificent bruise

over his cheekbone that's going to be hard to explain.

Mysterio crouches down next to him and rips his gas mask off, breaking it in two in his hands. "Oh, I'm not a coward, Spider-Man. I'm just a smart man, who knows how to take advantage of a situation."

Panicking, knowing that Mysterio could unmask him at anytime, Peter tries in vain to make his limbs work, but all he can manage is to make his fingers twitch. Oh god, he's going to die, isn't he? Mysterio is going to unmask him and then murder him in this abandoned apartment building, and Peter doesn't even know why he's doing this. He should've just stayed in bed with Wade.

"Relax, Spider-Man. Oh, wait, ha, you don't have a choice about it!" Mysterio laughs again, and presses a button on his wrist. Green smoke starts to fill the room, and Peter closes his eyes, gritting his teeth. Not the hallucinations again.

"I thought this was the part where you go on a spiel all about your evil plans, do some loud laughing and play an overdramatic soundtrack as you gloat about how you're that much smarter than me?"

"Oh, that only happens at the end of the movies, and we've hardly begun," Mysterio stands up, his purple cape swirling around him dramatically. "Enjoy your little impromptu nap, Spider-Man, and I'll be seeing you again soon!"

He disappears in a cloud of smoke.

Choking on gas, Peter whimpers as his vision starts to swim.

"Peter, it's going to be okay," Karen is saying in his ear, "I've managed to determine what the paralytic is, and it'll wear off within half an hour. The gas isn't harmful, it'll only give you some hallucinations until you can move away. Did you want me to call someone to come help you?"

"No, no-" Peter doesn't want anybody to see him like this. "I'll just wait."

And he just lies there, shivering in the cold and unable to move, as the shadowy visions take

over.

## Six

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The side of Peter's face is an impressive array of red, purple and black. There's a cut over his eyebrow and his eye is swollen, dried blood caked over his cheekbone and flaking in his eyelashes. He pokes at the cut, hissing and wincing at himself in the mirror. Yeah, this is going to be a bitch to hide. At best the bruises are going to be gone in a few days and the cut probably a few days after that. At least it doesn't look like it needs stitches, because Peter doesn't know who he can go to for that kind of stuff.

The sink in front of him is full of little shards of glass that he's managed to pull from his arms and thighs, tinged red from his blood. Paper towels litter the floor from him stemming the bleeding, and his suit is in a heap next to the bathtub. It's going to need a few repairs from the shattered window tearing holes in the fabric. Honestly, the bathroom is a bit of a mess.

Kind of like his life at the moment, really.

He splashes some water over his face, scrubbing at the dried blood and ignoring the pain. Face clean, he goes about tidying the bathroom so May won't have a heart attack in the morning, taking the trash out so she won't see the bloodied paper towels and shards of glass in the bin. The entire time he moves like he's an eighty year old man; his entire body is one giant ache. Figures that when his ribs finally healed, he would get another kick to the stomach and bruise them all over again.

Back in his bedroom, he tugs Wade's hoodie over himself and curls up in his bed, blinking blearily down at his phone.

It reads 5:15 in the morning.

He's going to have to get up for school in less than two hours. Closing his eyes, he presses his forehead against the cool screen of his phone and bites his lip. He doesn't want to go, he really doesn't want to make lame excuses about the bruises and pretend to smile and be okay to his teachers and schoolmates when really his entire body is just a mess of stress and hurt. Doesn't want to go and try use his brain again when he's had little to no sleep. He's *exhausted*.

But yeah, final year of high school. He needs the grades otherwise college is just going to be a pipe dream. If he even wants to go to college? And he can't just stop everything and hide under his

covers and text Wade, he has a ridiculously costumed fishbowl menace to stop and Omega snatchers to catch and a city to look after.

Taking a steadying breath, he uncurls from his little blanket nest and pads over to his desk. Settles cross legged into his desk chair and flushes a little at the memory of what had happened in this very spot a few hours ago. Smiling a little, he pulls out the repair kit Mr Stark gave him and sets about stitching up his suit.

If his fingers shake a little, well, it's just a cold night is all.

-

Halfway through the school day, Peter gets a notification on his phone that another Omega has been reported missing.

He has to hide in a bathroom so nobody can see his tears.

-

"You know, you don't look so good, and I'm not just talking about your face," Ned is talking to him over lunch.

Peter winces. He'd made a stupid excuse about running into a door last night to explain the bruises over his face, but he's pretty sure MJ hadn't bought it, and Ned hadn't demanded another explanation yet but Peter's pretty sure it's coming. At least he looks bad enough that his teachers haven't called him up in class, and Mrs Tally had even given him an extension on some English homework he'd forgotten about. Even Flash had been leaving him alone, the Alpha giving him a weird, complicated look that Peter didn't even know he was capable of, which really said something about how shit he looked today.

"Yeah, I know, Ned." Peter picks at the greasy pepperoni on his slice of pizza. School lunches always sucked. "Didn't get much sleep last night, had a spider problem."

"Oooh," Ned says and leans closer. "Is that what happened to your face? Was is Mysterio? I saw him on the news the other day! I totally thought that you had him under control though."

“Yeah, so did I,” Peter mutters sourly. “I guess he’d been holding back or something, because he’s kind of become a real problem and he’s kicking my butt.”

“Dude, that sucks.”

“You’re telling me,” Peter sighs.

Ned perks up. “Anything I can do to help? You know, the offer to be your guy in the chair totally still stands.”

Peter pins Ned with a look. “Give up the guy in the chair thing, it isn’t happening. You know I don’t want to involve you in this stuff, Ned. You could get hurt.”

“So can you! And your face proves my point. You need somebody watching your back.”

“I have Karen,” Peter pushes his tray away. He’s really not hungry.

Ned pushes it back. “Eat, Peter, you’re starting to look a lot like Lucy and I don’t want to have a science class plastic skeleton as a best friend, that’s just creepy.”

Peter makes a face. “Sure, mum.” He picks up his carton of milk and stabs the straw into it. Milk he could probably stomach, right?

“You’re not sick, or something, are you?” Ned hedges, looking worried. “Even before your heat, you’ve kind of started to look a little, I dunno, uh, under the weather?”

“I’m fine,” Peter mumbles around the straw. Honestly, the amount of times he’s said that in the last few days to people, if he had a dollar for every time he would be currently probably only be ten dollars richer but like, ten dollars would be cool.

Ned looks dubious. “If you say so, Peter. But like, are you sure I can’t help?”

Peter eyes him from the corner of his good eye. “Not unless you can make Mysterio stop being such a huge dick and somehow always tracking Spider-Man down when I have something important to do.”

“To be fair, you kind of stick out as Spider-Man,” Ned points out. “Eat some pizza too, Peter.”

“Pushy,” Peter mutters and picks up the cold slice. He stares at it for a second, and when Ned makes an impatient noise takes a bite out of it just to shut him up. Chewing the stodgy mouthful, he glares at his best friend and swallows. “Happy now?”

“Eat the whole thing and I will be,” Ned sticks his tongue out.

Peter sticks his tongue out back.

-

But to be fair, Ned had a pretty good point. Spider-Man does stick out in his bright red and blue costume. It’s not exactly camouflage in the concrete cityscape of New York.

Good thing Spider-Man has a different look up his sleeve. Who knew that Peter Parker, average Omega and all round nerd would come in handy for some incognito hero work?

Standing on the corner, Peter peers down at Stark Maps on his cracked phone screen and then back up to the street sign. Okay, this is the general area where Sara Xao had gone missing last night. A few other Omegas have been stolen around this neighbourhood as well, so Peter figures that this is a pretty good place to start.

Start what, however? Peter doesn’t really have any idea what he should be doing.

Spotting a twenty four hour deli down the street, Peter puts his phone in his pocket and absently blows warm air over his fingers. No snow this evening, but it’s still cold enough that his fingers and toes are going numb. A warm shop and a coffee sound good at the moment, while he figures out what to do. Maybe he’ll ask around, see if anybody has spotted anything or anybody out of place.

A few minutes later and a shitty coffee in hand, Peter walks out with no luck. The Beta shop owner had just been plain mean, even if he did know something, he probably wouldn't tell anybody just out of spite. He'd totally turned just his nose up at Peter's Omegan scent and nosy questions and charged him a dollar too much.

At least the coffee is warm. Clutching it close to his chest, Peter decides he'll just take a walk around and get a feel for the place, or something. Wow, he really has no idea how to do this. In the movies they always make things look so easy, the main character just walks past somebody that they recognise from some obscure photo in a file, or some convenient clue just happens to fall into their lap and bam, the plot moves forward and everything is figured out.

Peter could sure do with some movie luck right at the moment.

"I thought I smelt rainbows and sunshine and puppies and everything happy and good in this world!"

A smile spreads over Peter's face and he spins around. "Wade!"

The Alpha is in full costume, skipping happily up to him through the snow. "Petey-Pie! What are you doing out here, this is totally not your normal hang- *what happened to your face.* "

Shit. Peter belatedly puts a hand over his eye, wincing. "Um- I ran into a door frame last night, it's totally nothing, just a little bruise."

Wade tips his face up with a gentle finger under his chin and carefully pulls his hand away from his face. Biting his lip, Peter lets him. Really, there's no point in trying to hide.

The full extent of the damage makes Wade go stiff.

"Baby doll, that door frame must've been packing one hell of a fist," Wade grates out. Peter looks away shamefully and presses his lips together.

"I just wasn't looking where I was going," he mutters. "It's fine."



“It’s really not,” Wade sounds angry, and a little frustrated. “Peter-” He starts, then sighs, big shoulders drooping. “At least let me take you home. This ain’t no place for a pretty little Omega like you, pumpkin, there’s been too many kidnappings around here-” he stops, and then somehow pins Peter with a stare through his mask. “That’s why you’re here, isn’t it? Because that’s why I’m here.”

One lie is enough for tonight. Peter won’t be able to stand seeing Wade looking so defeated again when Peter blatantly lies to his face.

“Yeah,” he says.

“You’re supposed to leave this stuff to me! Me, indestructible, has sharp knives and guns that go pew pew, you, squishy and pretty and soft and smol and only armed with some serious puppy eyes, don’t get me wrong they can do some high level DPS those, but Petey, they’re not going to do any good if somebody spots you and gets itchy fingers!”

Peter puffs up a little. He’s not squishy and soft! He’s Spider-Man, he can lift tonnes, and probably kick Wade’s butt. But he can’t exactly tell Wade that. “I couldn’t just stand by and keep letting people get snatched off the street!”

“Yes, you can,” Wade grabs his shoulders. “Come on, I’m taking you home. You’re turning into a pretty little Omega popsicle, and sure I’d take a lick of that but I think you’d rather be warm and cosy in a fluffy blanket and a hot choccy. You need warmer clothes, Petey.”

Peter digs his heels in, even though Wade’s gunpowder and spice scent is drawing him in and making his inner Omega whine for cuddles. “No, I’m staying.”

“It’s not safe!”

“I can take care of myself,” Peter snaps, and oh god, what is he doing? He doesn’t want to fight Wade.

The Alpha takes a deep breath and runs a gentle hand over Peter’s bruised face, feather light leather touch against his battered skin. Yeah, okay, it kind of looks like he can’t, Peter gets it. Sighing, he closes his eyes and moves his cheek into Wade’s big, warm palm, craving his touch.

“I just want you to be safe,” Wade rumbles, smoothing a thumb carefully under Peter’s swollen eye. “I *need* you to be safe, Peter, I don’t- I don’t know what I’d do, who I’d become if you-” he can’t seem to get the words out.

“I’m sorry,” he says, heart aching in his chest. “I’ll go home.”

Wade twines his fingers into Peter’s, and they walk side by side down the street.

-

Wade dumps all his weaponry on Peter’s bedroom floor and after a moment's hesitation, pulls off his mask as well.

“Hey there, handsome,” Peter grins and goes up on his tippy toes to brush a chaste kiss over Wade’s textured cheek.

The big Alpha honest to god blushes and scuffs his foot across the floor. It’s adorable.

“Um, I have some homework to do,” Peter makes a face, thinking of that overdue English assignment. “You can stay if you want, but I’m gonna be pretty boring.”

“Nothing you do could possibly be boring, honeybutt!” Wade chirps. “We could watch paint dry together if you wanted, and it would be the most riveting thing I’ve ever done, well alongside making one hundred corn holders out of tinfoil and this one lady's blonde wig that smelt like a three day old ham sandwich, and to tell you the truth they weren't very good corn holders, but the point is I'm gonna enjoy doing anything as long as it's with you.”

Peter laughs, his chest all warm and fuzzy. “Well, get ready for the most riveting experience of your life then.”

They end up on Peter’s bed, Wade sitting up against the corner of the wall with Peter sitting between his thighs, leaning back against his chest. Peter’s a little worried that Wade is going to get bored, but the merc contents himself with playing with the runaway curls on Peter’s head and watching cat videos on his phone.

“Damn it,” Peter mutters as his laptop screen goes black.

“Uh oh,” Wade places his chin on the top of Peter’s head.

“Nah, it’s cool, I just gotta-” He fiddles with the power cord, readjusting the duct tape around the tattered outer coating, and tries turning his laptop on again. The screen lights up and he sighs with relief. Thank god he uses Google Docs for all his assignments, otherwise he would be constantly losing everything. He really needs to buy a new battery for his laptop *and* replace the power cord, but that stuff is super expensive, and he doesn’t want to ask Aunt May for more money after she’d had to buy him like, ten backpacks last month.

“You need a new laptop sweetums,” Wade murmurs, and drops a kiss into Peter’s hair.

Shrugging, Peter tips his head back for a proper kiss on the lips. “Can’t afford one. And anyway, this one still works. Kinda.”

“Mm,” Wade shifts his hands over Peter’s stomach and deepens the kiss, twining his tongue into Peter’s mouth.

Laughing, Peter pulls away and goes back to his laptop. “Don’t distract me, or I’ll kick you out.”

“Nooo,” Wade whines and pulls something out of one of his seemingly bottomless waist pouches. “I have chocolate! You can’t send away sugary, creamy chocolatey goodness!”

“Leave it and go then,” Peter snarks, and smiles as Wade whimpers into his neck.

But of course, Peter wants Wade to stay, and the Alpha feeds him little squares of caramel filled chocolate from his fingers as he finishes up his essay.

It’s probably one of Peter’s favourite nights, hands down. The only thing that brings it down a notch is when Wade makes him promise to not go back out looking for clues, and Peter has to lie through his teeth again saying that he won’t.

That bit sucks.

-

In the morning, when Peter steps out of the apartment, red eyed and tired after another night of little to no sleep and too much trying to find any connections between the missing Omegas, he almost trips over two packages in front of the door.

Blinking down at them, he reads that they're addressed to him in sparkly gel pen on unicorn labels, little love hearts drawn all over the two white boxes.

"Huh." Frowning, he picks them up and brings them inside, setting them on the kitchen counter.

Inside the first box is a beautiful dark blue scarf, soft and thick and obviously really, really expensive. There's a matching set of gloves as well, and when Peter picks them all up out the box there's a woollen overcoat folded up underneath them. And when he picks that up to inspect it, there's a little jar of gel that tumbles out that reads *for boo boos* on it.

"What?" Confused and still half asleep, he goes for the second box.

Opening it up, Peter finds the highest tier of Stark laptop currently available on the market. Alongside it is a Stark tablet, a wireless mouse and keyboard, and some paper that states that insurance is paid for all of it for three years.

Peter's jaw drops and he rubs at his good eye, wondering if the lack of sleep has finally got to him and he's seeing things. But when he opens his eyes again, the entire spread is still in front of him, thousands and thousands of dollars worth of stuff just sitting innocently on his and Aunt May's chipped kitchen counter.

And then it clicks.

"Wade, *no*."

Fumbling his phone out, Peter texts Wade. *wHAT WHY HOW?????!!*

Like always, Wade immediately replies. *dat's a lot of ?s bb*

*Wade I can't accept any of this this is way too much how much did all of it cost? You have to take it back!*

*...iz dis a bad time 2 tell u dat i bawt u dat iland 2?*

Peter almost has a heart attack.

His phone vibrates again. *jk*

*or am i???*

**WADE NO**

*wade yes*

-

Of course, Wade refuses to take it all back. And when Peter threatens to dump them outside on Wade's doorstep, Wade just says that he'll throw them out and it'll just be one big waste, so Peter might as well use them.

Grumbling, Peter gingerly opens the small jar, because it seems like it's the least expensive. And when he carefully dabs some of the light green gel on his bruised face and ribs, he's super angry because it eases the hurt almost immediately, cooling and lightly numbing as well.

Sitting in his room, surrounded by all these nice things, he plugs in the laptop, turns it on, puts his face into the soft blue scarf and cries a few tears. They're the first good tears that he's cried in a long time.

*Thank you.* He texts Wade. It seems so lacking, but it's all he can manage at the moment.

*u deserve all da gud things pretty*

But really, Peter thinks that Wade is the one that deserves the world.

-

It seems almost like a betrayal to be out again on the same streets that Wade made him promise not to go back to. After all the things Wade bought for him out of the kindness of his big stupid heart, Peter's being a massive asshole and breaking it.

But Peter has to.

Keeping his eyes peeled for both Deadpool and suspicious persons, he finds a McDonald's that has a good vantage point to look over a few streets and settles in with a milkshake.

It's almost three in the morning when he decides to call it a night after spotting absolutely nothing suspicious. He's almost falling asleep and his legs have gone numb, and some of the employees are giving him salty looks for being in here so long without buying anything else.

Outside the fast food place, he wraps his new scarf around his neck, pulls Wade's hoodie sleeves down over his hands and peers down at his phone, making sure he's got the right directions to the subway. He sends Wade a quick goodnight text as well, and heads off down the street. It's kind of really cold and he wishes for a second that he'd worn the coat and gloves Wade had bought for him as well, but Peter's easing into it. He hasn't even opened the laptop, or turned on the tablet. The scarf is a good starting point, he thinks. He smiles, burrowing his chin into the soft fabric. Wade is so thoughtful.

"Hey, um, do you have a second?"

Blinking, Peter looks up to see a pretty girl coming towards him, an unsure smile on her face. Her scent is Omegan, and she's wearing a pink beanie. He vaguely remembers her coming into the McDonalds a little while ago. "My phone's dead, and I really need to catch the next train to get home but I'm kind of lost and a little scared to be honest," she laughs nervously. "Could you give me some directions?"

“Yeah, sure,” Peter smiles. “I’m just heading there now, actually. I’ll walk with you.”

The girl gives a sigh of relief. “Thank you, you’re a star. I’m Britney, by the way.”

“Peter.” They walk side by side for a little while, chatting idly about how shitty the weather is, and after a few minutes she links arms with him.

A little leery of contact with somebody he doesn’t know, Peter wants to pull away, but he doesn’t want to come off rude, so he doesn’t.

“Oh, hey, I recognise where I am now! We can go this way, it’s a shortcut!” She tugs him left, down a dark side street that leads under a bridge, and Peter stumbles as his Spidey-senses tingle.

“Uh, I don’t think that’s a good idea-” He tries.

But she tugs him onwards. “I’ve taken this way millions of times, don’t worry, it’s totally safe!”

It’s really not, because the hair on Peter’s arms are sticking up, but he can’t stop her, she’s determined, and he doesn’t want to just leave her here when there’s obviously some kind of danger.

“I think we should go back to the main street-” Peter tries again, and then he plants his feet in the snow when three shadowy figures appear out from under the bridge, sending his Spidey-senses ringing in alarm.

“Well, lookie what we’ve got here, boys.”

Britney takes a sharp breath of fright next to him and Peter steps in front of her, “Britney, run.”

“Now why would I do that?” The tone of voice is so different from before that Peter almost thinks there’s somebody else behind him, and he starts to turn around, stunned, but then there’s a hand on the back of his neck, small and soft, gripping him right where it matters.

Peter goes down, screaming inside as he sprawls limply in the snow. Britney’s grip is hard and

unforgiving despite the softness of her skin, and she kneels down beside him. Peter can see a small rip in the side of her stockings.

Footsteps crunch up towards him in the snow. “Nice work.”

“Easy as pie,” Britney says, “Omegas never think twice about their own kind. Such silly creatures.”

She doesn’t let up her hold on him until a needle slides into Peter’s arm. All he can do is whimper in the back of his throat, face mashed into the cold snow, feeling it melt into his clothing. His heart is beating so fast, too fast, and he knows that it’s only going to make whatever they’d just drugged him with work faster.

And it does. When the grip on the back of his neck disappears Peter can’t move no matter how hard he tries, and his mind gets sluggish, panicked thoughts slowing down. Hands turn him over in the snow, and Peter stares up at the shadowed faces and Britney’s sharp smile.

“He’ll fetch a pretty price, when those bruises heal up. Now come on, get a move on, I’m freezing out here.”

Peter slips into unconsciousness as rough hands pick him up. The last thing he registers is the smell of foreign Alpha in his nose, overwhelming the comforting scent of Wade’s hoodie.

## Chapter End Notes

Yeehaw haha don't kill me. :) Is this a bad time to tell you guys that the next update will probably be late? RL is really not giving me a lot of time to write. I'm sorry. ;-;



# Seven

## Chapter Notes

Warnings for mention of rape, but nothing is overly explicit. Please be careful if you're sensitive to this content. The mentions are mostly after the fourth chapter break. Warning also for violence that results in serious physical harm.

-

Hello! I'm so sorry that this chapter took so long, and in all honesty this isn't my favourite chapter, but I figured all you guys have waited long enough!

Warnings for Wade being violent! Shit goes down, my friends. :D

Without further ado, chapter seven. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In one of his pouches, Wade's phone vibrates.

Pulling one of his katanas out of the screaming baddie's body in front of him, Wade idly wipes the blade on his thigh and pulls out his phone.

It's Peter. Eyes lighting up, Wade quickly opens the message as the guy at his feet finally passes out. Not dead yet, Wade's trying to turn over a new leaf and all that, gotta make Spidey proud of him. But he might be a little maimed. Just a little.

He doesn't even get to read one word before a bullet tears through his shoulder, sending his phone tumbling from his fingers. It shatters as it hits the ground.

"Shitfuck!" Looking up, Wade spots the culprit ducking back behind a doorway. "Oh, Daddy's angry now. Nobody stops me from replying to my snuggle bunny and gets to live another day!"

Stepping over the prone body, Wade ignores the pain in his shoulder and draws his other katana. Things are about to get ugly. Well, more ugly. Uglier. Properly fucking bloody and horrific, and Wade can't wait.

It's over far too quick for Wade's tastes. He pins the last guy down with one of his combat boots, pressing on the bullet wound in the guy's shoulder. An eye for an eye.

The guy screams. “Stop, stop, oh fucking hell, fuck! What the fuck do you want?”

“Well,” Wade lets up on the pressure, and the guy gasps out in relief. “Thanks for asking! A lot of things, really. A real life unicorn would be awesome! A cure for my fucked up butterface would be pretty cool too. Oh, and for my gorgeous Petey-pie to love me forever and ever! Top three wishes! But I don’t think that’s what you were asking, were you? Whoops. But anyway, what I want from you is *where the fuck are all those Omega’s you’ve kidnapped going?* ”

Mr-I-Suddenly-Have-Balls turns his head and spits blood on Wade’s boot. “I’m not telling you, asshole.”

Wade takes a step back. “Oh, damn. That’s cool I guess, whatever floats your boat man.”

Incredulous, Mr-Big-Dumb-Idiot sits up a little. “What, really?”

“No, you fuckwit, *really?* ” Rolling his eyes, Wade steps on the guy’s bullet wound again, and for good measure stabs his katana through his other shoulder, pinning Generic Bad Guy to the floor. Wade really needs to settle on a name.

Pin-Cushion screams murder and writhes as much as he can under Wade’s combat boot and katana. “Oh fuck oh fuck oh *fuck!*”

“No thanks,” Wade chirps, “I’d rather you just give me some names and locations, kapeesh?” He turns the blade brutally slowly in the guy’s flesh to punctuate his words, blood welling up and spilling over.

Between screaming, the guy manages to say, “okay okay okay oh god please stop oh *shit* I’ll tell you what I know!”

“Yay!” Wade stops turning his katana, leaning his weight on it instead. “Tell Daddy all your dirty little secrets.”

Sweat rolls off the guy’s upper lip. “We just message a number- *oh Jesus* I’m gonna die, that’s so much blood, can I lose that much blood?- and someone comes and picks up the package, we don’t

bring the merchandise anywhere, and we get the money later from a random bank account. I don't know who they are, I *swear*."

Snarling, Wade tugs his blade down, cutting effortlessly into another inch into flesh. Mr-Piece-Of-Human-Trash screams and sobs.

"They're not fucking prettily wrapped up presents with a purple bow on top waiting to be picked up by the mailman, you rancid vomit bucket, they're Omegas, human, *people*, that you're snatching away and selling like stupid hipster trinkets on Etsy. Remember that, fuckstain. Now what's the number?"

Mr-Whimper-and-Whine gestures shakily to the pocket of his jeans. "The contact name is Bill," he croaks. "But the number changes all the time."

Wade bends down and pulls out his phone, grabs the guy's finger to unlock it and scrolls through his contacts. Memorises the number, hoping that it's still the current one, then cracks the phone in two. Pulls out the sim card and crushes it in his palm.

He drops the pieces of the phone onto the guy's face. "If I catch you doing this shit again, I'll cut your wimpy Alpha balls off and use them as fuzzy dice, ya hear me?"

Whimpering, the guy nods desperately.

"Good to hear we're on the same page! And tell your buddies too. Oh yeah, talking of accomplices, tell me who else is trying to grab a piece of the human trafficking pie, eh? So I can pay them a little visit as well."

Sweating like a pig and bleeding like a stuck one, the guy blabs everything he knows before finally passing out as Wade pulls his katana free with a wet 'shlick'.

Sheathing his katanas, Wade whistles as he leaves the ruin of the shitty apartment behind him. He has some little chickies to hunt down and pluck.

Following the lead of the number and hunting down more people who think selling Omegas are a good idea keeps Wade busy for the next day. Too busy to buy a new phone. He hopes Peter will forgive him for suddenly disappearing, and that the fact that he's probably going to have the whole Omega stealing operation closed down permanently helps with that.

The number he was given is for a burner phone, and when Wade visits the shop that sold it, it turns out was bought with cash, of course. The security camera only picks up someone in a hoodie buying it at the counter. The clerk doesn't remember seeing the person before or ever again.

Wade vents his frustration cutting through swaths of bad guys, squeezing little tidbits of information and locations of more people in the business as he goes. Finally, he hits paydirt.

"These guys introduced us to the business. They take a cut of everybody's earnings- I've still got their card they gave me, it's in my wallet, take it, take anything, just *get that thing away from my dick already!* "

"You're no fun," Wade pouts, dropping the cheese grater and digging through the bound Alpha's pants for his wallet. He takes out all the money, stuffing it into one of his pouches, and then holds up a matte black card in his fingers triumphantly. There's a number embossed in silver across it, along with an address. Wade loves how stupid villains can be sometimes.

"Bingo. Damn, this shit is *sleek*. I should do business cards!"

In a stroke of genius, he also nabs the guy's phone. Cheered up by his finds, he blows a kiss to the stunned man sprawled out on his kitchen floor, and hops up onto the window sill.

"Imma take this as well, thanks!" He swipes a rubber ducky off the side of the kitchen sink and dives out the window.

-

Devouring a spicy beef taco as he walks down the sidewalk, Wade idly scrolls through his stolen phone. The idiot hadn't even put a password on it. Criminals these days, no brains.

"Wowee," he whistles as he clicks into a folder in camera roll. It's full of wrinkly Grandad Alpha porn, specifically pictures of saggy, wrinkly Alpha knots. "Yuck."

Within a few seconds Wade wipes the phone, gulps down the rest of his taco and replaces the sim card with his own from his broken phone. It doesn't load his old messages or contacts, but that doesn't matter. Wade has Peter's number memorised perfectly.

It rings and rings, then goes to answer phone. Wade tries again but gets the same result.

Peter has never not picked up when he'd rung or texted, not even when it was like five in the morning. The Omega is a chronic insomniac, and when Wade finally gets his shit together he's gonna make sure his little ray of sunshine gets some proper zzzs at night, even if he has to tie the sweet thing to his bed and sing him fucking lullabies. Ooh, kinky.

After a third and fourth try both results in Peter's answering phone, Wade frowns and gives up. Maybe Petey-Pie is finally getting some proper rest for once.

Shrugging, Wade slips the phone into one of his pouches and continues on.

-

The address leads not to a shady back alley hideout, or even a swanky hotel, but to a perfectly normal apartment complex.

Not wanting to draw any attention to himself, Wade is dressed in street clothes with his hood pulled up. Yeah, kinda of sketchy, but it's better than walking around with his pizza face out scaring the kiddies. And it's cold at the moment, almost snowing, so he's not *that* out of place being so covered up.

He slips into the building after a plain Beta staring at his phone walks out and takes the lift up to the fifth floor. The door when he arrives at it is nondescript. He knocks and waits.

It's like ten in the morning, and Peter still hasn't replied. Wade's trying not to worry; his boy is probably busy or something. It's been an entire day and a half since they last talked though, and Wade hopes that Peter isn't angry with him for going off the grid with no warning.

He perks up when the sound of a lock clicks and the door swings open.

Wade blinks, confused. A pretty Omega stands there, a pleasant but confused smile on her face. She's got a pink beanie on.

"Hey, can I help you?" Her eyes catch on the ruin of his face, and she looks away, lips twisting.

"Uh, sorry, I think I've got the wrong door." Wade rubs the back of his head sheepishly, feeling dumb. Of course this wasn't going to turn out to be a real lead. "Sorry to disturb you, miss."

The girl smiles, "no problem," and starts to close the door.

Wade begins to turn away, but something on the coffee table behind her small figure catches his eye. It's a blue scarf, and Wade wouldn't have had a second thought about it except it looks like the exact one he'd just bought Peter two days ago. And it had been one of a kind.

He jams his foot between the door and the frame before she can close the door all the way.

"What the—" The girl starts, but Wade just forces himself through the gap, slamming the door behind him. He grabs her by the throat, choking off her scream, and backs her into the living room.

She kicks and scrabbles at his arm, bringing blood to the surface of his scarred skin with her sharp nails, but Wade hardly registers it as he bends down and picks up the scarf, bringing it to his face. It smells like exactly like Peter, tinged with the sour smell of fear.

Face twisted in an ugly snarl, he shakes the Omega in his hold. "Where did you get this? What did you do to him? *I'll fucking murder you if you've harmed a single hair on his head.*"

He drops her and she sprawls across the carpet, sobbing. "I don't- I don't know what you mean!"

"Don't fucking give me that bullshit I know who you are, what you've been doing, *what the fuck?* You're an Omega, you would do this shit to your own kind? Where is he?" A growl starts rumbling deep in his chest, the sound of an Alpha riled.

She snuffles, shaking her head, beginning to sweat at the sound of his growl. “My boyfriend- he just bought that stuff off Craigslist, I *swear*.”

“Craigslist my tight asshole,” he snarls, pulling out a gun from the back of his jeans. The Omega’s eyes go wide.

“You wouldn’t, I’m just an Omega, I’m not capable of whatever you think I’ve done!”

“Try me, bitch,” Wade clicks the safety off.

All of a sudden, the tears stop and her pretty face falls into a sneer.

*There we go* , Wade thinks.

“You’re not going to get anything out of me,” she drawls. “You can try, but whatever you do to me, I know my employer will do worse.”

Wade bares his teeth, his growl growing louder. He’s not fucking around. Peter is- *Peter*. Anybody but his precious little babydoll.

Without any hesitation he aims, shoots.

The shot is quiet, the silencer doing its job, but her scream is not as the bullet rips through her left knee.

Uncaring, Wade walks up to her and watches as she writhes on the carpet, bone fragments and blood splattering her dress.

“Fuck off,” she manages to pant.

Wordless, he shoots out her other knee.

She screams to the ceiling, and the tears and snot rolling down her face this time are real. But she doesn't start talking.

Stoically, Wade pins her down with a foot so she stops wriggling around everywhere. Gets his boot on her wrist and pins it down, aiming his gun at her elbow. He absently notes that she's wearing a fancy tennis bracelet; it looks like it's practically made of diamonds. In fact, everything she's wearing looks expensive, and although the apartment isn't in a rich part of town, every piece of furniture and technology looks new, shiny and worth probably hundreds of thousands. She's doing this for money.

"Oh god oh god stop, stop," she cries, "I'll tell you where your stupid cunt of an Omega is, but you're probably too late. He's probably getting fucked in all his soppy little holes right now."

He shoots out her elbow anyway. And after she screams out the location, does the same to the other one. He never does things by halves.

He leaves the apartment before all the screaming draws inevitably draws attention, taking Peter's scarf with him. He doesn't give a fuck if she dies, bleeding out on her stupid fluffy off white carpet. He almost hopes that she doesn't; her life is gonna suck now with some of her major joints blown out. Wade hopes she suffers either way.

There's blood splattered over his clothing and surgical mask and he's pretty sure there are bone fragments stuck to the soles of his boots. But Wade doesn't stop to change, his mind is focused singly on finding Peter as fast as he can. He doesn't know how the sick fucks got their hands on his baby bird, but he feels like an idiot thinking that Peter would leave all the hard work to him. The Omega is stubborn to a fault. Somehow, Peter had gotten too close.

He pulls out his stolen phone and brings it to his ear.

"Dopinder, I need a ride."

-

The amount of fucked up shit Wade has seen is astronomical. After all, he looks at himself in the mirror every now and again, and that's enough fucked up shit for a lifetime.



But no, this time he's talking about the depravity of the human race. Yeah, that whole shebang.

The front of the operation is, of course, a shady nightclub in an industrial sector. You knock on a certain door, give a certain password, pay up a certain amount of money, and the nightclub gives way to a Omega whorehouse. And the whores here aren't exactly willing, and that's basically all you really need to know.

Wade doesn't knock, he doesn't give the password, and he certainly doesn't pay up any money, unless shooting the guards full of metal bullets count as payment. Wade likes to think so, but he figures it's more of a repayment for all the horrible acts that they're safeguarding. He doesn't care that he catches more than half a dozen bullets in his torso on the way; he has more things to worry about than staining up his clothes and leaving blood trails through the dimly lit halls.

Like all the glassy eyed Omegas behind closed doors, drugged to the gills and chained to various furniture or Alphas, and nothing angers Wade more than when the sorry fucks hide behind the helpless, naked bodies in fear, trying to shield themselves from Wade's cold blooded rage. He feels almost empty, running on autopilot, and he doesn't even make any bad taste jokes, not even when he pulls a rutting Alpha off of a barely conscious Omega and the guy's dick shrivels faster than the speed of light when Wade cuts it off.

At the end of it all, he's missing a good hunk of his lower right arm and his entire left ear, but the Omegas that he's managed to locate are safe, huddled together in stunned silence, and there are police sirens sounding muffled through the thick walls. Wade's pretty sure he's maimed a couple high up politicians and the guy who'd shat himself as he'd huddled behind a couch looks disturbingly like one of the police captains that Wade actually bothers to know, but that's neither here nor there. They're all the same to him.

He searches every room, but Peter is nowhere to be found. Wade doesn't know how he feels about that; at least his little bird isn't a glassy eyed drugged up Omega with finger shaped bruises on his hips and blood on his thighs, various bitemarks covering his shoulders and neck and smelling of despair and semen. But he also isn't here, where Wade can find him and wrap him up in his arms and make sure that he's okay and never let him go again.

"Where is he," he spits, yanking the disgusting excuse for an Alpha up by his neckline to Wade's height. He'd found this shitstain in a backroom, trying to burn documents and wiping hard drives. Probably not the guy in charge of this operation, he'd probably skidaddled as soon as gunshots were heard, tail between his wimpy legs, but someone at least in the know how.

"I dunno what you're talking about," the Alpha whimpers, "god, I don't know! Please don't kill me!"

Wade slams him up against the wall, knees him once, twice in the stomach. Doesn't care that he hits so hard ribs crack and the guy vomits all over himself.

"Peter Parker. Brown hair, freckles, short, prettiest fucking smile you'll ever see. Went missing sometime yesterday," he growls. "And don't even think of lying to me and saying that you haven't seen him, I was pointed right fucking here."

The nameless Alpha sobs, so Wade breaks one of his fingers to bring his attention back to him.

"Fuck, fuck, shit, okay there was an Omega brought in yesterday, I didn't get a look at him, holy fuck, but apparently he was too banged up to be put out on the floor right away so the boss gave him away as some kind of gift, I don't know anymore than that, I swear!"

Wade looks him square in the eyes, bares his teeth, and slams him up against the wall again. "A gift? To fucking *who*?!"

"Someone who's been helping the boss out with some kind of problem, I don't fucking know!"

Wade breaks another one of his fingers, because now the guy is just being annoying. "Who's your boss? I need a fucking name."

"Nobody knows his name, please, just let me go, I'll tell the police everything, just don't hurt me anymore!"

"Okay, I won't," Wade grins, "but I make no promises about the pavement," and throws him out of the window. The Alpha screams all the way down the five storeys, and makes the most lovely thud as he hits the ground, blood spilling out onto the snow.

Wade can't stick around; out of his good ear he can hear shouting and boots thudding against the stairs, people yelling "*police!*" Growling under his breath, he takes a running start and leaps out the window and into the night. As he falls through the air, a black hole opens up in his chest.

How is he going to find Peter now?

-

When Peter wakes up, he doesn't know where he is.

He's lying on silk sheets, and he's naked. There's a collar around his neck that's chained to the headboard of the bed and there are no windows in the room, and the only door is closed. Everything stinks of Alpha, pungent and musky and making his eyes water at the strength of it. There's a lamp on the bedside table, softly illuminating the mess of clothes on the floor and the desk across from him that is covered in gadgets and guns and fast food containers.

And on the other side of the bed, on a matching bedside table, a fishbowl helmet sits, glinting innocently in the light.

Peter sits up and stares at it, mouth open. His brain stutters for a second, and then he's in a flurry of motion, tugging at the chain trapping him in the bed and breaking it in his hands, tumbling off the side of the bed and catching himself on his hands and knees, his breath coming in short, fast bursts.

What. The. Fuck.

A muffled voice breaks him out of his panic and he scrambles up onto his feet, looking desperately for a place to hide. He tugs the top sheet off the bed and wraps it around himself, feeling tears well up in his eyes. What is going on? What is he going to do? Where is he?

*“ -I don't give a flying fuck that a lunatic is shooting up your illegal Omega whorehouse man, you only paid me to distract Spider-Man, I'm not dealing with that shit, I've got better things to do at the moment, like that Omega you only gave to me this morning, who's kind of a little banged up already man, nice to know what I'm worth, so I'm a little fucking busy- ”*

Peter knows that voice. He stands frozen, in the middle of the room, broken chain dangling from the collar around his neck, as Mysterio opens the door and steps through, phone to his ear. Even though the villain isn't suited up in his ridiculous costume, Peter just knows.

Mysterio's pissed off expression changes in a split second when he sees Peter standing there, and the phone drops from his fingers. “What the fu-”

He doesn't get the rest of the word out. Peter launches himself forward mindlessly, yelling out his terror, and Mysterio only has half a second to bring up his forearm to try and protect his face before Peter is on him. Without his stupid fishbowl helmet on and caught completely off guard, he doesn't stand a chance. Mysterio goes down as Peter collides with him and his head bounces off the ground with a crack, and he's out like a light.

Panting, Peter stares down at the unmasked face, grits his teeth and punches the Alpha right in the nose.

"Arsehole!" He yells.

Mysterio's nose makes a satisfying crunch under Peter's fist, blood gushing as cartilage and bone breaks. The Alpha groans nasally in pain and Peter can't help the hot feeling of satisfaction that bubbles up in his stomach.

"Serves you right, you dickwad," he spits, "what the fuck, *what the actual fuck*." He stands up on shaking legs, dragging Mysterio's limp body up with him so the guy won't choke on his own blood, and props him up against the wall.

A tinny voice is still yelling through Mysterio's phone. Peter picks it up and hangs up on whoever it is, and then surveys the room again.

"Okay," he says to himself, "okay. You got this."

He picks up a too large shirt off the floor and makes a face at the Alpha stink, but slips it on to cover his nakedness, then finds some clean boxer shorts in a washing basket off to the side. The sheets he was wearing before he uses to tie the unconscious Alpha up, uncaring of the blood still gushing down Mysterio's face. It's less than what he deserves.

Peter pads over to the side table and makes a face down at that ridiculous fishbowl helmet. Picks it up in his hands and goes back to Mysterio, slipping it down over his head. Then he grabs the Alpha by the back of his shirt and drags him out of the bedroom and into the hallway.

The rest of the apartment is a mess as well. Peter scrunches his nose up at it all, but finds some paper and a pen on the stained coffee table, writes a quick note and then finds a suitable window in the dank kitchen.

Shoving dirty dishes off the counter, Peter hops up onto it and kicks open the window. Using the leftover sheets dangling from Mysterio's trussed up form to attach him to the sturdy looking tap, he then shoves Mysterio's body out of the window.

The tap holds. Peter's almost sad about it. From the looks of it, they're only three storeys up, and the fall probably wouldn't kill the villain, just hurt him a *lot*. Crawling out after him, he watches Mysterio's unconscious body swing in the wind. He uses the Alpha's phone to call the cops, wipes his fingerprints off the phone with his stolen shirt and slips it into Mysterio's front pocket. Slaps the note onto Mysterio's stupid fishbowl and then slips down the side of the building and into the alleyway below.

A few minutes later, the cops will find Mysterio swinging from his own kitchen window, screaming inside his own helmet and struggling in his bonds of his own bedsheets. When they finally manage to pull him up, they'll find a little post-it note stuck to it, reading *To the police. With love, from Spider-Man. xox*

-

In another alleyway, Peter sinks down beside a trash can and yanks the collar from his neck, not even feeling the welts that tugging the leather off him leaves. His breath comes hard and fast and he buries his face in his knees, squeezing his eyes shut and trying to stop his body from shaking.

All consumingly, he wants Wade. He wants Wade now, and he wants to get out of these clothes that smell like Mysterio, and he wants to be warm and safe and loved and he wants *Wade*.

A small whine starts up in the back of his throat, something quiet and pitiful and Omegan, a call for his Alpha. The sound startles him out of his panicked breathing, and he manages to gulp down a proper lungful of air, his limbs regaining feeling from the numbness that shock had set into them. Finally managing to relax, he sags against the dirty brick walls, tears gathering up in his eyes.

All of a sudden, he's so *tired*. Struggling to his feet, he staggers to the mouth of the alleyway and looks around, clutching his arms to chest and shivering in the cold. It's not snowing yet, but it looks like it's close to it. Oh, he knows where this is. This is where he'd been attacked before, when Deadpool had miraculously appeared and saved him from those two Alphas.

That means Deadpool's safehouse is around here.

Perking up some, Peter ventures out into the dimly lit streets. This late at night and this cold there's hardly anybody around, and when he does walk past somebody they leave him alone when he bares his teeth at them, growling low in his throat. He probably looks like a mess, in ill fitting clothes, blood on his knuckles and walking barefoot in the snow, so it makes sense that they do. A feral Omega isn't something you want to play around with.

He almost cries when he finds the familiar building. Unwilling to find a window to crawl through, he just forces the front door open with his Spidey-strength and makes his way into the sparse bedroom, leaving wet footprints on the bare concrete floors. Zombie-like, he strips out of the clothes that stink of foreign Alpha and collapses onto the mattress, and then he does cry.

Even old and fading, Wade's scent clings to the blankets and both comforts him and makes him yearn for his Alpha even more. He curls into them, body shaking with the strength of his sobs and the cold, and cries himself into an exhausted unconsciousness.

## Chapter End Notes

:) :) :) RL is still kicking my butt, but I'm going down kicking and screaming. I will not give up!! Hopefully the next chapter won't take as long, but I make no promises. :)  
Thanks so much for sticking around guys, and I hope you enjoyed. <3

# Eight

## Chapter Notes

There's a lot of dialogue in this chapter and Peter and Wade talking a few things out, I hope it isn't too annoying to read! <3

BTW, thank you so much for all the sweet comments and the kudos! I love reading every comment and they mean so much to me, knowing that people are enjoying this! <3 <3

The door to his safehouse is open.

Wade steps up to it, muttering under his breath angrily as he sees the lock broken and the wooden splintered. "For fucks sake, I don't have time for this bullshit."

Gun out, half regrown arm hanging uselessly at his side, he pushes the door open further with his foot and peers in. The hallway is dark, dank and empty of any intruder. Seeing nothing suspicious, he steps in, half hoping that whoever has broken in is still here. He's still in the mood to blow some heads off, but on the other hand, he doesn't have time to waste; his baby bird is still out there somewhere, needing Wade to find him. Wade just needs to regroup, rearm, and call up Weasel for some help finding the unnamed boss of the whorehouse of everything non-consensual and fucked up, and then he can get right back to it.

The living room doesn't contain anything out of the ordinary either, and Wade gives the freezing air a quick sniff, trying to pick up a scent. He gets a good whiff of mould, rotten takeout, dampness, fresh snow that he's tracked in, the metallic scent of blood and gun oil from himself, and a hint of something fresher, something sweet. He inhales again, his eyebrows drawing together in a frown as he tries to figure it out.

His gun clatters to the floor.

"Peter?" He yells, breaking out into a run. "Sweetheart? Are you here?" His heart is almost in his throat as he skids through the hallway on snow dampened boots, crashing into the walls in his haste. "Baby? Talk to me!"

He stumbles into the bedroom, where the familiar bright sweet scent of boy Omega is the strongest, and lets out a shaky breath when he spots a small form huddled up on the mattress up

against the wall.

“Petey?” He whispers, going to his knees beside the pile of blankets. His hands shake as he grabs the ratty blankets and pulls them down, and when Peter’s sleeping, pale, tear stained face is revealed he goes weak with relief. “Oh thank fuck, sweetheart-”

And then those pretty brown eyes snap open, and Wade is suddenly airborne. He hits the concrete wall on the other side of the room, eyes wide with shock, and he hears a sharp crack followed by an explosion of pain before everything goes black.

He comes to with an aching head and a lap full of sobbing, hysterical Omega.

“Peter?” He mumbles, “baby, no, what’s wrong?”

“Wade! You’re awake! Oh god, I thought- I thought I killed you! I’m so sorry, I didn’t- I didn’t know it was you! Oh my god, I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry,” Peter bawls, his hands covering his face.

“What happened?” Wade blinks, and the world comes further back into focus. He absently feels the back of his skull come back together, the last of his chest pop back into its normal shape.

“I kicked you! I woke up and I don’t- I don’t know, I freaked out and I kicked you, and you- you hit the wall and you wouldn’t move and there was so much blood-” Peter’s voice cracks, and he gasps out another sob, his entire body shaking with the force of it.

“Hey, no, cupcake, please- I’m fine, look, I’m good as new, not quite whole and slightly worse for wear Wade Wilson at your service, Petey, don’t cry, please,” Wade’s heart is almost tearing itself apart seeing his little ray of sunshine cry, and he tries to pry Peter’s fingers away from his face. “Oh jeez, baby, you’re *freezing*, sweetheart, come on, no, I’m fine, look at me, I’m fine.”

He succeeds in pulling Peter’s almost blue hands away from his face and holds them against his chest in his good hand, trying to warm them up. Peter still won’t look at him, screwing his eyes closed shut, tears glinting on his cheeks. His lips are almost purple with how cold it is in here. Wade curses himself in the back of his mind for never bothering to invest in heating in this place.

“Honey, look at me,” Wade says firmly, putting a bit of Alpha command behind the words. “Come on, baby, shh, look at me.”



Taking a big breath, Peter makes a quiet noise of uncertainty, but he finally opens his eyes and peers into Wade's face with the most remorseful, sorrowful expression Wade has ever seen directed towards himself. His heart cracks a little.

"I'm fine, see?" He wriggles his body a bit, just to emphasise. "Still a butterface, still as fucked up, but definitely alive. I don't stay down for long, honeybun."

Peter blinks at him, and then spots his arm, his hoodie sleeve a mess of blood and shattered bone and tattered material. It does nothing to hide the grotesqueness of what his half grown limb currently is. Wade winces and tries to hide it behind his back as Peter's face goes slack with horror.

"'Tis just a flesh wound baby, it'll heal. Sorry, it looks fucking gross, doesn't it?"

"Your arm!" Peter squeaks. "Holy shit, what happened?"

Wade shrugs. "Doesn't matter. It'll grow back."

"Doesn't it hurt? Of course it fucking hurts Parker, half his arm is gone! Oh god, do you need a bandage, or like some hot water, or some painkillers? I'll go get some painkillers-" Peter tries to get up off Wade's lap, but Wade grabs him around the middle and keeps him close, smushing him up against his chest.

"No, baby, you're staying right here. I don't need anything, I'm fine, I don't think I even own Advil, and I don't think Dora the Explorer band aids are going to do much to help." Wade takes a deep breath, feels the tension leech from his shoulders as Peter's familiar calming scent is pulled into his lungs. "Jesus fuck, babe, what happened?"

"I kicked you," Peter says, miserable from his spot squished into Wade's chest. His fingers grasp tightly at the bloody, bullet hole riddled mess that is Wade's hoodie, his body still shaking from shock and cold. Wade does his best to wrap Peter's body in his, tugging the blanket covering Peter's small form tighter around him.

"No, not that," Wade says into Peter's hair. "You were- shit, it was a clusterfuck, I couldn't *find you*, Peter, you were fucking gone, I tore the whole Omega trafficking operation apart and I still couldn't find you, babe, I was going insane looking for you, what happened?"

“I-” Peter swallows audibly, and then goes silent.

Wade sits back against the wall again, pushing Peter slightly away from him and tilting his chin up, wincing as he gets dried blood smeared over Peter’s pale skin. “Shit, sorry. Peter, are you okay? Tell me what happened. What happened to you? Are you, let me look at you-” He tilts Peter’s head back a little more, goes stiff when he sees the bruised welting across Peter’s delicate neck. “They collared you. They fucking- I should’ve killed them.”

“I got away,” Peter croaks, lifting his chin away and huddling further down into the ratty blanket, hiding the marks from Wade’s searching eyes. “I- I’m fine. Nobody touched me- I’m pretty sure? I’m fine. No, I’m fine. I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not, baby, look at you,” Wade says, incredulous. “Peter, don’t lie to me, okay? I don’t- I don’t give a fuck if you don’t want to tell me what happened, as long as you don’t lie to me and tell that you’re fine, because you’re not, Peter, fuck, you were *kidnapped*, and *collared*, and you’re naked underneath that blanket and thank fuck you got away, sweetums, that’s *batshit insanely amazing*, don’t get me wrong, but don’t pretend that you’re okay, because that’s bullshit. And I’m not going to accept that, not anymore, Peter, I fucking *care* about you too much to accept that.”

Peter looks away, sniffing. “I don’t- I can’t be not okay, Wade-”

“Peter, no,” Wade says, stopping him right in his tracks. “No. Why the fuck can’t you be not okay? You just went through something horrible, something I fucking wish with all my shitty being that you didn’t have to go through, it’s okay if you’re not fine, baby, you’re only human-”

“No, I’m *not*,” Peter interrupts. “You don’t understand, I’m not only human, Wade, I have to be okay, I have to keep going-”

“Wait, no, hold up,” Wade grabs Peter’s chin again. “Okay, so you’re what, a mutant? I’ve kind of figured out that you’ve got some pretty handy strength there, only took like a month of your death grips when you fell asleep on me and getting kicked clear across my own room to notice, but that doesn’t mean shit if you just went through something traumatic-”

“No, you don’t get it,” Peter interrupts again, and he’s starting to agitated. His little button nose is all screwed up and his lips are pressed together, but there’s at least some colour to his cheeks now. “People *die* if I’m not okay, Wade, bad things happen and I have to be there to stop them otherwise

I'm just as terrible as the people who do the bad things, because I can stop them and I *have* to stop them and if I don't then *what use am I?!* " As he speaks his words get louder and louder, the last few are almost shouted.

"...You're right, I don't understand." Wade is starting to think he's missing something big. Like, epic big. "Peter, you have to talk to me, love, *talk to me*, please, what's going on? What the hell do you mean that you have to stop everything bad from happening, you're one person, baby, I get that you're fucking amazing and smart and a kick arse Omega with super strength but that doesn't mean that you can go out on the streets and-"

"I'm Spider-Man," Peter yells.

"For fuck's sake- Peter, just be square with me for once- wait, what?"

"I'm Spider-Man," Peter repeats, quieter, breaking eye contact and looking away. Again, as Wade sits there with his mouth hanging open like an idiot, he whispers, "I'm Spider-Man."

"Oh," Wade manages. "Oh. Um." His brain fires hundreds of thoughts at once, splutters, stops, and dies. A second goes by, and then it reboots. And then it all clicks.

"You're Spider-Man!?" Wade squeals, and his voice is so high pitched that Peter winces.

"Yeah, I- I've never told anybody before. People just kind of, uh, find out? I wanted to tell you, please believe me, I wanted to tell you for so long but I was scared and I didn't want things to change and I- I don't know, I'm just a coward or something, I'm sorry-" And Peter's crying again, big gulping sobs of something that seems like a mixture of relief and remorse, and Wade's heart breaks.

"Gorgeous, no, not the tears again, my shrivelled up old heart can't take this, you're killing me here," Wade tries to wipe away Peter's tears with the sleeve of his hoodie and only ends up smearing more blood across Peter's cheeks. "Oh fuck, baby, it's fine, it's okay, thank you for telling me, holy shit, it makes so much sense, how did I not see that before, both your senses of justice, the complete lack of self preservation between the two of you, how much conviction you both have in your little cute bodies to do good, your lame senses of humour, how much you both seem to have so much faith in me even though I'm literally the shittiest piece of shit to ever walk this earth, how fucking cute the both of you are, your *butts* , oh my god, I'm a terrible number one Spidey and Peter Parker fan, how did I not see it?"

Peter laughs a little through his sobs. “You’re not mad?” He hiccups.

“No,” Wade says without any doubt. “Never. Fuck, I’m just relieved that I don’t have to feel bad about having a crush on Webs while I’m with my baby bird because wow, fuck me sideways and call me a monkey’s uncle, you’re the same person! Best plot twist ever!”

And Peter’s still crying, but it looks like they’re happy tears, and honestly Wade will take those over what was happening before; Peter’s panicked and guilty tears, those he never wants to see again. He’ll kill again to never see those again.

“Baby boy, sweetheart,” Wade sprinkles kisses over Peter’s damp face, patting the Omega’s back in an attempt to calm him down. “Fucknuggets, you’re still freezing,” he says, feeling Peter’s body still shaking in his lap. “Come on, let’s get out of here, I’ll get you someplace warm with proper clothes and a bath and some food and a bed that isn’t infested with bugs and I can sit on the couch and freak out because I’ve been smooching Spider-Man all this time and I didn’t know it.” He puts his good arm underneath Peter and pushes himself up the wall, keeping Peter’s small body tight against his. He doesn’t have to worry about Peter tumbling to the ground, Peter clings to him like a limpet, arms around his neck and legs around his waist, cheek pressed close to his.

“A warm bed sounds good,” Peter mumbles, sniffing. “And a bath as well. I feel gross and you kind of stink of blood.”

“Whoops, yeah, totally worth it though, found all the missing Omegas and kicked butt, no more of that shit happening in my town ever again, no siree,” Wade steps out into the hallway, taking a second in the doorway just to breathe in Peter’s scent and reassure himself that his Omega is safe in his arms, and is not going anywhere anytime soon. “Peter, I’m so fucking happy that you’re okay, and I’m so sorry that I kind of just started an argument about how you felt, I didn’t mean to stress you out even more,” he whispers into Peter’s hair. His world finally feels like it’s back on its axis again, orbiting slow and steady around the small body in his arms.

Peter makes a quiet noise, something small and soft and Omegan, and Wade’s Alpha settles even more, content.

“It’s cool, I think we needed to have that talk. I’m just happy that you’re here,” Peter murmurs, and he seems exhausted even if his grip on Wade is tight. “I was so scared, and all I wanted was you.”

“Well, I’m not going anywhere, not even if you wanted me to,” Wade promises, and steps out of his safehouse and into the snow, his precious bundle held tight and secure.

-

Peter refuses to let go of Wade. The thing is, Wade doesn't want to let go of Peter either, and even though it makes stripping and getting into the shower in his apartment and actually soaping himself down extremely problematic, especially with a lower left arm the size of a baby's, Wade wouldn't have it any other way.

For a second he's worried that Peter will shy away from his skin as it's bared in all its scarred and twisted glory, but Peter doesn't even blink, just huddles closer and makes happy sounds as the hot water of the shower falls over his shoulders.

Wade soaps up quickly, washing away the caked blood down the drain in double quick time, and then it's Peter's turn to be washed. The Omega practically purrs as Wade runs the soft wash cloth over his skin, inspecting every nook and cranny of him and careful around any wounds he spots, and it takes Peter making a soft, sweet sound in the back of his throat to make Wade realise that a deep growl had started up in his chest.

"Shit, sorry," Wade winces. "Just- they fucking collared you. Fucking jizzstains, I should've ripped their heads off and shoved it up their arses. I hope you tore whoever had you a new one, baby boy."

"It was Mysterio, actually," Peter murmurs, baring his throat more and going pliant and sweet in Wade's hold, his eye half lidded in exhaustion. It's a typical Omegan reaction to an agitated Alpha, trying to placate, and Wade immediately feels himself settle down a bit. "And yeah, I knocked him out and hung him outside his kitchen window in his own bed sheets for the police to find."

"That little fishbowl fucker," Wade grumbles, "I should've known. He was a massive knothed, made all Alphas look bad. And wow, is it hard to make Alphas look worse from how we behave normally. He deserved a lot more than that."

Peter shrugs, "I just wanted it to be over. I didn't want to spend a second more than I had to there, all I could think of was getting back to you. You make me feel safe."

Wade goes all gooey inside, his cheeks flushing not just from the hot steam inside the shower stall. "Close your eyes, baby boy," he murmurs, and starts to massage shampoo through Peter's hair.

-

Warm, dry, swimming in a pair of borrowed sweatpants and hoodie that reads ‘stud muffin’, safe and comfortable in Wade’s hold and cuddling in bed, Peter finally feels the last bit of tension leave his body.

“You’re fucking Spider-Man. No, wait, *I’m* fucking Spider-Man,” Wade whispers in awe, playing with one of Peter’s curls.

Huffing, Peter buries his burning face in Wade’s chest. “Actually, not yet you’re not, you poop,” he grumbles.

“Huh,” Wade says, “no, you’re totally right, and that was totally wrong of me to assume that I would be fucking you, man, and I thought I was totally above the whole Alpha Omega shit. You could totally fuck me, that’s cool, I’d be def down for that. And we don’t have to, you know, bump uglies, if you don’t want to, Peter, it doesn’t matter that we’re Alpha and Omega, if you don’t want to we don’t have to do anything, I’m not going to force you to do shit, babe. Feel free to kick me across the room again if I even get close to trying to.”

“Sure,” Peter agrees. “But, um, I do, uh, want you to *fuckme*,” he squeaks, forcing out the last two words in quick succession. “Like, I really, really do. But maybe... not right now. Not for a while, I think. I’m sorry.”

“No worries, babe,” Wade kisses Peter softly on the cheek, brushing the rough flesh of his lips across Peter’s freckles. “But there’s something else that we definitely have to talk about.”

Peter goes a little stiff, fingers clutching desperately at Wade’s hoodie. His heart starts to beat quicker and his breath picks up, but Wade quickly smooths his newly regrown hand down his back and settles it just above his butt, calming him with a quiet rumble deep in his chest.

“No wonder you’re tired all the time,” Wade starts, “between Spidey and patrol, school, homework, friends, *me*, do you get down time, at *all*?”

Peter frowns. “Not a lot, no. But it’s cool, I mean, I can handle it-”

A finger rests on his lips, stopping him. Peter blinks.

“No, baby, I get that you’re Spider-Man, and you need to save the world or some shit, but love, you need some rest and relaxation, some fucking *sleep* , and food, and doing something you enjoy just because you enjoy it, gorgeous, self care is a thing, and a thing for a reason, and I know I’m not the best poster child for all that shizz but it’s important, and it’s honestly so fucking painful watching you burn out.”

Something uncomfortable starts up in Peter’s stomach, and he feels his cheeks go hot. “I can handle it, I’m fine, Wade, don’t treat me like I’m some delicate wilting Omega-”

“I’m not, don’t say that, even if you were a Beta, or an Alpha, I would be saying the same thing. The goddamn bunny on the moon can tell that you’re exhausted, and it doesn’t even have real eyes! Peter, I’m going to bet like my entire Hello Kitty gun collection that if you’d gotten some rest for once that those human trash buckets wouldn’t have gotten the drop on you, and you would’ve kicked them clean into the next year with some sweet Spidey moves.”

Peter shifts a little, uneasy. But he doesn’t say anything, because he’s stubborn like that.

Sighing, Wade brushes another kiss over Peter’s forehead. Peter closes his eyes and leans into it, feeling ridiculous and weak as tears burn at his eyes again. He’s tired of crying, and he wants so badly to be strong, especially in front of his Alpha, but he’s had a bad fucking day and almost killed his boyfriend accidentally and yeah, maybe Wade has a point.

“Yeah, okay, you might be onto something,” he finally gives in. “Maybe.”

“I’ll take it, just- think about it, okay cutie pie?” Wade kisses him again, but this time on the lips, something sweet and soft that makes Peter’s knees turn to jelly. Humming, Peter wriggles closer, opening the seam of his lips and turning the kiss into something more intimate, twinning his tongue slowly with the hot slickness of Wade’s. Smiling in the liplock, Wade strokes his thumbs over Peter’s hip bones, breaking the kiss only to pepper more kisses over Peter’s face.

"You know you’re allowed some down time, pumpkin. I know I’m kind of being pushy but New York can survive without you, it did years and years before you showed up, and yeah, you’re fucking amazing, but there’s me and there’s Mr Catholic Guilt and the freaking Avengers too, babe. Leave some of the baddies to us as well, or we’ll start to feel redundant.”

“I know,” Peter mutters, burying his face into Wade’s neck and inhaling the Alpha’s deep, spicy scent. “Just- I know.”

“Okay,” Wade rolls over onto his back, let’s Peter curl up on top of him like a big sleepy Omega kitty. Reaches over to the bedside table and clicks the bright pink lamp off, sending the room into a soft darkness, illuminated only lightly by a little mushroom night light plugged into the wall.

Peter falls asleep almost instantly, breathing quietly into Wade’s neck. Wade lies awake, running his fingers through Peter’s clean brown curls and listening to Peter’s quiet breaths, soothing the Omega when only a few minutes later he begins to twitch, whimpering.

“Shh, baby boy, I’m here, it’s okay, you’re safe now,” Wade whispers, “I know that you’re probably going to be a big dum dum and get hurt again because you’re too much of a self sacrificing idiot not to, but I’m always going to be here to give you hugs and kisses and patch up your boo boos.”

A few moments later, Peter settles again. But Wade doesn’t close his eyes, he stays awake, staring up at his ceiling and breathing in Peter’s scent, keeping watch over his Omega as he slumbers.

-

Peter’s jumpy, and every little sound sets him off. Even though he’s reassured Wade that he hadn’t been touched or hurt or anything, and he’s reassured *himself* that he’s fine, he still ends up on the ceiling when the television makes a loud noise.

“Baby boy, you can come down,” Wade tries beckoning him from where he’s sitting on the couch, “the tele isn’t going to hurt you, unless you count it melting your brain and causing violence in the impressionable youth of today, no, wait, was that video games? I dunno, maybe it’s a combination of both-”

Up on the ceiling hanging next to the light, Peter takes a deep breath and closes his eyes, listening to Wade’s voice slowly calm him down. Heart rate again normal, he carefully eases his body down so the only thing left connecting him to the ceiling are his fingertips, and then drops the rest of the way into Wade’s lap.

“Sorry,” he says sheepishly.

“Nuh uh, that was kind of awesome. You’re *Spider-Man*, eek!”



“I know,” Peter smiles a little, “I’ve been Spider-Man since I was fifteen, Wade.”

“And what a cute little Spidey-boy you were,” Wade grins and plants a big wet kiss on his cheek. Peter laughs quietly and wipes the saliva away and curls up in Wade’s arms, closing his eyes and listening to the drone of the tv in the background. A newscaster is talking about a seemingly unkillable masked vigilante uncovering an illegal Omega whorehouse and human trafficking ring, and Peter feels a hot flush of pride.

“Thank you,” Peter murmurs.

“For what?” Wade asks, petting his hair.

“For saving those Omegas when I couldn’t, and for looking after me.”

“...You’re welcome, baby bird.”

-

“They grabbed me by the back of my neck,” Peter says suddenly over his pancakes. He’s only picking at them, and Wade would be offended that Peter wasn’t eating his totally amazing and one of a kind exclusive secret pancake recipe, but he’s too worried about Peter to really care.

“I’m really sorry, sweetheart, that’s shit,” is the only thing Wade can say.

“And they drugged me, and I could hear her, Britney or whatever her name was, saying that Omegas were weak and foolish and they never suspect their own kind and I just felt so fucking stupid for falling for it.” His fork stabs into a pancake, and Wade winces as the plate underneath cracks a bit.

“You’re not weak, or foolish,” Wade reassures, wanting to reach out but knowing that in that state that Peter’s in right at the moment, it wouldn’t be appreciated. “Baby boy, you’re Spidey, you’re *Peter Parker*, you’re like the complete opposite.”

“I hate being an Omega,” Peter stabs his pancake again, and this time the plate just gives up and

cracks in two. “Oh, shit, sorry.”

“Nah, it’s cool, it’s not a proper morning if a couple plates don’t break and a fork doesn’t get stuck in my table,” Wade brushes Peter’s apology off. “And you don’t mean that, honey, just because you’re an Omega doesn’t mean that you’re weak. I know a lot more Alphas who have a lot less balls than you and don’t have nearly even like a quarter of the integrity and compassion that you hold in one of your cute little toesies.”

Peter gets up from the table, carrying his plate over to the bin and dumping everything in. He sighs and then comes back, slides into Wade’s lap and hides in his neck. “Sometimes, I don’t feel like a hero at all, I just feel like a stupid kid in a costume, trying to hide the fact that I go into heat twice a year behind a mask.”

“You’re not a stupid kid, you’re smart, and strong,” Wade pats Peter’s head, “you put on a suit when you didn’t have to, and you go out there and you kick butt and save people and give them hope that the world can be better, that *they* can be better. You gave me hope, Webs.”

“Really?” Peter whispers.

“Cross my heart and hope to die, stick a needle in my eye,” Wade swears.

-

Peter figures that he’s hidden away long enough in Wade’s apartment, and it’s about time for him to face the music. “I have to go and make some excuse up to my Aunt for why I was missing for a night and didn’t tell her where I was, she’s going to *kill* me, this is the second time this year,” he sighs.

“Okay, maybe a stupid question, but why don’t you just tell her the truth?”

Peter pins Wade with A Look, and the Alpha winces.

“Because if I told her I was out every night in a skin tight high tech suit made for me by Tony Stark, fighting bad guys, getting beat up at least three times a week and investigating missing persons and oh, also getting kidnapped off the street when I’m being an idiot and given away to a fishbowl Alpha creep as a sex slave she would *freak*, and I can’t do that to her, not after- not after

Uncle Ben and everything that happened.”

“...Fair enough,” Wade says. “Want me to come with you?”

Peter stops putting his shoe that Wade had just gone out and bought him on. Thankfully, it’s not bright pink or covered in glitter and unicorns, but it does look expensive. Peter doesn’t want to know what was on that price tag. “You want to come and meet my Aunt?”

“I think you need some moral support babe, if you’re about to get yelled at after what you just went through.”

Peter hadn’t known how tense and anxious he was about this until those words hit him, and his shoulder relax a little. “Yes please,” he says gratefully, “that would be awesome, thank you.”

Smiling, Wade pulls his hood up and slips on his Hello Kitty medical mask, reaching for Peter’s hand. For a second Peter almost opens his big mouth to tell Wade that he doesn’t need to hide his face, but then he sees the tense, edgy look in Wade’s eyes, and doesn’t say anything. The Alpha is trying to hide it, but he’s nervous. Peter’s heart expands to what feels like ten times its normal size, taking up his entire chest cavity, and all he can feel is so much love for this brave, beautiful man that’s going out of his comfort zone and coming to meet his family because Peter needs him.

Squeezing the big hand in his, Peter brings it to his lips and brushes a quick kiss over the scarred knuckles. “Let’s go and get this over with.”

“I’m sure your Aunt is a lovely woman,” Wade chirps as he wraps a scarf around Peter’s neck to hide his healing bruises.

“Yeah, she’s amazing, but she also has the lungs of an elephant,” Peter sighs, and hand in hand, they walk out the door.

## Nine

### Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year friends! I hope you had a good one. :)

As always, thank you to my readers and thank you especially to the people who leave a comment, no matter how short or long they are. You guys rock!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When the front door opens to Peter and May's apartment, his Aunt's face goes through surprise, relief, happiness and then finally to fury so fast that it almost gives Peter whiplash.

"Peter Benjamin Parker, where the hell have you been?"

Uh oh, use of his full name. He's so dead. Peter winces and grips Wade's hand tighter in his. "Um, May, I can explain. I'm so sorry. But first, this is, uh, this is Wade," he says, and pulls Wade through the door from where he's been hiding behind the door frame.

"Um, hi, Mrs Parker," Wade waves a little awkwardly, his voice smaller than Peter has ever heard it. But even though the Alpha is obviously nervous, he keeps talking, "please don't be too angry with Peter. Honestly, this is kind of all my fault."

"Wade, no-" Peter starts, but Aunt May silences him with a look. His jaw slams closed without another thought.

May turns back to Wade, and suddenly she has a pleasant smile on her face. It almost gives Peter whiplash with how fast her expression changes.

"Now, it's very nice to finally meet you Wade, but unless you kidnapped Peter out of his bed two nights ago and kept him hostage somewhere where he couldn't call or text me to tell me where he was, then I sincerely doubt that this is your fault. Now, come and make yourself comfortable on the couch, I'll get you a drink, and Peter is going to go wait in his room so I can yell at him. Aren't you, Peter?"

"Yes, Aunt May," Peter squeaks, slipping his hand out of Wade's. The Alpha gives him a panicked

look, but Peter quickly goes to his tippy toes, hanging off Wade's shoulders to brush a quick kiss over Wade's cheek, whispering in Wade's ear, "don't worry, I can tell she likes you."

Still looking scared, Wade watches him leave the room, and Peter flashes him a quick smile over his shoulder as he flees into the hallway. He leans up against the wall, listening as Wade takes a seat on the couch and May gets him a soda, and they chat pleasantly for a little bit, Wade's voice tight with nerves and May's soft and kind. Even though Peter can tell that underneath May's voice she's angry as hell, and that Peter's about to get an earful, she's polite with Wade, and encouraging as Wade's voice slowly starts to get stronger and more confident. She shuts him down though when he tries to say that it's all his fault again.

"Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes, Wade. I appreciate the fact that you're worried for Peter, but he knows what he did wasn't right. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go and have a little *chat* with my nephew."

Wincing, Peter darts quietly down the hallway and into his room, sitting down on his bed and curling in on himself in guilt. Jeez, maybe telling her the truth would be better- Peter cuts that thought off before he can even finish it. Oh no, that yelling session would be way worse than the one he's about to receive. And the one he's about to get is probably going to damage his poor eardrums and possibly scar him for life.

May appears in the doorway after a minute, stepping in and closing the door behind her. Her face is like thunder. "Explain."

"I- I'm sorry," Peter starts earnestly. "I just- I kind of really wanted to go see Wade, and it was really late so I knew you wouldn't let me, so I snuck out and spent the day with him as well and kind of forgot to let you know where I was?"

"You forgot," May deadpans.

Peter shrinks in on himself even more, eyes on the floor between his feet. "Yeah," he whispers, feeling like a piece of shit. "I forgot."

"I can't believe you," May starts. "You know how much I worry. After the last few times you've gone missing and after what happened to your Uncle-" she chokes on the word and Peter feels lower than shit, because she *never* talks about Uncle Ben, "-I can't believe- I just can't believe that you would *forget*. Do you know how fucking scared I was? Thinking that something bad had happened to you? Peter, *do you?*"

And she's angry, and she's shouting, but there are tears in her eyes now, and her voice is wobbling. Peter's heart drops into his shoes, and he knows, he *knows* that this is better than telling her the truth, but it doesn't stop him from feeling like the worst person on the planet.

"I'm sorry, May," he whispers, shoulders around his ears. "I'm really sorry."

"And you snuck out to see an *Alpha*?! I don't know what I'm more angry about, the fact that you snuck out and didn't tell me for an entire day and *night* where you were, or the fact that you didn't think I would be okay with you spending time with Wade! You're eighteen, Peter, I trust you, but holy shit, I don't think I can anymore."

And Peter's beginning to cry too. "I'm so sorry, I just- I didn't think."

"You're grounded," May says, sniffing. "You're grounded until I say that you're not. You go to school, you come right back from school, you do your homework and I check in on you during the night to make sure that you're still here, and I can't believe I'm saying that because I really didn't think that this was you."

Peter just wants to die. "Okay," he whispers, tears burning in his eyes.

"Now you go out there, say goodbye to that nice Alpha, explain to him why you're not going to be seeing him for a while, and then come right back in here and- and just stay in here and be safe and not give me any more heart attacks because you're sending me to an early grave!"

"Okay," Peter whispers again, and May nods, turns sharply on her heel and stomps out of the room. Standing, Peter wipes at his eyes and takes a deep breath. Wonders if all these lies are worth it. Knows that it is, that Aunt May's anger at him and all the yelling and groundings are worth it, as long as she's safe and kept away from that part of his life.

He goes out back into the living room, where Wade is waiting anxiously on the couch. When he sees Peter he stands quickly, abandoning his soda on the coffee table and striding over to Peter to engulf him in a hug.

Enveloped in Wade's scent and arms, Peter feels himself tearing up again. The last few days have been really shit, and knowing that he's not going to be able to see Wade again for a while makes it even worse.

“How bad was it?” Wade whispers into his hair.

Peter sniffs and buries his face further into Wade’s chest. “Bad. Angry is an understatement. Furious would be a better adjective. Enraged. Throthing at the mouth. Hitting the ceiling level of mad. But the worst thing was that she cried. I’m the fucking worst.”

“I’m so sorry, cupcake,” Wade kisses the top of his head, tips Peter’s head up with a gentle finger and kisses his forehead and both eyelids, brushing tears away with his scarred lips.

“I’m grounded,” Peter says. “I’m not allowed to see you.”

“Honey-” Wade says, “I can- I can try talk her out of it?”

And Peter knows how much Wade would hate to do that, argue with someone that he really really wants to like him, and honestly, he loves Wade more for it. But he can’t make Wade do that. “No. It’s okay. She won’t ground me forever. And I can call you, right? If I need you?”

“Of course. Anytime, sweetheart, I’ll pick up. I could be taking a monster shit while defusing a very delicate bomb while watching a lost never before seen Golden Girls episode that was only airing that one time and I would still pick up and talk to you as long as you needed.”

Peter laughs wetly. “Thanks Wade. Not about hearing about you taking a monster shit, but wow, you love Golden Girls. I’m honoured.”

“You should be. And hey, sometimes the tacos get backed up in the good old Pool system, sometimes the shit is a monster, and it takes up all my concentration to -yeah okay, I’ll stop, sorry babe.” Wade squeezes him a little tighter, and Peter sighs into the hold.

“You should probably leave before she comes back in here and starts yelling again.”

“Yeah, I couldn’t hear everything from here, but wow-zah, I think my balls withdrew so far into my body that I’ll never find them again.”

“Shame,” Peter pouts and kisses Wade lightly on the chin. Even though Wade is bending down to hug him and he’s on his tippy toes, he still has to strain a little. But he doesn’t feel annoyed by it, on the contrary, he’s still as enamoured by Wade’s size as he was the first day he saw the costumed merc. “I like your balls.”

“You and nobody else,” Wade smiles down at him, and he’s still so damn handsome despite his scarred and twisted skin and his eyes are so brown and beautiful that Peter goes a little weak at the knees.

“I’ll see you sometime soon, hopefully,” Peter pulls the Alpha down for a proper kiss, sealing their lips together sweetly. Wade makes a surprised sound at his strength, but then wraps his big arms around Peter’s small waist and lifts him off the ground so his neck isn’t at such an awkward angle. Peter’s toes dangle an inch off the carpet as they kiss.

“I’m going to miss you,” Peter says as he lets Wade out the front door. “Like, really, really badly.”

“Me too, lovebuns, like a fat kid misses chocolate cake,” Wade sighs. “But if you really need me, I’ll come. I’ll endure a lifetime of yelling from your Aunt, and she may skin me alive and rip my knot from my dick, but I’ll do it for you. God knows I’ve endured a lot worse for a lot less.”

“My hero,” Peter smiles.

Wade throws up a peace sign, grinning, and then starts to take off his hoodie. Peter blinks as the Alpha deposits it into his arms.

“Wade, it’s about to snow, I can’t take your hoodie! You’ll freeze!”

“Don’t try and tell me you aren’t sad that your other hoodie that I gave you is prolly long gone, baby boy. I know how much time you spent in it. Here’s a replacement, free of charge, and you can’t say that Deadpool’s Comfy Hoodies and Other Such Clothings Company for Teeny Tiny Cutie Pie Omega’s™ customer service isn’t impeccable.”

“Wade-”

A gloved finger over his lips silences him.



“Nuh uh, baby bird, no buts. Just take it.”

Grumbling, Peter does. They kiss one more time in the doorway, and it takes May clearing her throat pointedly from the kitchen for them to break apart. Wade leaves reluctantly, and Peter watches him leave just as reluctantly, but the hoodie clutched tight against Peter’s chest, still warm and fresh with Wade’s scent, helps the heartache.

-

“That sucks, dude. She can’t ground you for your entire life!”

Peter shrugs, not bothering to look up from his phone as he scrolls through different news sites.

“Peter’s going to be an old Omega, retired and married with like three kids and still be confined to his bedroom,” MJ drawls, tipping back on her library chair and trying to balance a pencil on her nose.

“No way, she can’t do that!” Ned whines. “We’re going to graduate soon anyway; Peter’s gonna go to college and move out and stuff!”

“She’ll probably put a tracking device around his ankle and electrocute him if he goes anywhere but class and his dorm.” The pencil falls off her nose, and MJ curses under her breath, scrambling to catch it before it falls to the floor and gets lost between the table legs.

“I’m pretty sure that violates at least three different human rights,” Ned points out.

“Five,” Peter says absently as he navigates to the Daily Bugle. The top article has been on the same topic all week; the scandal surrounding the many politicians, police officers and military personnel involved with the Omega trafficking ring that had been busted last week by a mysterious vigilante dressed in a Hello Kitty medical mask. What’s new, however, is the story underneath.

SPIDER MENACE FINALLY UNMASKED

Peter's heart almost stops. He clicks on the article before he chickens out, breaking into a cold sweat, and skims the article quickly. He relaxes almost instantly; the title was obviously clickbait, the entire thing is the journalist making fun of a recently jailed Mysterio (actual name Quentin Beck) and his claims that Spider-Man is a small, generic looking Omega that knocked him out in his apartment. Peter is so relieved that nobody seems to believe the former villain that he almost doesn't take offence to the fact that nobody thinks that an Omega could be Spider-Man, or any hero for the matter, judging from the way the article is written. Well, for the first time and probably the last, Peter can thank bigoted Alphas for their sexist ways for keeping his identity a secret. But even if they did believe Mysterio, there's hardly any description of him to go off, just small, brown haired and maybe brown eyed Omega.

"Peter? Are you okay? You kind of just went really pale?"

Locking his phone screen, Peter slips it back into his pocket and smiles at Ned. "I'm fine. Just thinking that it's gonna be hard to build that new Millennium Falcon lego model with you this weekend if May doesn't change her mind on the whole grounding thing."

"Aw, man," Ned whines, and MJ rolls her eyes.

"Honestly, you being grounded might actually be a good thing. Nerds."

-

Peter's phone buzzes next to his head on his pillow. Smiling, Peter abandons his textbook, rolls over and picks it up.

*bb hv u fownd owt hw lng ur grownded 4????*

***Until I'm 50 .***

*yikes dnt wry sweety ill wait 4 u ull stil b hawt whn ur 50 ;)*

***Thanks, Wade. Good to know that you're only sticking around for my good looks.***

*& ur booty ;) dats sum ripe treasure dere, & imma plunda dat lyke i onli hav 1 i & a pegleg*

Snorting, Peter starts to type out a reply but Wade beats him to it.

*btw i lied*

*i cant wait*

And just as Peter is beginning to frown, there's a tap on his window. Fighting back a grin, he scrambles to the end of his bed, lifts the blinds and can't hold back his smile when he sees Wade outside in full costume, hanging precariously from the window sill. His massive frame hardly fits, and when he sees Peter he waves enthusiastically and almost falls off.

"Oh my god, Wade, what are you doing?" Peter hurries to slide open the window, helping Wade through and shushing him when the Alpha makes a big 'oof' as he lands on Peter's bed.

"I told you before, sweet cheeks, I couldn't wait to see my favourite little webhead!" He pulls his mask off and flings it to the side, and underneath his face is scarred and open and bright with a mischievous grin. Gosh, Peter's done for.

"If May catches you here, she's gonna freak! I'm not supposed to see you! And I think she really did like you, so I don't want you on her shitlist as well for sneaking in while I'm grounded, it would suck if she decided that you're a bad influence on me," Peter mumbles, and he looks so sad at the imaginary scenario that Wade's heart quivers and he jumps on top of the small Omega, hoping to smother all the sadness away.

Laughing quietly, Peter wriggles against his sheets to get more comfortable with the huge Alpha practically squishing him into the mattress. "Wade! Really, you have to go! She's been checking in on me during the night to make sure I'm still here!" But even as he says that, his arms are wrapping around Wade's big shoulders and he's tipping his head back, letting Wade rub his face in his neck and the scent glands found there.

"But I haven't seen you for like an entire week!" Wade whines into his skin, "I'm going into withdrawal. I'm gonna *die*. Help, I'm meliiiiiiing," he slobbers over Peter's neck, and the Omega squirms, giggling and pushing Wade's bald head away from him.

“Gross! Wade, stop it!”

Pouting, Wade grumbles and lies his head down on Peter’s chest, listening to his heartbeat. More seriously, he says, “I haven’t seen you in a week, baby boy. I just wanted to see if you’re doing okay. You went through something pretty damn terrible.”

“We speak like everyday on the phone,” Peter mumbles, but really, he’s pretty damn happy that Wade’s managed to sneak in and see him. Peter’s been pretending that he’s fine, and he’s doing a pretty good job of it, and mostly he *is* fine, but having Wade here with him settles something in him that he didn’t even notice was anxious and unsteady. Hearing Wade’s voice everyday was one thing, but having Wade’s heavy reassuring weight on top of him, his heady scent in his nose and his fingers in Peter’s hair, that’s just so much better. “Really, I’m fine.”

Wade lifts his head to look Peter in the eye. “Mmhmm,” he says, “how’re the nightmares?”

This time, Peter squirms a little in guilt. “Better, especially after I call you.”

“Call me every night before you go to sleep, then,” Wade insists. “I’ll be your personal nightmare hunter. I’ll wear a big trench coat and carry a big stick around with a dreamcatcher on the end and make sure no bad dreams come near you!”

“You’re sweet,” Peter smiles.

“Not as sweet as you,” Wade says cheesily, and leans down to kiss Peter. And it’s the understatement of the century to say that Peter’s missed this, Wade’s lips against his, his taste strong in Peter’s mouth, his tongue slick and hot against Peter’s. Whimpering, the Omega lifts his thighs to encase Wade’s thick waist in them, rubbing himself up against the Alpha above him.

Cursing under his breath, the Alpha pulls back. “Petey-Pie, if you start something like that, your Aunt is definitely going to hear us,” Wade’s voice is huskier and his interest is beginning to swell in his costume next to Peter’s, even as he tries to draw back. “And knowing how loud you get, there’s a snowball’s chance in hell of that not happening. Don’t get me wrong, I fucking love how loud you get, it’s drives me wild, and I’m talking off the beaten path, into the cannibal tribe lands of New Guinea, into a fucking alien forest on a planet never before seen, but yeah, I don’t think your Aunt would enjoy seeing her innocent nephew being porked by a big bad hairless ball sack looking Alpha like me.”

“You’re not a big bad Alpha, Wade. Big, yes, bad, no, and stop calling yourself ugly. You’re not.”

“I think every reflective surface and sentient being in the universe would disagree with you there, baby boy.”

Huffing, Peter plants one foot on the mattress and pushes, easily flipping Wade over onto his back and settling comfortably on the Alpha’s hips. Wade blinks up at him in surprise, mouth open in a small ‘o’. “Hot damn, I think I just creamed myself,” he whispers.

Blushing, Peter ignores the words. “Are you saying I’m not a sentient being?” He asks, eyebrows raised. Wade goes to reply, but before he can get a word out Peter rolls his hips down, riding over Wade’s semi and biting his lip as it springs to full hardness almost immediately against his butt.

Wade’s words kind of come out more like, “nnfg,” and his hips buck up. Refusing to be unseated, Peter pins him down under his thighs with his Spidey strength, rolling his hips again.

“This is unfair,” Wade pants, “you’re diverting all my blood from my brain to my dick, I can’t-” Peter begins to roll his hips faster, whining in the back of his throat as the seat of his pants begin to dampen from his slick. “Sweetheart, this is a complete abuse of your attractiveness and strength and *fuck-*” Peter bends down and bites Wade on the side of his neck, little teeth digging into textured flesh. Wade’s cock twitches in his costume and he rumbles deep in his chest.

“Okay, that fucking does it,” Wade growls, and Peter lets him flip them over again, gasping as Wade pushes up the hoodie he’d given Peter and fastens his teeth around one of his nipples.

“Wade!” Peter’s fingers scramble for purchase on Wade’s wide shoulders, finding grip around the leather harness that usually houses Wade’s katanas. The Alpha sucks hard, leather covered fingers abusing his other nipple, until Peter is a mess against his sheets, tears in his eyes and wet between his legs, his nipples red and puffy and wonderfully sore.

“Wade, please-” he whines, and then makes a surprised squeak as Wade covers his mouth with a hand, stifling any more noises.

“Shh, baby boy, can’t have your Aunt hear you,” Wade rumbles, tweaking an oversensitive nipple again. Peter quivers and gasps warm air against Wade’s palm, squeezing his eyes shut in embarrassment. Aunt May is just down the hall, and he can’t believe that they’re about to do this, but holy shit something about that kind of turns him on a little more. And yeah, he’s not going to

admit it though, not even under pain of death.

Gloved fingers pry his lips apart, and Peter welcomes them into his mouth, making a quiet sound as the taste of leather permeates over his tongue. He peeks through his wet lashes to see Wade grinning down at him and bites down playfully in retaliation.

“You little rascal,” Wade murmurs, and finally, *finally*, grinds down against Peter’s aching hard on. Peter moans quietly around Wade’s fingers, feeling more slick leak from him, and pushes back upwards eagerly.

“Someone’s an eager beaver,” Wade smiles, and he begins an agonisingly slow pace, grinding their clothed erections together, until Peter’s pretty sure he can’t take it anymore and he’s about to burst.

The fingers in his mouth withdraw, and Wade leans down to kiss him, mouths hot and messy against each other’s, Peter’s overly wet and saliva slick from Wade’s fingers pinning his tongue to the bottom of his mouth.

“Please-” Peter starts to beg as Wade pulls back for a breath, and then yelps as Wade’s hand is suddenly down the back of his pajama bottoms and underwear, grabbing a handful of his butt. “Oh my god-” He whines, because then Wade’s fingers are sliding through his slick, between his cheeks and-

They both freeze as they hear a door opening down the hall.

“Shit-” Peter swears, and Wade is scrambling up off of him, tumbling off the side of the bed and looking for his mask that he flung somewhere. “Shit, you have to leave, oh fuck,” Peter yanks his shirt down, wiping his mouth with the back of his palm and opening up the window with his other hand.

Wade makes a quiet sound of triumph as he finds his mask, stuffing it into one of his pouches quickly, and scrambles through the window as fast as an Alpha with a full hard on can. He clings to the window sill and gives Peter one last quick kiss, “this was great, we should do it again sometime,” he grins, “with more bump and grind and less of me escaping through your window like some kind of criminal.”

“The only criminal thing about this is that you have to leave,” Peter whines, and then pulls back when he hears footsteps down the hall. “Shit, sorry, I have to- she’s coming in-”

“See ya later, baby bird,” Wade drops off the window sill into the darkness, and Peter doesn’t have time to check if he’s landed okay, he just closes the window, yanks the blinds down, quickly switches off his bedside lamp and huddles under the covers, hoping to hell May wouldn’t be able to smell his slick and arousal and Wade’s heavy Alpha scent. Because talk about mortifying, holy shit.

But Peter’s door only opens a crack, and when May sees him curled up in bed, eyes closed and breath slow and steady, the door closes again, and footsteps fade back down the hall.

Peter only relaxes when he hears her bedroom door shut again, and pouts into the darkness. He’s still hard and still slick between his legs, and he really wants Wade back in his bed and between his thighs so they can start up where they left off, but sadly, that isn’t going to happen. Sighing, he reaches down and quickly jerks himself off, biting the back of his hand to keep himself quiet as he imagines Wade’s big, hard body looming over him, hands holding his legs up and apart as the Alpha slowly sinks his cock into Peter’s welcoming body.

When he finally falls asleep, Peter doesn’t have any nightmares.

## Chapter End Notes

This fic is slowly coming to a close. I have a feeling that there will be probably two more chapters after this, and then maybe an epilogue? I'm excited but also sad, because this will be the first multi-chaptered thing that I've ever finished (well, come close to finishing haha, fingers crossed that I actually do) and it's been such a fun time.  
:D

Thank you so much for reading!

# Ten

## Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this took so long! Writer's block sucks so bad.

Um, warnings for a little bit of violence and Wade giving someone only two choices, one of which is suicide. If you're sensitive to that kind of thing, please skip the section after Wade and Peter's rooftop meet-up. There is no actual suicide, if that helps, and Wade is basically just trying to force the guy into confessing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After what seems like an age but is only really three weeks and four days of being grounded, Aunt May sits Peter down at the dinner table.

“No more disappearing for days without letting me know,” she says, peering over her glasses at him.

Peter, sitting up straighter than he ever has, nods fervently. “Of course.”

“I know you’re graduating soon and you’re probably getting tired of all the rules and ready to go out into the big world and make your mark, but you’re still under my roof. And as long as you are, you will come home every night, go to bed and *stay* there until morning, kapeesh?”

Internally wincing, Peter crosses his fingers underneath the table and hopes his face still looks honest. Just to be safe he crosses his toes in his socks as well. “Definitely. That’s totally fair.”

May peers at him closely for a second, and Peter feels himself start to sweat. But then she lets out a sigh and sits back in her chair. “I’m sorry if I was a bit hard on you. But I love you, Peter, and you really scared the shit out of me.”

“I know,” Peter mutters. “I’m really sorry.”

“I know you are,” May smiles. “And you’ve definitely served your time. Jeez, I remember when I snuck out at night to go see a handsome young Alpha and got caught. I did not take the punishment



as well as you did. Peter, you're a really good kid, you know. I'm really proud of you, even after this whole debacle."

Peter feels his ears flush. He shifts in his seat, uncomfortable. "Um, thanks," he manages, looking down at the table.

"You're not grounded anymore. You can stay out later, just let me know where you are, okay? And if you want to spend the night at someone's house, you let me know who it is, where you are, and when you'll be home. Yeah?"

Peter perks up. "I promise I will."

"Good," May stands up. "Now enough of this responsible adult talk, it's making me feel old. Wanna watch a trashy action movie?"

"I'll make the popcorn!" Peter jumps out of his chair and reaches for the packets of instant popcorn in the back of the pantry. As he's standing next to the microwave, waiting the two minutes and thirty seven seconds it takes for the bag to reach maximum pop without burning any of the popcorn (he's got this down to an art) he takes out his phone and texts Wade the good news.

"I've decided on Cobra," May says as she comes back into the kitchen. "Hurry up with that popcorn young man, we haven't got all day."

"You know you can't rush this process, otherwise the popcorn will burn and not all the kernels will pop and you'll complain about the smoky taste and I'll have to do another one so you'll have to wait even longer--"

"All right! Jeez, calm down," May laughs. "Take as long as you like. And let Wade know that he's invited to come over for dinner tomorrow night, if he would like to come."

A slow smile takes over Peter's face. "Really?"

"Really," May smiles.

“Okay,” Peter grins, “I’ll let him know later.”

“Don’t pretend you’re not texting him right now,” May teases, “I know you too well. Tell him to bring ice cream. Triple chocolate fudge if he knows what’s good for him.”

“As if I would let him bring anything else,” Peter scoffs and gets right to texting Wade.

-

“Freedom!” Peter yells as he swings through the streets. It feels amazing to finally be back out at night, suit on and muscles stretching as the wind rushes past his face.

“I’ve missed you, Peter,” Karen speaks into his ear. “The past month has been extraordinarily boring being locked up in your closet. And you must do your laundry in the next few days. The pile of dirty socks I was under is close to reaching critical mass.”

“Whoops,” Peter winces. “Sorry Karen. If it helps, I totally missed you too,” Peter lets go of a web and lets himself fly upwards, cresting and then free falling downwards, the city lights blurring at the sides of his vision as the ground gets closer and closer. He laughs and twists at the last second, firing out a web and swinging around a horizontal traffic light, flinging himself upwards again and landing lightly on the side of a rooftop.

“Baby boy!”

“Wade!” Peter throws himself forward into the waiting Alpha’s arms, latching himself to Wade’s big body and nuzzling into his neck, almost purring with how happy he is. “It’s so good to see you again.”

“I missed you soooooo much, you have no idea,” Wade hefts him higher in his arms and Peter yanks his mask off so Wade can litter his face with little kisses. “I even painted a body pillow to look like you, but it only made me sadder because it didn’t smell like you at all and it’s butt was too soft and not the right shape and not as bootylicious as yours and it couldn’t talk at all or fall asleep on me or give me awesome blowjobs so it kind of just turned into one big tissue I used to cry on and then the paint smudged so overall it was a terrible idea and oh my gawd I missed your cute little button nose scrunching up like that!”

“I don’t scrunch my nose up,” Peter pouts, totally scrunching his nose up. “And I hope you threw it out. I’m the only one you’re allowed to cuddle,” he sniffs.

“Are you jealous of a shitty body pillow?” Wade grins, “Eeee! You totally are!”

“Am not,” Peter grumbles, hiding his face in Wade’s shoulder again.

“Liar, liar, pants on fire,” Wade singsongs, and Peter starts to squeeze him in retaliation. Wheezing, Wade laughs, “okay, okay! I threw it out, don’t worry your pretty head about it, it was a terrible substitute and I will never cuddle anything else that isn’t you ever again.”

“Good,” Peter stops squeezing his Alpha and wriggles out of Wade’s hold, sliding down to stand properly.

“Hot damn,” Wade says, giving him a look over. “Holy shit, you’re totally Spidey! I mean, I knew you were Spidey, but seeing you in costume, all spandexy and yummy, it really drives the nail home, ya know? Shiiiiit, I can’t believe I’m dating Webs!”

“You better believe it,” Peter sticks his tongue out and then pulls his mask back on, turning around. “Hop on!”

“Oh em gee,” Wade squeals, tugging his mask back down and climbing up on Peter’s back. “All my dreams are coming true. What did I do to deserve this? Praise be, heaven is real and it’s taking a ride on Spidey’s back, hehe.”

Peter laughs and rolls his eyes. They probably make a silly picture, a huge Alpha in full costume, katanas strapped to his back and about two dozen knives and guns hidden on his person, clinging onto the back of a small Omega in skin tight spandex, standing on the edge of a rooftop about one hundred feet in the air. “Hold on tight!”

Wade does, but by coping a huge feel of Peter’s butt. Squealing, Peter fudges his takeoff and hastily shoots out another web. “Wade! I didn’t mean my butt!”

“Uh, what else was I supposed to hold onto, like your shoulders or something?” Wade snorts and then starts tickling Peter with his other hand. Shrieking with laughter, the Omega loses hold of his web. Luckily, there’s a rooftop garden right beneath them, and they crashland in a hydrangea bush.

“Wade! Stop! We could’ve been killed!” Peter squirms underneath Wade, laughing as the Alpha attacks his sides.

“Me dying is a definite no-no, and I totally would die before letting you die sweetcheeks, so therefore us dying would be a complete impossibility.”

“That doesn’t even make sense!” Peter finally decides enough is enough and flips them over, pinning Wade’s hands above his head.

“Reowr,” Wade growls, “I like this.”

“Of course you do,” Peter laughs and pushes his mask up, leaning down and pushing Wade’s mask up as well so he can seal their lips together. “So, are you coming to dinner tomorrow?”

“Totes my goats,” Wade confirms, straining upwards in an effort to lock lips with Peter again. “Wouldn’t miss it for the world!”

“Awesome,” Peter grins, evading Wade’s efforts. “Just so you know, Aunt May wants to make a pot roast, but she can’t cook at *all*, so be prepared for a lot of smoke and swearing and soggy peas and a defeated call to the nearest pizza place.”

“Sounds amazing, I can’t wait, definitely appreciate the warning honey butt but can we please get back to the kissing part?” Wade whines.

“Good things come to those who wait,” Peter teases, but lets go of Wade’s wrists and lets the Alpha flip them around, curling his arms around Wade’s wide shoulders and tipping his chin up for Wade’s kiss.

“It feels like I’ve waited an ice age and a half,” Wade complains, “I think my knot’s been frozen off, so gotta warm things up again by making out in three, two, one-”

They proceed to make out in somebody’s poor, squished hydrangea bushes, until the owner comes out brandishing a broom and yelling obscenities. They hastily make an escape off the rooftop, Wade clinging to Peter’s back again as Peter swings away, both of them laughing so hard that they

cry.

-

Whistling, Wade spins his gun around on his finger. “Would you hurry up and make up your mind already? If you make me late to dinner with my hunny bun and his amazingly lovely Aunt you’re going to make me very, *very* angry. And you won’t like me when I’m angry. I’m a lot less blah blah and a lot more *pew, pew*, if you get what I mean!”

Sweating, the Beta across from him glances from him, the cell phone in front of him on the desk, the knife next to it, and then back up at Wade. His fat fingers tremble where they clutch at the arms of his plush, overly expensive leather desk chair.

Wade lifts an eyebrow under his mask. “Well? Come ooon, it’s not like it’s hard. There’s only two options here!”

The Beta sweats even more, his dank hair sticking to his pale forehead. “Why are you doing this?” He croaks.

“Nuh uh, that’s not one of your choices,” Wade sing songs. “I’ll lay it all out again for you, since you seem to have forgotten.” He gets up from his armchair and takes a step closer to the desk. The metal of his gun glints in the dim light of the really rather well hidden safe house (well, not hidden enough to escape him and Weasel’s honestly slightly scarily far reaching spy and information net, really, that man needed a new hobby, actually no, he didn’t, it was really rather useful, it would’ve taken Wade a lot longer than a month to find this place) as he points to the objects on the desk. “Phone, or knife. Knife, or phone. It’s really not that complicated.”

“I- I can’t, you can’t make me do this, please-”

Wade looms further over the Beta. Behind him, one of the goons guarding the place groans and shifts where Wade had dumped him against the wall. Without even looking, he pulls out a knife and throws it deftly over his shoulder. The hilt of the knife makes a dull thud as it connects with a skull, and the groaning stops.

The Beta whimpers.

Wade points with his gun again. "Phone. Or knife," he says slowly.

"I have a family, please-"

"Oh no, oh, he has a *family*, why didn't you say so before, gosh I would *never* have done this if I had just known that he had a *family*, " Wade simpers, and then slams his hands down on the desk, the heavy oak wood splintering under his wide palms. His scent sharpens, hones down into something deep and dangerous and suffocating, overwhelming the sour smell of the frightened Beta in front of him. "You should have thought about them before you went and set up a fucking whore house full of kidnapped, under age Omegas, you sick *fuck* ."

"I had to make money somehow, you don't understand-"

And yeah, this Beta, Wade isn't even going to say his name because it makes him so fucking *angry*, is the actual worst.

"I don't want to *hear it* ," Wade hisses. "Phone, or knife?"

The Beta is crying now. "Why- why don't you just kill me?"

"So glad you asked," Wade smiles slowly. "Because a pretty little bird has faith in me, and I'm trying to leave all that unaliving and looting and pillaging for shit and gigs behind me, so I can come maybe even one teeny tiny hundredth of a fraction anywhere close to being worthy of said pretty little bird, and maybe even start to like myself in the process. It's this whole bettering yourself thing, you know, really has something going for it. Which is why I'm giving you a choice, either *phone* ," he points with his gun again, "or *knife* ."

"Or what?" The Beta is looking at him like he's crazy.

"Or I'll make the choice for you, and it'll be a *painful* one."

"You're going to end up killing me anyway," the Beta tries, and oh, he's a slippery one, trying to talk his way out of this. "I call the FBI and confess, they put me away for life. It's a death sentence. I choose the knife and kill myself, you're forcing me to kill myself. That's murder."

“Nuh uh,” Wade says. “That’s suicide, read a dictionary, damn. And anyway, you should be thankful, if my gorgeous little cupcake had been *touched* or you’d caught me a few months ago, you would be in tiny wee bloody pieces scattered across the room, and I’d be laughing as I danced through your various body fluids and made a sculpture out of your eyeballs and toes, *wow* I was fucked up back then.”

“You’re crazy,” the Beta sobs.

“Yeah, I know,” Wade chirps, “and I’m also getting *annoyed* . Now fucking choose, you piece of shit, or I’ll rip one of your limbs off and shove it up so far up your ass. And believe me, I won’t let you bleed out before you make your goddamn motherfucking *choice* .”

The Beta opens his mouth again, imploring, but Wade growls deep in his chest, menacing. His fingers twitch against the wood of the desk, and oh, he knows, he knows he shouldn’t, but he could just dip the tip of his favourite knife into the Beta’s cheek, make his mouth a bit wider, cut through the fatty flesh like butter and spill that pretty red liquid down over his quivering, weak chin, run the knife up and split the jelly of his eyeball open so it bursts like a grape-

Hastily, the Beta picks up the phone.

Wade smiles.

-

“Sorry I’m late, baby boy,” Wade apologises as he walks through the front door, “some business just went a little over time.”

“You’re only a few minutes late, don’t worry ‘bout it,” Peter smiles, going up on his tiptoes and greeting the Alpha with a quick peck on the cheek.

“I bought ice cream!” Wade exclaims, holding one arm up to brandish the container, “and sprinkles! You can’t have ice cream without rainbow sprinkles!” His other arm wraps around Peter’s small waist and he lifts the Omega off the floor with no trouble at all, burying his face into Peter’s sweet smelling neck. He takes a deep breath and the metallic stink of blood is replaced by Peter’s raspberry liquorice and sunshine scent, scaring all the bad away.

“Wade? What’s wrong?” Peter whispers, his dry, warm palms cupping the back of Wade’s bald head. “Are you okay?”

Wade takes another deep breath, feels his shoulders relax, and when he pulls back and looks Peter in the eye his smile is soft and real. “Yeah, I’m peachy, Petey.”

“...Okay,” Peter says. Wade just holds Peter tighter to him, and kisses him breathless.

-

“Here, have some of mine,” Wade hands over two slices of his pepperoni extra cheese extra mushrooms no anchovies and *definity* no pineapple or people will die pizza onto Peter’s empty plate, which Peter had just been mourning.

“Oh, you don’t- um, thank you,” Peter goes a little red and looks over at May across the dinner table, because an Alpha giving an Omega food, especially off their own plate, is a pretty serious sign of- well, *intentions* .

But May just smiles and finishes off her last slice, and as Wade piles Peter’s dessert bowl with a second helping of triple chocolate fudge ice cream later she just hands over the rainbow sprinkles to Wade with a wink.

“Wade, you can stay the night if you want, but no funny business,” May concedes as they’re sitting around the lounge in various states of food comas, halfway through Hot Fuzz. “Well, at least make sure I can’t hear anything, okay?”

Peter puts his face in his hands in shame. “Oh my god, May, no,” he groans, “I would- that’s just- ew.” It’s even more humiliating because of what he and Wade had, uh, gotten up to a couple weeks before in Peter’s bedroom. He can’t believe they’d almost *done the deed* down the hall from her.

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” Wade promises, “even if Petey-Pie here tries to jump poor little old me and seduce me with his Omega wiles I would never under your respectable roof, Mrs Parker. Scout’s honour!” He salutes smartly as Peter tries to become one with the couch.

“You have my complete trust, Scout Wilson,” May nods primly, faux authoritative even as her eyes sparkle with humour. “I leave my nephew in your capable care.”



“I hate both of you,” Peter grumbles.

-

The news breaks about the mastermind behind the Omega trafficking confessing the next morning. The FBI try to spin it around so it sounds like they’d pressured him into it, but there’s the telling fact that they hadn’t had him in custody until the night before, and reportedly had no idea who or where the Beta was.

Peter watches the news sleepily on his phone, cuddled up into Wade’s side on his bed as the morning light streaks through the room. The tension in Wade’s shoulders last night suddenly makes more sense now.

“You’re a good man,” Peter whispers, brushing a light kiss over the roughness of Wade’s cheek. “You might think you’re not, but you really, really are.”

The sleeping Alpha mumbles incoherently and holds Peter closer, and the Omega drops his phone into the sheets and cuddles up. He knows that the man could’ve easily been found floating face down in a river that morning instead, but now he’s going to face the full frontal assault of the outraged public and the legal system. “Thank you, Alpha,” he yawns quietly.

“You’re welcome,” Wade rumbles, and when Peter glances up a sliver of brown is peeking down at him. Smiling, Peter stretches up and gives him a light good morning kiss.

Making a low, happy sound in the back of his throat, Wade rolls them over so he’s bracketing Peter’s smaller body underneath his. “You smell- you smell amazing,” he groans, fitting his face into Peter’s sleep warm neck and inhaling.

Squirming, Peter goes still as Wade brushes his teeth over the sensitive skin of his throat. A familiar tightness, low in his stomach, suddenly becomes apparent now that Peter’s more awake. Peter’s breath hitches, and his hold becomes tight on the width of Wade’s shoulders.

“Baby?” Wade draws back as the sweetness of Peter’s scent is lightly tinged with surprise. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m going into heat,” Peter blurts, and Wade freezes.

“It’s three months early and it makes no sense I don’t know why but it definitely feels like it, I wasn’t showing any signs last night and I haven’t had any cramps but I-” Peter shifts a little, bites his lip as he suddenly realises how sensitive he’s become. He’s half hard in his pjs, and he feels soft and swollen inside. Soon, he’ll start leaking slick. “Yeah, that’s definitely heat symptoms.”

Wade’s nostrils flare, and he takes a big breath, scenting the air. He catches a whiff of Peter’s premature heat and he squeezes his eyes shut, strong hands curling into fists beside Peter’s face where the Alpha is bracing. “Fuck,” he breathes, “is something wrong? Are you sick? You don’t smell sick, you smell-” he groans, cutting himself off and obviously trying to gather himself.

Peter tries to think for a bit through the panic and the preheat haze clouding his mind. “Maybe-sometimes, sometimes when an Alpha and Omega are, um, super compatible the Omega goes into a spontaneous heat to encourage a bonding, but we’ve been together for months now and oh-maybe, maybe it’s because, um, you know, I was really stressed out when we met, and I did- I *did* go into a heat like right after we first kissed but it was a really bad one, and maybe now that I’ve had a month of forced rest and we’re finally spending some proper time together my body’s decided to try again?”

Wade listens to Peter’s explanation patiently, even though Peter can tell he’s holding himself back. “An early heat isn’t going to hurt you?” Wade asks, “it’s not unhealthy or anything like that?”

“I don’t think so,” Peter says slowly, and now that he’s pretty sure he’s figured it out the panicked haze starts to leak away. “I have to tell May, and damn it I’m going to miss school again,” he groans.

Wade makes movements to get up off the bed. Peter makes an unhappy sound and fists his fingers into Wade’s sleep shirt. “Where are you going?”

The Alpha blinks. “I’m going to tell your Aunt and then go get you some yummy nutritious snacks and water and everything and anything I can think of that you want and then I’m going to scent mark your entire apartment and stand outside your front door and growl at anybody who even looks funny in your general direction-”

“You’re not going to spend my heat with me?” Peter asks, his heart sinking. “Do you not want to?” He whispers, fingers going slack on Wade’s shirt. He wants to curl up in a ball and cry, goddamn stupid heat hormones.

“No- no of course I do!” Wade makes a distressed sound at Peter’s heartbroken expression. “Baby boy there’s nothing more I would even want in the entire fucking universe, but do you- do you want *me*? ”

Peter looks at Wade like he’s insane. “Duh,” he sniffs.

Wade’s face twitches for a second, and a slow, beautiful smile stretches across his face. Peter’s heart quivers a little. “Okay,” the Alpha says softly, like he’s afraid if he speaks too loud Peter will change his mind and throw him out onto the street or something. “I’ll go and tell May-”

“I’m coming as well; she’ll want to know that I want to spend it with you,” Peter says, hopping off the bed. His heat has barely started, he’ll be lucid for at least a couple more hours. “Come on,” he demands, holding his hand out for Wade, “hurry. I don’t wanna wait long.”

Wade’s hand is dry and warm when he takes Peter’s, his eyes wide and glistening a little. Smiling, Peter tugs him along and out of his room.

## Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think! :o And I guess we all know what's going to be happening next chapter. ;)

# Eleven

## Chapter Summary

Peter gets fucked doooooown.

## Chapter Notes

Warnings for the whole dub-conny aspect of an Omega heat. Peter and Wade do the dirty before Peter's heat hits properly, so I feel like he consents whole-heartedly, but be careful if that kinda thing freaks you out a bit.

-

AHHHH i'm so sorry that this took me so long! I hope the porn helps you forgive me.  
>< Good news is I've finally started my DREAM JOB GUYS I'M SO FUCKING HAPPY AAHHHH so now that I've finally got a proper schedule I can write a little bit more regularly and you won't have to go TWO FREAKING MONTHS without an update i'm so sorry ;-;

Also I needed some smut and fluff after endgame oof

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The taxi ride is hell.

Well, if hell is having the sweetest, prettiest, bravest, most perfect Omega sitting next to you smelling of a mouthwatering oncoming heat, who's super into you and totally willing to have you all up in their junk and like the love of your life, and you can't touch them because you're in the middle of New York morning rush hour traffic and the taxi driver up front keeps giving you side eye in the rear view mirror.

Wade bears his teeth right back at them and the driver goes back to staring out of the front windscreen into the traffic, eyes a little wide.

"That's right, just keep driving," Wade growls under his breath, narrowing his eyes and fingering the sharp edge of his knife in his pocket.

“Wade,” Peter hisses out of the corner of his mouth, “don’t scare the taxi driver. He’s not Dopinder, he doesn’t know that you aren’t gonna rip his throat out with your bare teeth.”

“Who says I’m not gonna?” Wade rumbles, and snarls as the taxi driver glances back up. “He keeps *looking* at you.”

“He’s not, he’s looking at you because it looks like you’re about to murder him!” Peter whispers furiously and then whimpers, curling up over his stomach as a cramp yanks at his belly.

Wade immediately turns in his seat and pulls Peter towards him, enveloping the Omega in his arms. “Shit, baby boy, you okay?”

Peter nods, turning his face into Wade’s shoulder and biting his lip. “I’m fine. Just a cramp. I just- I wanna be alone with you right now, preferably in a bed and really naked.”

Wade drops his chin on Peter’s curls, stroking his back. “Soon, honeybuns, we’ll be home soon and you’ll be getting all the nakie hugs you could ever want or need.”

“Better be more than just hugs,” Peter grumbles, sighing as the cramp lets up. He doesn’t pull away from Wade, just inhales the heady spice of Wade’s scent and lets it calm him. He hopes it’ll placate his Omega, knowing that his Alpha is close before he goes into heat.

“Oh, definitely more than just hugs,” Wade mumbles, tightening his hold on Peter as the Omega scents him. He rumbles deep in his chest and Peter melts against him, an answering purr in the back of his throat.

“Hey- you better not be fucking back there,” the driver yelps, and Peter closes his eyes in resignation as Wade’s fist swings up and his chest swells with the beginnings of a shout. He should’ve just web swung them to Wade’s apartment.

-

Wade has Peter gathered up against his chest, baring his teeth at anybody who even happens to glance at them as they make their way into his apartment building. All people get to see of the Omega is a mop of brown curls and a peek of big brown eyes glancing over the Alpha’s bulging biceps as he herds Peter into the lift.

“Wade-” Peter gasps as Wade backs him up against the mirrored wall, nosing down into the scent glands on his neck.

“You smell so fucking good,” Wade groans. Peter’s scent is steadily growing stronger, sweeter, blooming in the enclosed air of the lift and driving Wade’s Alpha insane. He tries to get closer, fingers grasping at Peter’s slim waist, pressing Peter even harder into the wall.

Peter makes a soft sound in the back of his throat, tipping his chin back. “Not here, Wade, somebody might see-”

“They better fucking not,” Wade growls, teeth bared against Peter’s throat. “I’ll rip their insides out through their belly buttons if they so much as *think* in your direction-”

The lift dings, and the doors open on Wade’s floor. In a flash, Wade scoops Peter up in his arms and strides out with a wind-swept Omega grasping desperately at his chest. There’s nobody else in the hall, but Wade still lets his scent spill out from him, heavy and aggressive and *Alpha*, overtaking Peter’s sweet pre-heat smell, signalling that Peter is very, definitely taken.

He practically kicks his front door open and then slams it behind him, and as soon as it’s closed Peter’s mouth is on his, demanding.

Their tongues swirl together, hot and wet and eager, and Wade somehow navigates to his bedroom with all his brain cells centered on the Omega currently stuck to him like a limpet, joined together by their mouths. He drops Peter onto his bed, Peter squeaking in surprise and then keening as Wade follows him quickly down, climbing in between his thighs.

“Alpha-” Peter sighs, lying back and feeling his body relax as Wade rumbles in response, lying over him. His heat is maybe only half formed at the moment so he isn’t desperate, still fully cognizant, he doesn’t need but he *wants*.

“Baby bird,” Wade murmurs, licking over Peter’s scent glands, his hands under Peter’s shirt and smoothing over the warm, soft expanse of Peter’s skin.

“Alpha, please,” Peter whimpers, wrapping his legs around Wade’s hips and grinding up. “I want you.”

Wade squeezes his eyes shut, his arms quivering even though he has more than enough strength to hold himself up. "Honey, your heat isn't full yet-"

"Don't care," Peter whines, hands grasping at the back of Wade's scarred head. "I want- I want to remember my first time with you, I don't wanna be out of my mind with heat, I want to *feel* you, properly, please Alpha, Wade, *please*."

"Darling," Wade chokes out, sitting up, and Peter makes a panicked noise but the Alpha only yanks his shirt off. Getting with the programme quickly, Peter wriggles out of his own shirt and gets his thumbs under his waistband of his sweats.

But big, scarred hands cover his. "No, babydoll, let me."

Wide eyed, Peter lies back again and lets Wade slowly pull his pants down his legs. And then he's naked against Wade's sheets, the scent of his slick spilling into the air.

"Peter," Wade groans, hands running up the sleek lines of Peter's spread thighs, thumbs pressing into the hollow of his hip bones. Wade's eyes are big and brown and worshipping as he stares down at Peter, at the small flushed hardness between his legs, running up over his flat, defined tummy and pink peaks of his nipples, the swell of his red lips and wide, dark eyes. "You're so beautiful."

Peter smiles, cheeks flushing. "So are you. Naked now, please."

"Ooh, demanding," Wade grins, leans down and bites at one of those tempting nipples. Peter gasps, back arching as another gush of slick rushes from him, soaking the sheets below them. "Careful, honey, usually I'm the one giving the orders in bed."

"Well, I'm ordering you to hurry up-" Peter grumbles, hips wriggling, and Wade sucks down hard on one of his pecks, marking him up with a deep purple bruise. Peter whines, greedy fingers reaching for Wade's jeans.

"Nuh uh," Wade growls, grabbing Peter wrists and pushing them up over Peter's head. "Be good, Peter."

“Oh-” Peter bites his lip. He does. He does want to be good for Wade. So good for his Alpha.  
“Okay, Alpha.”

“Good boy,” Wade purrs, and goes back to marking his Omega with his teeth and lips, Peter squirming and whining and leaking slick everywhere. When Peter’s chest and collarbones are covered in enough of Wade’s marks the Alpha draws back, making a pleased rumble in the back of his throat as he takes in Peter’s bruised skin.

“Mine,” he growls, and Peter nods furiously, tears gathering in the corners of his eyes.

“Yours, Wade, all yours, please-” his fingers fist in the pillows above him, his stomach tightening with need. His building heat is running rampant through his veins, making him light headed and desperate, sore and swollen between his legs. “-I want you so bad.”

“Shh, honey, it’s okay,” Wade soothes, smelling Peter’s desperation. He’s also so hard between his thighs, his erection pulsing with his heartbeat, and he almost wonders why he isn’t getting on with it until he reminds himself that this is Peter’s first time, he’s going to make this good for Peter, so good that the little Omega will only be able to feel pleasure, nothing bad, never anything bad for his little spider boo. Peter deserves so much, and Wade is gonna give him *everything*.

He sits back, maneuvering out of his clothing, and finally sits naked between Peter thighs. Peter stares up at him, mouth open and lightly panting, and spreads his legs further. It does a lot for Wade’s self-esteem, honestly, that something this gorgeous and wonderful and strong could want *him*.

“Wade, Alpha, oh god-”

Wade leans down and swallows the rest of Peter’s words, thumbs digging underneath Peter’s chin as he tips the Omega’s head back. Peter whines into his mouth, kissing back sloppily, saliva dripping down his chin as his hips buck up. Wade groans as their cocks slide together and he has to break their kiss, a thought suddenly sparking in his mind.

“Shit, darling, are you on birth control?”

Peter’s eyes widen. “Oh no, I’m not- I didn’t even think about it-” With his mutation he’s concluded that normal hormonal birth control wouldn’t work on him, not with his weird, funky body chemistry. He’s not the best with biology admittedly, but he’s not going to risk it.



“No, baby, it’s fine, I’ll wear a condom,” Wade quickly stops Peter’s panic, “I’ve got some, it’s fine, don’t feel bad about it Petey-pie, all’s good in the hood.”

“Okay,” Peter breathes out, and Wade swoops down to kiss him again, fingers running through his curls to calm him.

“I’ll be right back, just gotta go grab some, don’t go nowhere pretty, be good for me,” and then Peter is whining as Wade slips off the bed and disappears through a door. Peter doesn’t want to know why he’s heading for the kitchen.

Alone, Peter stomach starts to cramp again, hot and tight and wanting, and Peter whimpers, curling up on his side. He needs, so *much*, the touch of his Alpha, Wade’s weight on top of him, his voice in his ear and his fingers on his skin, he needs Wade *in* him, marking Peter his from the inside out, easing the empty ache, filling him so sweetly.

Peter needs to touch himself, but he knows that Wade expects him to be good, so he doesn’t, he just waits, biting his lip and clenching his fingers in his hair. He doesn’t know how he’d gotten through heats without Wade before, why he’d even *wanted* to, this is unbearable and Peter isn’t even halfway to mindless yet.

And then there are hands on him, turning him over and tipping his chin up, and Peter peers up through tear damped lashes at Wade’s worried face. He hadn’t even heard the Alpha come back in, he’s been so wrapped up in his own desperation.

“Oh honey, I’m sorry, Daddypool is here, he’s gonna take such good care of you,” Wade plants kisses all over his face, “I just had to get snacks and water for when it properly hits, I’m sorry baby, I didn’t think you were this far gone.”

“I wasn’t, but then you left,” Peter whines, but Wade’s presence is already easing the ache in his belly. “Please, Wade, not again, I need you, *Alpha-*”

“Shh,” Wade drops a kiss on the tip of his nose, “I’m just gonna take the edge off for you, just lie back and be pretty, let the Pool take care of you, he’s gonna treat you so nicely.” He slides down Peter’s body, Peter grasping after him and then remembering to stretch his arms over his head when Wade tsks at him.

Broad hands catch him under his knees, and Peter yelps in surprise as Wade brings his legs up and bends him in half, his body easily accommodating the stretch. Wade groans at the sight of him all exposed, sweet smelling slick leaking all over the back of his thighs, hole swollen and wet and pink and ready for him.

“Fuck,” Wade swears, his cock swelling even more, if it was possible, and he just can’t help himself, he leans down and has a taste.

“Oh my god-” Peter keens, back arching and eyes popping open as Wade licks a broad, hot stripe over his hole. “Wade what are you, *holy shit*- ”

The taste of Omega, potent and thick on his tongue makes Wade rumble deep in his chest, his dick starting to leak pre-cum between his own thighs. He ignores it; this is all about his little baby bird, not about him, he needs to make Peter so happy that all he can do is lie back, blissed out and pleasure silly, and let Wade do all the work.

He gets his hands on the roundness of Peter’s butt, gives it a good squeeze and then spreads his cheeks further, licks another taste and then points his tongue and wriggles inside of Peter.

Peter practically shrieks to the ceiling, his body trembling under Wade’s, and Wade’s pretty sure he hears some sheets rip. Smiling into his treat, Wade goes to town, licking and nibbling until Peter is a sobbing mess against the sheets, hips twisting in Wade’s hold.

And then Wade sinks a finger into him alongside his tongue, Peter’s hole stretched out and soft and so hot, and all Peter can do is cry out and come all over his stomach.

Wade licks him through his orgasm, finger softly stroking, and then pulls out as Peter collapses, body spasming every now and then, panting softly as he comes down from his high. It’s not what he needs, Wade’s knot stretching him out and teeth in his neck, owning him completely, but it’s enough to take the edge off, the ache in his stomach subsiding slightly, the fog in his mind receding so he can think straight again.

“There we go,” Wade croons to him, letting go of his legs so he can lie flat, “that’s better, isn’t it, my sweet little spider, I said I was gonna take such good care of you.”

“Mmm,” is all Peter can utter, but even if the orgasm has made him less desperate, it hasn’t made him not *want*. His body has gone soft and pliant but his mind is sound, and he wants Wade *now*.

“Alpha,” he manages to utter, and he wriggles his hips, shamelessly spreads his slick covered thighs and presents his neck, watching Wade from under his lashes. “Please?”

Wade almost chokes on his tongue. “Petey, you can’t *do* that, you’re gonna make me lose control and I’m supposed to be treating you so well,” he groans, reaching down to squeeze his erection at the base, hoping to alleviate the ache that’s beginning to build. It doesn’t help.

“Want you,” Peter breathes, “ruin me, please, while I’m still in my right mind.” He arches his back, pressing up against his Alpha.

“Darling-” Wade breathes, and then he sets his teeth, rumbling deep in his chest. “You wish is my command, then, damn,” he moans and reaches down between Peter’s legs.

A thick finger sinks into him and Peter makes a soft, relieved sound, sighing against the sensation. It’s not even a stretch even if Wade’s hands are huge, his pre-heat and Wade’s tonguefucking have made him loose in preparation for mating, so Wade easily slips in another finger and Peter keens at this one, at the slight stretch.

“Tiny spider babe, you’re doing so well,” Wade praises, smoothing a hand over Peter’s tummy, smearing Peter’s impotent Omega cum over his skin. He pumps the fingers in and out, gritting his teeth at the amount of slick spilling from Peter, the sounds that drop from Peter’s gasping mouth. “You’re so wet for me, fuck, Petey, you’re so perfect.”

Another finger, pressing in against the other two, and Peter throws his head back, grinding down on them. “Wade, Alpha, in me, now, please oh god-”

“Not tooting my own horn or nothing, but I’m big, honey, I gotta stretch you out properly or I’m gonna hurt you,” Wade grunts and Peter shakes his head.

“Can’t hurt me,” Peter insists, he’s *Spider-Man*, he can take some big dick, come *on*.

But Wade still stretches him out a little more even though he’s more than ready, hooking his fingers in him and reaching that magical little spot that makes Peter see stars, slick rushing from him and dripping from Wade’s fingers, mouth dropping open in surprise as his limbs shake with pleasure.

“Fuck me *now*,” Peter growls, “hurry up or I’ll do it myself.”

“Wowzah,” Wade mutters, but yeah, that’s kind of hot, making his cute little baby bird all hot and bothered for him. He pulls his fingers out, and even though it’s what Peter wants the Omega whines at the loss, hips bucking.

Wade reaches across the bedsheets and snags a condom with his dry hand, ripping open the packet with his teeth and hissing as he rolls the latex over his impossibly hard cock. It hasn’t been touched yet other than the squeeze he’d given it before, and it’s so ready to be inside his Omega already, pulsing and heavy and hot.

Peter strains his head up to watch him do it, pink mouth dropping open as that size of Wade’s erection, and he whines, beyond words and impatient.

“Okay, honey, here we go,” Wade lifts one of Peter’s thighs and lines up, rubs the head of his cock over the wetness of Peter’s hole. Peter keens, biting his lip, and wriggles his hips, trying to push down.

“Nuh uh, be a good boy for me,” Wade chastises, and Peter whimpers but lets his body go limp, letting Wade do what he wants. “Good boy,” he praises, and rewards Peter by nudging his hips forward. Peter’s body welcomes him in easily despite his size, stretching around the bulbous girth of the head of his cock, and Wade groans as he sinks in a couple of inches further.

“Oh-” Peter gasps, arching his back at the sensation of being filled. His Omega purrs at the feeling of his Alpha, his toes clenching and unclenching, his limbs trembling. “Wade, oh my god, gimme, gimme *more*.”

“Greedy lil’ spider,” Wade grins a little around the words, his hairless eyebrows drawn together in concentration as he does his best not to just rut inside his Omega. He draws back a little, Peter whining angrily, the sound quickly turning into a moan as Wade pushes forward another inch.

Peter’s fingers clench into the bed sheets beneath his head, his toes curling. He can feel the ridges of Wade’s scars inside of him, even with the condom, and he just wants *more*. He appreciates what Wade is doing, treating him nicely, introducing things slowly, but Peter doesn’t need that, what he needs is Wade inside of him, stat, or he’s going to go insane.

“Alpha,” he whines, “please, more, faster, I can take it,” but when Wade doesn’t show any signs of obeying, Peter wraps a thigh around Wade’s hips and yanks.

Wade lets out a punched out sound as he suddenly sinks all the way into Peter and Peter *wails*, throwing his head back as he spears himself on Wade’s dick. It’s a stretch and tears sting at his eyes but he’s made for this, slick and hot and ready and open and it’s the best feeling in the world, his Alpha inside of him.

“Shit, babe, are you okay? That was *naughty*,” Wade berates him, trying to sound in control, but Peter can feel the tremble of his body from where they’re so intimately connected. He can feel Wade pulsing inside of him, the heat of him. It’s amazing. It’s driving him crazy.

“Not sorry,” Peter gasps, accommodating quickly to Wade’s size, and then squeaks as the Alpha pinches one of his nipples in retaliation for his sass. “I’m okay, come on, fuck me already,” he whines, wriggling.

Peter squirming on his dick has Wade seeing the pearly gates, and that’s a new experience, Wade’s never gotten close to heaven before even with all his numerous deaths. Well, what Peter wants, Peter always gets, apparently. Leaning down, he braces himself on his forearms, pulls back and *thrusts*.

Peter’s *loud*. He keens to the ceiling, back arching, his legs wrapping around Wade’s hips and egging him on. Wade tries to start off slow, but Peter doesn’t let him, and soon he’s grunting in time with his thrusts, fast and deep, listening to the dirty squelching sounds of his cock fucking into Peter sopping wet hole. Peter’s sobbing, tears dripping down the side of his face, and Wade would be worried if the Omega didn’t also sound ecstatic, moaning and keening his pleasure as he throws his head back, pink mouth open and gasping.

“Fuck, darling,” Wade manages, reaching down between them to squeeze Peter’s little Omega dick in his palm. Peter yelps, body shaking.

“I’m gonna, I’m gonna cum,” Peter warns, the material of the pillow ripping in his hands. “Can I, Wade, *please*?” The heat is building up in his stomach, his balls drawing up in preparation.

“Good boy,” Wade praises, “go on, since you asked so nicely,” and as Peter starts to shake apart he angles his hips just so, nailing Peter’s prostate head on. Peter shrieks, eyes popping open, and Wade watches, rapt as his Omega’s back arches and his cock spurts cum across the mess of his stomach again, eyes rolling into the back of his head. He squeezes down, tight and unbearably hot on Wade’s dick, and Wade has to bite his lip as Peter’s body pulses around him with orgasm, the

Omega's legs tightening around him to an almost painful point.

And then Peter is collapsing back onto the mattress, the ruin of the pillow he was gripping spilling feathers around his head, and Wade sits back on his haunches, pushes Peter's limp thighs up against his chest and fucks in deep. Whining, Peter does his best to push his hips up to meet Wade's thrusts, wanting the Alpha deeper, harder even though he's just come. The wonders of being so close to heat; his body isn't yet over sensitive and he's still hard against his belly, cock bouncing in time with Wade fucking him.

"So- fucking- good," Wade grunts out, "so perfect, so wet and open for me, just for me, aren't you honey?" Peter nods and then opens his mouth, welcoming two of Wade's scarred fingers into his mouth, sucking at them, moaning as he's filled from both ends. His Alpha is so good to him, he doesn't want this to end, it feels amazing, both his stomach and chest filled to the brim with pleasure and happiness.

Wade rumbles deep in his chest, watching as Peter takes him like a champ, and pushes Peter's thigh back even further, finding Peter's flexibility a huge turn on as he angles his cock again to nail Peter right where he needs it. The Omega's eyes roll into the back of his head, saliva dripping from the corners of his mouth as he loses control of being able to swallow around Wade's thick fingers.

"Baby," Wade moans, feeling the start of his knot swelling. "I'm gonna knot you, is that okay?"

All Peter can do is nod, squeezing his thighs around Wade's hips in encouragement, tongue flicking around the Alpha's fingers. Wade pulls them out of his mouth, tries to go and flip Peter over onto all fours, but Peter refuses to let him pull away, squeezing impossibly strong legs around him and whining.

"It'll be more comfortable if I knot you from behind," Wade gasps, hips stuttering as Peter shakes his head and breaks position, arms coming down from over his head to curl around Wade's wide, sweat slick shoulders.

"Wanna like this, wanna see you," Peter pants, moaning as Wade's knot swells enough to catch at the rim of his hole. It doesn't stick, not big enough yet, but he can feel the pressure of it, stretching him so wide. He grabs the back of Wade's bald head and pulls his face down into the curve of his neck, tipping his head back, little uh's falling from his lips with every one of Wade's quickening thrusts. "Bite me, *please*," he begs.

"You sure?" Wade asks, even though everything in his being is screaming at him to sink his teeth into Peter's vulnerable throat, to take and claim, to mark Peter as *his* and nobody else's.

Peter pulls him closer, bearing down on Wade's knot as it catches again but doesn't hold, whimpering. "Yes, yes, Alpha, Wade, of course. Yours, wanna be all yours."

"Fuck," Wade grunts, starting to lose control, Peter's heady preheat scent in his nostrils, the smell of his slick in the air, mixing with Wade's heavy Alpha scent. His hips start to lose rhythm, just fucking as deep and quick as he can into Peter beneath him, feeling his orgasm build in his belly, his balls. He bends Peter even more in half and shouts as he feels his knot swell that bit more and catch, tying him to the Omega below. Peter keens at the pressure, full, almost too full but loving every second of it, his Omega purring contently, and then screams soundlessly as Wade's cock pulses with the first stream of cum as the Alpha bites down on his neck.

Blunt teeth break Peter's skin and Wade's eyes roll into the back of his head as sweet fluid rushes into his mouth, tinged with the metallic taste of blood. His hips roll with tiny thrusts as his cock pulses again and again, spilling copious amounts of cum into the specially made condom, instinctively trying to get his seed as deep as possible. He feels Peter clench around him, almost absently aware of the Omega cumming again with the sensation of being claimed, bitten and knotted at the same time.

Wade's orgasm lasts for almost a minute and then he yanks his teeth from Peter's neck, licking over the stark red wound on the side of Peter's slender neck. It isn't a proper bonding mark, that requires him to bite the back of Peter's neck, where his main scent glands are, but where he's bitten temporarily claims Peter as his. The mark will stay for a while, blending Peter's scent with his, and fade with time. But his Alpha is rumbling happily all the same, satisfied with marking Peter as his, if only temporarily.

He dots kisses up over Peter's throat and chin, catching Peter's mouth with his and letting the Omega taste himself on Wade's tongue. Peter can only weakly kiss back, whimpering, his fingers twitching on Wade's shoulders.

"Are you okay?" Wade rasps, holding himself up over Peter's body, not wanting to squish the little Omega under him.

Peter's eyelashes flutter, and a glimpse of brown peeks up at Wade. "Mmhmm," Peter manages, shifting a little and then gasping at the sensation of Wade's knot against his rim. "Oh," he whispers, licking his lips, "that was- so, so good, Wade, thank you."

"Don't thank me baby bird, I'm the one who should be on their knees kissing your feet in worship."

“Can’t do that, we’re tied,” Peter sounds dazed, “your knot is in me, Wade, holy shit, it’s feels so *good*.”

“You’re telling me,” Wade grunts, letting Peter’s legs fall and trying not to tug with his knot as he moves. He doesn’t want to hurt Peter, even though he’s just been pretty rough and Peter had taken him perfectly.

Peter pulls Wade towards him softly at first, and Wade makes a confused sound, still braced with his forearms on either side of Peter’s head.

“Lie down on me,” Peter demands, “you can’t stay like that forever.”

“Can so,” Wade pouts, and then yelps as Peter forces him down using his Spidey strength. Peter purrs as his Alpha smothers him with his huge body, wriggling happily against the knot still inside him. He’s wonderfully sore and full and fucked out, but his heat is still simmering in his belly, subsided a bit from being knotted and bitten. He’ll be ready to go in about an hour though, his Omega heat hormones readying his body for a long mating with his Alpha.

“I’m gonna squish you flat like a pancake!” Wade protests, but Peter shakes his head.

“Nope, don’t care,” he insists, squeezing Wade tighter in his arms. “Want you close. Mm, Wade, you’re inside me, isn’t that amazing?”

“The fucking *best*,” Wade kisses him, their tongues twining together lazily. Just because he can nudges a little forward with his hips, feeling Peter gasp against his lips from the feeling of his still hard cock in him. It feels a little gross with the condom on, trapping the huge load of Wade’s cum in, but holy fucking shit balls, he’s knotted to *Peter*. Wade doesn’t know how he got so fucking lucky.

He lies carefully on top of Peter, both of them waiting patiently for his knot to go down. Wade makes Peter sip at one of the bottles of water he’s brought from the kitchen and then have a couple slices of apple, wanting him to be hydrated and have some food in him when his heat hits properly. Peter feels around the bite mark on the side of his neck with curious fingers, his mouth open in wonder.

“All mine,” Wade rumbles, eyes darkening at the sight. Peter smiles up at him, beautiful with his



flushed cheeks and sweaty curls falling over his forehead.

“You know I love you, right?” Peter says.

Wade’s eyes close, tears building up behind his lids. His shoulders shake and he chokes a little, pushing his cheek into the palm of Peter’s hand as the Omega reaches for him. His chest feels full to bursting, his heart about to explode, and Wade has died hundreds, thousands of times, but this one, this one feels like the best death he’ll ever have.

He’s so lucky. He’s so *happy*.

Opening his eyes, he leans down, says, “I love you too, Peter,” against Peter’s lips.

-

Wade’s knot goes down after a while and he pulls out carefully, watching Peter’s face for any trace of pain. But there isn’t any, Peter just sighing as he becomes empty again, face heating as he feels the rush of slick gush out of him, no longer held back by Wade’s cock.

Wade ties the condom closed, flings it somewhere to the side, and then yelps in surprise when he finds himself flipped over onto his back, Peter sitting lightly on his hips.

“Goddamn you being so strong is like, the hottest turn on,” Wade groans, gripping Peter’s slim hips in his hands, sliding his palms up and marvelling at the fact his grip reaches almost all the way around Peter’s waist. His precious little spider babe is *tiny*.

“Mm, need you,” Peter moans, the scent of his heat unfurling. He rides his slick ass over Wade’s naked, hard cock, moaning, his own small cock already flushed and ready against his belly.

“Pretty little slut,” Wade grins, reaching across the bedspread for a condom. Peter snatches it out of his hold, ripping it open and pouting when he misjudges his strength and rips the condom with it.

Wade laughs and Peter curses, bending for another one. “Hate these things,” he grumbles, being more careful this time, “wanna feel you cum inside me.”

Wade curses, hips bucking up at the thought. “Gotta get you some birth control first, love,” he moans, feeling almost giddy from saying that, *love*. Peter *loves* him.

“Remind me afterwards.” Peter reaches down, rolls the condom over Wade’s cock, licking his lips at the sight of it, hard and huge and flushed and scarred, all for him. He’d science the shit out of birth control just to feel Wade’s cum inside of him. He sits up on his knees, steadies Wade’s dick and sinks down on the Alpha’s cock, sliding down in one steady stroke. His head falls back and he moans, starts to bounce on Wade’s dick.

Wade just lies back and watches with a worshipping gaze as Peter fucks himself on him, reaching up to roll Peter’s pretty pink nipples in his fingers, touch his claiming bite, already beginning to heal. He loves all of Peter’s sounds, his moans and keens and mewls, and thrusts his hips up to meet Peter, groaning as he feels Peter’s slick drip over his thighs. He watches as Peter’s eyes glaze over with his full on heat, and his Alpha rumbles in response.

He ends up flipping Peter over on all fours, fucking him hard and almost brutal as Peter shouts his pleasure, pushing back against him, meeting every thrust enthusiastically, animalistic in his heat. Wade knots and bites him as Peter convulses with orgasm, and he rolls his hips as he spills into the condom again and again, revelling in Peter’s moaning. Peter’s ready to go again before Wade’s knot even goes down all the way, clawing desperately at Wade, and Wade has to push him away to pull out carefully and roll a fresh condom on, swearing as Peter manhandles him down and starts to fuck himself on Wade again.

Peter’s heat lasts four days. By the third day the Omega is exhausted, but he’s still desperate for Wade, sobbing for his cock and crying when Wade denies him to feed him and force him to drink instead. He spreads his thighs, soaked with slick, and bares his throat, goading the Alpha into fucking him, and Wade does, rough and hard because Peter won’t let him fuck him any other way, always remembering to wear a condom, even if Peter bares his teeth at them. The fourth day Peter is less aggressive, content with letting Wade be tender with him, and on the fifth day his heat breaks.

Peter wakes up, shifting and whining in pain as he feels the ache between his legs, in his hips and back and neck. “Wade?”

The Alpha is there immediately, leaning over him and brushing his hair off of his forehead. “Hey there, little spider baby, you back with me?”

“Mmhm,” Peter nods, “how long was I out?”

“This is the fifth day.” Wade leans over, brings a bottle of water to his lips. Peter drinks gratefully and then devours four granola bars when Wade hands them over. He’s hungry, but not starving, and he marvels at how different his body feels after a heat spent with Wade. He’s achey, sure, but it’s a good ache, an ache that means he’d been used well. Looking down at himself he hasn’t lost a heap of weight like he usually does, and there’s not feeling of nausea, no headaches and feeling of self pity. He feels sated, happy, *loved*.

Smiling, he cuddles up to Wade’s side, not even minding that he’s lying in a mess of his own slick and sweat and cum and feathers from all the pillows he's ripped. Wade rumbles happily and holds him close with his big, warm body, stroking over his damp curls. “Thank you, Alpha,” he sighs, running his fingers over Wade’s scars on his wide chest, smiling to himself when Wade doesn’t flinch away. “I feel great. Really, really good.”

“Any time,” Wade rumbles, kissing his forehead. “Love ya, baby bird.”

Peter smiles so wide it hurts. “Love you too, you big sap.”

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it! <3 Just an epilogue to go now! Sorry if there were any typos, I literally wrote this in six hours and gave it a little look over but wanted to post it as quick as possible since you guys have been waiting so long!

:') comments and kudos give me life. thank you everyone for still sticking around! i love you all and i hope you're all happy and living your best life and remembering that you're worth it and treating yourselves well <3

# epilogue

## Chapter Summary

Tony Stark and Wade Wilson should never be at the same dinner table. Peter enjoys it immensely.

## Chapter Notes

it feels so strange posting this. i've been writing this fic for almost a year now. it feels good to finish something but at the same time i'm kind of floundering. it's been amazing with how many people have enjoyed this fic and how many people i've talked to because of this. thank you, everyone, so much!!

i hope this ending is satisfactory. :D i've never really finished a long fic before, so, here we go~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This is the last patrol Peter will go on as a student at Midtown School of Science and Technology.

Strangely enough, it doesn't feel any different. It's not unique from other nights that Peter has web swung through the city, beating up bad guys and chasing down run away vehicles and helping out citizens in distress. He expects to feel like it being the end of an era, but it's just like any other patrol.

It's almost kind of a let down.

Around midnight he sits on top of an awning, swinging his legs down over the twenty four hour store he'd just bought his ice cream at. He licks absentmindedly at it, his other hand holding his phone as he texts Wade. His Alpha is currently on a “TIPPY TOP SECRET MISSION *no spidey babe you're not gonna get it out of me no oh god NOT THE PUPPY EYES THEY BURN AHH*” and won't let Peter know what it is, but Karen had pinged Wade's cellphone somewhere out near Westchester so it's probably something to do with the X-Men. Peter hopes he'll get his Alpha back in one piece in time for him to watch Peter graduate.

Peter finishes his ice cream off with a massive bite, licking at his sticky fingers and then pulling his mask back down. He slips off the awning and lands lightly on the pavement, dropping the ice cream wrapper into the rubbish bin and stretching his arms over his head, yawning.

Snack time over, it's time for bed for this web head. He's gonna graduate tomorrow, after all.

The bell of the door for the store chimes and Peter looks over his shoulder at the girl standing there looking at him.

“Sup,” Peter grins, waving, and then frowns. “Hey, do I know you? You look familiar-”

Blue eyes, young, freckles, pretty. Omega. Blood roars in Peter's ears as he places her. Her name is Jamie Stanton and Peter had failed to rescue her from a white van months ago. He still remembers the stricken face of her younger brother as he'd cried for her, standing alone on the pavement.

“Spider-Man,” she says slowly. “Hello.”

She looks thinner than her smiling picture on the television that had aired after her abduction. Hair shorter, eyes more guarded. There's a scar on her left cheek, dipping down under the line of her chin.

Peter's immediately hit with a two tonne truck of buried guilt and self hatred. He doesn't know what to say.

“I- I'm sorry,” he manages. It's not enough, will never be enough for not stopping what had happened to her. He'd been so close. And he'd failed. And she'd suffered for it. “You probably don't even know, I mean, I tried to save you, that night, your little brother and the van but I couldn't, I'm really, truly, *so sorry*- ”

His words cut off as she steps forward and hugs him tightly around his middle. He freaks for a second, mouth hanging open in shock, and then carefully wraps his arms around her shoulders. She smells like jasmine flowers. Tears burn at his eyes.

“I know,” she says against his neck. “I heard you trying, from inside the van. They didn't knock me out. You gave me so much hope, even when you couldn't save me. Because I knew that you knew what had happened and I knew you wouldn't stop looking for me, because you're Spider-Man and that's what you do, no matter what the papers say. It helped. It kept me going.”

Peter's chest feels like it's caving in on itself. Jamie draws back, plastic bag rustling in her hold. Her eyes are wet as well.

"I forgave myself for what happened, even if it took a while for me to realise that it wasn't my fault, that I didn't let them take me. You should forgive yourself too, Spidey."

"I don't-" Peter flounders as the bell for the store rings again. A Beta walks out, her hair short and spiky, skin a dark brown. She immediately heads for Jamie, taking her hand.

"Jamie, there you are, you were gone and I freaked- oh." She stops in her tracks, blinking at Peter.

"Sorry, saw Spider-Man and had to say hi." Jamie smiles at her and then looks back at Peter. "I'm gotta go home now. It was nice to meet you."

The two take a few steps down the street before Peter figures out how to use his voice again. He clears his throat, thick from tears, and calls out.

"Wait-"

Jamie looks over her shoulder, surprised.

"Are you- are you doing okay?" Peter rasps.

"No, not really," she says after a second. "I might not ever be. But I'm doing better."

Peter makes sure they get home okay, and after their front door closes Peter heads out to do a little bit more crime fighting, not feeling like going home.

And then when the night is over and it's minutes before dawn, he sits on a high branch of a tree in the middle of Central Park, mask off, and watches the sun rise.

Peter is almost late to his own graduation ceremony. He and May run around in circles in the apartment, frantically searching for his robes and cap, and then when they're found, frantically search through the couch cushions for their keys.

When they finally spill out of their apartment building, one of Peter's shoe laces still untied and May trying to apply lipstick using her phone as a mirror, Mr Stark is waiting outside, leaning up against the side of a gleaming, sleek Stark electric car.

"Hey kid, need a ride?" He grins, swinging the keychain around his finger. His expensive sunglasses glint in the sun as Peter and May gape at him.

"Aw hell yeah," Peter finally beams. This is *perfect*.

-

Wade is late. Peter cranes his neck backwards, looking over the crowd of heads back to where his Aunt and Tony are sitting. It's easy to spot them, Tony is surrounded by people's heads swivelled to look at him while he sits back in his chair, legs crossed and looking faintly bored. Wade isn't with them.

Frowning, Peter turns back around, pulls his phone out and texts his Alpha hurriedly. *Wade, where r you? The ceremony is starting.*

An hour of speeches commences with no sign of Wade. Peter's class stands from their seats to line up next to the stage, the next to receive their certificates, and there's still no big, muscly scarred Alpha in the audience.

Peter climbs the stage with a heavy heart as his name is called. He hears May yelling happily and even Tony whistles as he shakes the hand of his principal, but it's the loud cat call and "*that's my honey! Isn't he amazing?*" shouted from the back at him from someone in a bright pink hoodie that splits his face in a wide, sunny grin.

-

“Wade Wilson, *really?*” Tony hisses out of the corner of his mouth as everyone mingles after the ceremony. “Out of all the crazies in New York, you had to pick *him?* ”

“Yes,” Peter smiles, watching May and Wade giggle over the stupid little canapés that look kind of like butts. “I love him.”

“*Shit,*” Tony looks at the bite mark sitting proudly on the side of Peter’s neck, a little terrified. “And there’s no way of changing your mind? The fact that he might be a couple fries short of a happy meal? A little trigger happy? Probably killed, uh, I dunno, approximately three times the population of a small, wholesome American country town?”

Peter pins Tony with a look. “Yes. And you know as well as me that he’s trying, he’s changed, and we both know that you can respect that. I expect you to play nice. He’s my Alpha, and it’s not going to be changing any time soon.”

Tony kind of just looks at him. He looks- he looks kind of flabbergasted. A little proud. And then a little uncomfortable and pushes his sunglasses back up his nose. “Yeah, well, can’t promise much, I wouldn’t call myself *nice* on a good day.”

Peter just raises his eyebrows as Wade skips over to him, a plate of canapés in his gloved hand.

“Baby! Petey-pie, look, they look like *butts!*”

-

Peter’s graduation dinner is *hilarious*.

Well, at first he’s a huge anxious ball of *anxiousness* because Wade and Tony in one room can only spell out disaster in big, bold, capital block letters, probably on fire. But as he sits in the restaurant, May chattering happily across the table at him, Tony staring precise lazer death rays into Wade’s face, Wade smiling a shit eating grin right back at him, Peter can only find it funny. Because if he tries to think of it any other way he’s going to cry into his fancy pasta. Two Alphas staring each other down over a dinner table because of him, what is his life even.

At least Tony is gritting his teeth and bearing it like a champ. All because Wade makes Peter *happy* and Tony respects Peter’s choice. Crazy stuff.



“Hey cupcake, want a bite? The beurre blanc is to *die for*.” Wade holds up his spoon and Peter nods, leaning forward, blushing bright red because he’s eating sauce off of his Alpha’s spoon in front of *Tony Stark*, after *Tony Stark*, who’s *Iron Man* if you don’t happen to freaking know, came to Peter Parker’s *high school graduation ceremony*, met all his friends and shut up Flash for like, *ever*, and is eating dinner with him in a fancy restaurant because he actually cares about Peter and wants to be part of his life and is *proud of him*.

Tony makes a strangled noise as Peter’s lips close around the spoon. The sauce is very tasty.

“Something wrong with your cavatelli, Tin Can?” Wade asks innocently.

Tony stabs a piece of pasta viciously with his fork. “It’s delicious,” he snarks. “Tell me, how did you and Peter meet again?”

Wade rattles off the story of him rescuing Peter that one night, even though it’s bullshit and Tony knows it, because he’d been there on the first occasion when Spider-Man had met Deadpool when New York had been going to shit as it did almost twice a year now. He smooches Peter on the cheek at the very end of the tale, saying, “and then we fell madly in love, me with Petey-Pie’s absolutely beautifulicious *bootay* and Peter with my sparkling personality and smashingly good looks, of course, and we lived happily ever after, the end.”

“How lovely,” Tony grits out between his teeth as May laughs. And as dessert is served and Wade insists on feeding Peter tiramisu off his spoon, Tony sips his triple shot espresso like someone had taken a shit in it.

Peter kind of loves every second.

-

“Surprise!” Wade yells, throwing his arms over his head as Peter takes his blindfold off. “Happy graduation!”

Peter is speechless. “Wade. Babe. Alpha. This is the Blackbird. The X-Men’s Blackbird. You *stole* the Blackbird?!? For my *graduation present*?”

“Well, borrowed, technically, I have every intention of returning. Eventually. Possibly.” Peter stares at him. “Definitely. But it’s not *really* your graduation present, it’s kinda the just the way we’re getting there.”

“What even,” Peter mutters, turning his eyes back to the massive plane currently sitting in the huge warehouse that Wade had lead him to, eyes covered by a silk blindfold. “How did you- what- just- Wade! You have to give this back! Is that what you were doing last night? Is this why you were late to my graduation ceremony!?”

Wade rubs the back of his bald head, looking sheepish. “Yeah, sorry ‘bout that. Turns out it’s kinda hard to fly a fancy stealth plane when you’ve only ever flown a plane in GTA 5, kinda took me a while to figure out how to *not* fly into a building and kill everybody in a fiery inferno of invisible stolen high tech X-men sky vroom vroom.”

“Wade! Oh my god! You have to take it back *right now*.”

Wade grins at him, slinging an arm around his shoulder and pulling him close, Peter still slack with shock. “No can do spidey babe. It’ll ruin my plans, and I had to lose my right leg like *three* times to get this baby here.”

“What?!”

“Just joking. It was only once. But anyway, the X-Men don’t need it this weekend, they have heaps of other jets now, they even let me borrow it, it’s all totally legit, got evidence right here saying I have permission!” He pulls out a crumpled post-it note from the pocket of his jeans, smoothing it out and showing Peter what’s scribbled on it.

It’s a crudely drawn picture of Professor X giving a comically small Blackbird to a glittery Deadpool. It’s drawn in crayon.

“Wade. That’s just a drawing of Professor X giving you the Blackbird.”

Wade looks down at it, blinking. “Oh, whoops, wrong post-it note!” He pulls out another post-it note, just as crumpled, and hands it to Peter, who reads it.

*Hello, Mr Parker.*

*Mr Wilson tells me you graduate this week. Congratulations and best of luck for your future endeavours, which I'm sure will be bright. I've given Mr Wilson permission to borrow our plane for the weekend and since he seems convinced that you wouldn't believe that he didn't steal it, I've written this note.*

*I trust that you will ensure that Mr Wilson returns our plane in a timely manner and in good condition. This is a show of trust in him, and in you. I hope you enjoy your trip.*

*Congratulations again,*

*Charles Xavier*

*P.S. We would be very glad to receive you at the school one day. Fellow heroes are always welcome here.*

Peter's brain feels numb. Professor-X knows who he *is*? *What*? Well, the guy is a telepath. He probably knows everything. He figures that Charles Xavier would probably keep his identity a secret. "How did you pull this off?" He hands the notes back to Wade, who happily stuffs it back into his pocket.

Wade shrugs. "Dunno. He just kind of did his weird brain fingering thing and was just like *sure*. Dude's weird. Anyway, all aboard! We've got a schedule to stick to! Chop chop!"

Peter is extremely confused as he walks up into the jet, dropping his weekend bag onto a seat but then he begins to nerd out about *how freaking cool* this is. Wade is the best Alpha *ever*.

-

Wade flies the Blackbird to a small private island in the tropics.

An island.

That he bought for Peter.

Peter steps off the jet and breaks down in overwhelmed tears on the perfect, golden sandy beach, Wade shushing him, holding him close in his arms. Then the Alpha deftly climbs a coconut tree and tells him to rehydrate with the fresh coconut water after he cleaves it open with one of his katanas.

“You know, I was joking, about you buying me an island,” Peter says as he sips at the straw Wade had produced. Fresh coconut water is delicious.

Wade shrugs, smiling. “Yeah, well, I wasn’t.” Then he looks a little tentative, looking at Peter out of the corner of his eye as he faces the bright blue waves. “Do you like it?”

“Do I like it?” Peter splutters, throwing the now empty coconut over his shoulder and tackling a surprised Wade into the warm sand. “Are you kidding me? Wade, you bought me an *island*, there are no words to describe how much I love it, holy shit!” And then proceeds to give Wade a messy blowjob right there on the beach to show how thankful he is.

Afterwards, they drop their supplies in the beautiful little beach bungalow that Wade had built when he bought the little slice of paradise. Peter gapes at the gorgeous bedroom with it’s wooden veranda and white gauzy curtains and huge comfy king size bed covered in the softest pillows, the huge bathroom with it’s jacuzzi tub and the massive shower stall with a rain shower head, the open, airy living room connected to a bright kitchen completely kitted out with the latest appliances.

Peter just kind of floats around in a state of shocked ecstasy, Wade watching with a wide, fond grin on his face. They end up deciding to go for a swim, Peter stripping down and letting Wade rub sunscreen all over him and returning the favour, which quickly devolves into Wade bending him over the veranda railing and making Peter scream.

Later, after they go snorkeling, ogling at the bright fish and coral, they sun themselves on the beach while sipping Pina Coladas that Wade makes them. Peter is warm and loose limbed and content, curled up on a beach chair next to Wade. The side of his neck aches from the fresh bite Wade had bitten into him from taking him on the veranda before, but Peter doesn’t mind the sting of the wound. He likes the pain. It reminds him constantly of Wade’s claim on him.

“Are you falling asleep on me, baby bird?” Wade rumbles, fingers carding through Peter’s damp hair.

Peter blinks sleepily from where he’s resting his head against Wade’s built chest. Such lovely peccs,

such good pillows. “Nope. How could you suggest such a thing?”

“Dunno. It certainly hasn’t happened before,” Wade chuckles. Peter smiles dopily, watching the waves gently break upon the beach. Their motion is hypnotising, Wade’s heartbeat under his ear steady and familiar. Peter absentmindedly draws chemical equations across the twisted patterns of Wade’s skin, smelling the sweet synthetic fragrance of the sunscreen underlain with Wade’s natural deep, musky Alpha scent.

Not everything is perfect. There are still bad guys on the streets, people getting hurt, small and big disasters happening everyday, and Peter can’t prevent them all. He can’t save everybody. He’s sure of that. What he’s not sure of is if he wants to join the Avengers, not sure if he wants to go to college, not sure where he’ll be in ten years time, not sure whether or not he will tell May the truth about what he does when he sneaks out at night, not sure whether or not he and Wade will take the plunge and mate properly, a permanent mark on the back of Peter’s neck something he dreams about constantly but is still hesitant about.

But in this moment, none of that matters. Curled up in Wade’s arms on a sunny, sandy beach, sea salt on his skin and Wade’s fingers in his hair, he’s happy.

## Chapter End Notes

(so sorry if they're any typos, i gave it a quick once over but really just wanted to post this :D)

everyone, thank you so much for sticking with this story. every comment, kudos, bookmark is so dear to my heart.

i hope everybody has enjoyed this journey as much as i have

<3 <3 lotsa love, silv

## End Notes

My tumblr is [silvyri.tumblr.com](https://silvyri.tumblr.com), but I'm less active there now since the whole no more female presenting titty thing. Trying out twitter, @silvyri if you wanted to follow and come chat, I love all things Spideypool and Hankcon!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!